

THE
JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.
VOLUME 40

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NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.
G. E. STECHERT & CO., NEW YORK, AGENTS.

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KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION
New York
1965

THE
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AMERICAN FOLK-LORE
VOLUME 10

EDITED BY
JAMES H. HENNING

NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
100 N. 3RD ST. NEW YORK

1910

NEW YORK

FORWARDED BY THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. 40. — JANUARY-MARCH, 1927 — No. 155.

FOLK POETRY AND FOLK CRITICISM,

*As Illustrated by Cincinnati Children in Their Singing Games and in
Their Thoughts about These Games.*

BY JEAN OLIVE HECK.

INTRODUCTION.

Children's singing games are now recognized as survivals of folk poetry. Among students of primitive literature, such scholars as Professor Child¹ and Professor Gummere² note this relationship in unmistakable terms. Mr. Newell,³ Mrs. Gomme⁴ and others who have specialized in the more restricted field of children's games, suggest ballad-origins for many of these games. In his study of the dramatic element in the popular ballad Professor George Morey Miller⁵ summarizes the resemblances which indicate this identity of origin between folk poetry and singing-games in use today among children. The present investigation assumes such a kinship, and seeks through a study of the latter form to arrive at a more intimate knowledge of the conditions under which the earlier form was probably produced.

In making this roundabout study of primitive oral criticism, two possible sources of error present themselves, one depending upon our interpretation of the hypothesis and one upon our method of gathering material.

In the first place, we may lay undue emphasis upon the similarity between the tastes of the child and the tastes of society in the stage of its development during which oral literature was dominant. Modern children are not, in all respects, representative of folk conditions. The philogenetic theory of psychology, according to which the individual retraces the history of the race, cannot extend itself to that individual's intercourse with other members of the race, since the child is surrounded by beings

¹ English and Scottish Popular Ballads. II p. 346.

² Old English Ballads XXX, N. 2.

³ Games and Songs, pp. 9—12.

⁴ Traditional Games, I, p. 256.

⁵ The Dramatic Element in the Popular Ballad, pp. 26—32.

representative of a more advanced stage in civilization, while the folk-society which originated the ballad literature knew no civilization other than its own. As a result, in comparison with the folk, modern children are highly sophisticated. This would be an insurmountable objection to the present plan of study, if this sophistication were more than a veneering, if it extended inward to so vital a matter as literary preferences. It is an established fact, however, that children do differ from their elders in the kind of literature which appeals to them most deeply. Since they enjoy a class of poetry discarded by their elders, and since, in many instances, that form has been identified with old songs which pleased their remote ancestors, the inference is plain that the literary tastes of children correspond more closely than those of their parents to the tastes of the remote ancestors who originated such songs. Furthermore, since the demands of nineteenth century children are satisfied by the dance song which satisfied the earlier folk, if we are able to ascertain at first hand what these childish demands may be, and which of these demands are uppermost, we shall be one step nearer an understanding of the primitive needs which originally made a place for the ballad.

In other words, just as the zoologist, on finding a jaw bone and some vertebrae of great age and unusual shape, assumes the former existence of a species of extinct mammals hitherto unknown, so we assume the existence of an unformulated mass of oral criticism contemporary with oral literature, growing out of that literature and reacting upon that literature as definitely as the magazine review grows out of and reacts upon "the six best sellers." Moreover, just as the zoologist, with the jaw bone and vertebrae upon the table before him, adds to the fragments his knowledge of living mammals and reconstructs the type which might have found such a framework convenient, so we propose to bring to light as much criticism of oral literature as we are able to discover, and to reconstruct the type of criticism most appropriate to folk poetry.

The second error against which we must guard ourselves is an artificial method in seeking the children's criticism, a method likely to force results more in accordance with mature ways of thinking than with those of the child. Children are such obliging little creatures that they scan our faces and weight our accents and try to read our minds, if haply they may discover our thoughts and echo them back to our satisfaction. I felt this innocent inquisition more than once in the course of my investigation, but I was proof against it and remained absolutely non-committal, because I did not know what I wanted. To make this plain, it will be necessary to relate the steps which led me to undertake a study of children's criticism of their singing games, and, in this way, I can best give an account of my methods of investigation.

During the second semester of the college year 1906-7 I studied "The Popular Ballad" under the direction of Professor Miller. Each member of the class was expected to prepare a thirty-minute theme on

some related topic of his own choosing. Among Professor Miller's lectures the most interesting to me had been the one in which he discussed "The Traditional Singing Games of Children and Young People as Parallels to the Ballad." Therefore I signified my wish to write upon children's singing-games. Professor Miller gave his consent, but suggested that since the subject as a whole had been very thoroughly worked over, as far as origins and classifications were concerned, I ought to confine myself, to some one phase for critical study. Accordingly, since all my previous attempts at criticism had dealt with novels and since I had been more successful in criticizing the handling of character than that of either plot or setting, I decided to choose as my topic for class discussion, "The Character Element in Children's Singing-Games."

With the object of discovering this assumed character-interest, I painstakingly read and classified Newell's collection of American Singing-Games, Alice B. Gomme's "English Singing Games" and the Children's Section of Chambers' "Scottish Rhymes." I found characters plentiful; but to my disappointment they were shadowy personages that could only, by a close scrutiny of their actions and a lively stretch of the imagination, be labeled knavish, brutal, amorous or prosaically capable and industrious.

Having announced as my subject, "The Characters in Children's Games" I felt the urgent need of obtaining some more pretentious results, so I formed a new working hypothesis, as follows: — No very definite characteristics can be perpetuated in the wording of these songs, because many children take each part at different times. Therefore, the character is a composite photograph of childish ideals, and is correspondingly difficult to interpret in any narrow individualistic sense. Each child, however, must interpret "Old Kramer" and "Lazy Mary" according to his own personal experience and ideals. Therefore, by asking individual children "Which of the people in the singing-games do you like best, and why?" I shall get at the importance of character at last. The outcome of this test was most humiliating. I discovered that my own interest in individual characteristics placed me hopelessly in the minority. To the child, the importance of character is very near zero.

In a would-be off-hand manner, I propounded my question to some twenty children of our neighborhood who know me well and are, for that reason, indulgent; — "These pretty days, you're playing 'Old Kramer' and 'Lazy Mary,' aren't you? And 'The Farmer in the Dell' and — let me see, what are some of the others?"

The children eagerly and vociferously suggested the old favorites. I jotted down the names and proceeded to catechise more minutely. "Well, now, which of the people in these games do you like best?"

The answer was round puzzled eyes in blank astonished faces. Evidently, it had never before occurred to most of these youngsters that people are a component part of children's games.

To relieve the awkward silence, I hastily swallowed my theory and modified my question; "I mean, which of the games do you like best?" Immediately the children were all friendly eagerness again. We spent an enjoyable half hour in exchanging opinions about the good and bad points of some fifteen singing-games.

That half hour convinced me that I had at last struck a promising vein. Since children's singing-games are surviving representatives of the most elemental and universally human kind of literature, it seemed logical to infer that off-hand unpremeditated criticism of these games by the players themselves would belong to a similarly elemental, unspoiled and universal kind of criticism. Before the end of May I had secured in support of this theory the testimony of three hundred and forty eight school children of Cincinnati.

Through the kindness of the principals, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Hauer and Mr. Schiedemantel, I had the pleasure of visiting third, fourth and fifth grade rooms in the Avondale, Sixth District, and Warner Street Schools, and interviewing the folk concerning their literature. Owing to the universal interest of my topic for research I was invariably received with enthusiasm, especially in the room where I interrupted a test.

After the introduction and exchange of greetings customary in public schools, I told the children that I wanted to find out about the songs they sang when they were playing games—not the songs that they learned at school from their teachers but the ones that they learned from other children out-of-doors. Hands flew up promptly and I checked off in quick succession the well known "London Bridge," "Blue Bird," etc. In several cases at the teacher's suggestion, a number of children went to the platform and played for me games with which I was not acquainted. In this way, the children soon called to mind a large mass of their literature. When they had suggested all the singing games that occurred to them, I asked them to write answers to the following questions, which were generally written on the board.

1. "Which of these games do you like best?"
2. "Why do you like that game best?"

The deciphering and sifting of the information thus gathered afforded me much amusement. I classified the children's answers to the second question, as follows: —

Misunderstandings of question . . .	13
Unappreciative	2
No reason	29
Not specific	47
Precedent	13
Words	33
Singing	47
Action	154
<hr/>	
Total	338

These results indicated some difference of opinion among the children and no very strong tendency to fall into a groove suggested by my questions. My original hope, as a student of literature, had been to gain more light upon the characters, the words, the meaning of the games, but I had been compelled to cast this line of inquiry aside. Then I had asked a very general question and had received answers of several varieties, general or specific according to the temper and mood of the writer, yet seeming to group themselves in such a way as to suggest some canons of childish taste which I wished to ascertain more fully by further investigation.

This year, I have enlarged my field of study. Through the kindness of Superintendent Dyer and Archbishop Moeller, I was granted permission to visit public and parochial schools throughout the city. I still confined my attention to Third, Fourth and Fifth grades because the children in these classes are old enough to write with ease and intelligence but not yet old enough to discard their singing games or to be very self-conscious about them. Accordingly I visited these grades in twenty-four schools, trying to spend most of my time in crowded districts, as I found that more songs were known in such localities than in suburban neighborhoods. The schools visited are as follows: —

A. PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

1. Avondale — Reading Road and Rockdale Ave.
2. S. P. Chase — Chase and Apple, Cumminsville.
3. Clifton — Clifton & Mc Alpin Ave.
4. Guilford — Sycamore south of Fifth Street.
5. Harrison — Steiner and Hartman Ave.
6. Jackson — Fifth near Mound St.
7. Sherman — Eighth East of Mound.
8. Webster — Findlay near Breman.
9. Westwood — Harrison and Montana.
10. Whittier — Osage and Woodlawn Ave. Price Hill.
11. Fifth District — Third between Elm and Plum.
12. Sixth District — Elm and Odeon.
13. Tenth District — Elm and Canal.
14. Twelfth District — Eighth and Donnersberger.
15. Twentieth District — Findlay, West of John.
16. Twenty-third District — Vine and University Ave.
17. Thirtieth District — Warner and Guy.

B. PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

1. St. Catherine's — Wunder Ave. Westwood.
2. St. Francis — Liberty & Vine.
3. St. John the Baptist — Green & Elder.

4. St. Joseph's — Linn & Laurel.
5. St. Patrick's — Cherry, north of Blue Rock, Northside.
6. St. Peter's — (Springer Institute) Eighth & Plum.
7. St. Xavier's — Sycamore, south of Sixth.

In the course of my investigations this year, I made two slight changes in my method of gathering material. At the suggestion of a Clifton teacher, commended by her principal for her success with third grade children, I turned my questions into a story, thus: "Suppose you were out in the school-yard and had been playing one of these games that you've been telling me about, and suppose somebody said, 'Let's play another game. What would you like to play?' Write down the name of the one you would choose." Here, I paused while the children wrote their answers. Then I resumed; "Now, suppose somebody said, 'Oh, why do you want to play that game?' What would you say?" This sugar-coating of the questions had no noticeable effect on the quality of the answers, but the younger children responded to the questions more promptly when given in this form. The imagined situation seems to me analogous to that under which primitive criticism of the ballads might have been called forth. The other alteration was purely mechanical, but had the same aim and result, economy of time. After asking my second question, I waited as usual until I saw the children busily writing their answers. Then, if I found myself hurried, I sometimes asked the teacher to collect the papers at the end of five minutes and send them to the principal's office, while I went and interviewed another room. Although this change made it possible for me to visit more rooms in an afternoon than I could reach according to the original plan, I believe that it was in a few cases a mistake. In one room, almost all the children extolled their favorite games because it was "exercise." Another room is similarly unanimous in its vote for "Lazy Mary" because "it tells us that we should not be lazy." Both of these answers occur individually in several other rooms where I was present during the whole period of writing, but the uniformity of answers in these two rooms makes me doubt their sincerity. On the other hand, in some cases where I have collected the papers myself, I have seen the same answer given by pupils in different parts of the room, who could not have discussed the matter after I had asked the question. In such cases, I could only account for the similarity by supposing that my hypothetical case was true, that arguments as to the relative merits of various games frequently occurred in the school yard, and that some critic had won followers by his impromptu acuteness. Beyond the cases mentioned, I observed no alteration in the character of the results obtained after my change of method.

My preliminary investigation had given me some hints, of course, as to what the results of further investigation might be. However, when I had finished visiting schools this year and began to classify the results,

I found that the wider field of research had produced many answers which could not be placed in my original categories. These will be taken up in their proper place, but in the meantime a comparison may be made between the number of papers having the same general idea in the set collected during 1907 and in that collected during 1908:

	1907	1908
Misunderstanding . . .	13	40
Unappreciative	2	110
No reason	29	131
Not specific	47	669
Precedent	13	61
Words	33	210
Singing	47	311
Action	54	1094

In the second investigation, although I knew approximately what elements of the singing game the children would be likely to emphasize, the relative proportions of these elements to the whole mass of material are not greater than in the original investigation, which was entered upon blindly. This would not have been possible, had I indicated my ideas of the games to the children. The figures prove my impartial attitude in stating my questions. The categories given above have been divided into many sub-classes, and representatives of many more distinct classes than those here listed have been found in every room. Even such a wholesale classification as the above, however, indicates that any influence which I may have exerted over the children's answers, must have been manifoldly self-contradictory. Therefore, I believe my method has been as good as any method that may be suggested for securing the natural, unpremeditated, spontaneous attitude of the children toward their games.

Thus far, I have been trying to set forth in a clear form, the conditions under which my investigation was made, its aim and method. I shall divide the remainder of my report into two parts as follows:

1. Folk Poetry. Versions of children's singing games current in Cincinnati.

2. Folk Criticism. Reasons given by the children for their preferences among the singing games.

FOLK POETRY.

The following versions of Cincinnati singing games were dictated to me by the children themselves. In each case I have given the name of the school where I asked for the complete song, as other versions are doubtless current in other quarters of the city. Most of the very familiar games appear in the Fifth District version, as the Fifth District is in the

midst of a very thick population, and the children there are especially versed in their oral literature. At the Fifth District, after interviews with the children by rooms, I summoned to the principal's office three specialists — Rilla Doyle, Felici Sabatina and Kuno Buchholz. Although there were several courteous differences of opinion among them as to the exact wording here and there, they finally agreed upon the form here presented. In all other schools, the version was submitted to a whole room at a time, and was subject to correction from all the children in that room, while being dictated.

I have adopted Newell's classification as given in his "Games and Songs of American Children," published in 1883. A comparison of the songs as here given with the same songs in Newell's version reveals, in a striking way, the variation possible in the field of oral literature.

LOVE GAMES.

1. "There came a knight, a knight of Spain"

was mentioned by one little girl at St. John's who could tell how to play the game but did not know the rest of the words. Compare Newell, pp. 41—42.

2. There came a Jew (duck, duke) ariding
 Riding, riding
 There came a Jew ariding,
 He, hi, ho!

What are you riding here for,
 Here for, here for?
 What are you riding here for,
 He, hi, ho!

Riding here to get married, etc.

Why don't you marry us, etc.

You're all too dirty and greasy, etc.

We're just as good as you are, etc.

(The Jew picks out one of them, and the two march forward again.)

Now came two Jews ariding, etc.

Thirtieth District.

Variant for first verse.

(1.) Here we come from London,
London, London,

Here we come from London,
He, hi, ho!

Twelfth District.

Compare Newell, p. 42.

3. I will give you six gold pins,
To decorate house that you live in.
O Mary, won't you come,
Mary, won't you come,
Mary, won't you come with me?
- I will give you a nigger waiter
That will take you to the-ay-ter.
O Mary, won't you come, etc.
- I will give you the keys of heaven,
To count the angels 'leven by 'leven, etc.
- I will give you a golden carriage,
To ride to church and then get married, etc.

St. John's.

Compare Newell, p. 52.

4. There came an old lady from Germany,
From Germany, from Germany,
There came and old lady from Germany,
With all her children around her.

One can knit, one can sew,
One can make a pretty white bow,
So please take one of my daughters.

They're all too dirty and ragged,
Ragged, ragged,
They're all too dirty and ragged,
For your handsome mud-tie.

They're just as good as you are,
As you are, as you are,
They're just as good as you are,
For your handsome mud-tie.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, pp. 49 and 56.

In Sedamsville, some of the children sing, "There came an old lady from Barbary," and the rest without variation from the above version.

5. As I went up yonder hill,
 Yonder hill, yonder hill,
 As I went up yonder hill,
 Cold, frosty morning.

 There I met my dear old lover,
 Dear old lover, dear old lover,
 There I met my dear old lover,
 Cold, frosty morning.

 What do you think he gave to me,
 Gave to me, gave to me?
 What do you think he gave to me,
 Cold, frosty morning?

 He gave me a pair of gloves,
 Pair of gloves, etc.

 He gave me a silver ring,
 Silver ring, etc.

Twelfth District.

This song is not included in Newell's collection, but "Cold and frosty morning" forms the refrain of the song on page 224 of his "Games and Songs."

6. Girls, will you come in and live with us?
 Girls, will you come in and live with us?
 Girls, will you come in and live with us?

Chorus: You bet we will.
 You bet we will.

 Into the water you'll skip with us, etc.

Chorus: You bet we will, etc.

 We'll do this and you'll do that,
 We will strive to teach you how to dive.
 You need not fear for we are here,
 Your lives to save.

Springer Institute.

Four of the fourth grade children at Springer Institute were familiar with this game which is a dialogue, in which the boys take hands and advance toward the girls during the verses, and the girls advance toward the boys during the chorus. The children said that one of the girls on their street had "made it up for a show" which they had given during the preceding summer.

HISTORIES.

7. We come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Jennia Jones, Jennia Jones,
We come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
He, hi, ho!

Miss Jennia Jones is washing,
Washing, washing,
Miss Jennia Jones is washing,
He, hi, ho!

We come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Jennia Jones, Jennia Jones,
We come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
He, hi, ho!

Miss Jennia Jones is ironing, etc.

(In answer to repeated requests to see Miss Jones the news is developed that she is going out, that she is ill, that she is worse, and finally that she is dead.)

What shall we bury her with,
Bury her with, bury her with,
What shall we bury her with,
He, hi, ho!

Bury her with yellow,
Yellow, yellow,
Bury her with yellow,
He, hi, ho!

Yellow is for dagoes,
Dagoes, dagoes,
Yellow is for dagoes,
He, hi, ho!

Bury her with green, etc.

Green is for Irish, etc.

Bury her with white, etc.

White is for ghosts.

(This is the cue for Miss Jennia Jones to rush out upon her persistent guests.)

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, p. 63.

8. Rosy beans and morning glories,
 For you or I or nobody knows;
 Rosy beans and morning glories,
 For you or I or nobody knows.

I went up stairs to pick up a pin,
 I asked if Mrs. Jenny is in,
 She neither was in, she neither was out,
 But up in the garret a-hopping about.

Down she came as white as milk,
 Her bosom, her bosom as white as snow;
 She pulled off her gloves, she showed us a ring,
 Tomorrow, tomorrow the wedding begins.

My old man is a good old man,
 He washes his face in the frying pan,
 He combs his hair with the leg of a chair,
 Hurrah, hurrah for my old man.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell page 67 where the third verse appears as a sequel to "Little Sally Waters," or "Uncle John."

9.

Version A.

Little Sally Walker,
 Sits in a saucer,
 Rise, Sally, rise,
 Wipe your weeping eyes,
 Fly to the East,
 Fly to the West,
 Fly to the one you love the best.

Fifth District.

Version B.

Little Sally Walker,
 'Sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping
 For another 'one.
Wipe, Sally, wipe, Sally,
 Wipe away your tears.
Fly to the East,
 Fly to the West,
Fly to the one that you love best.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, p. 67.

10. Green, gravel, green gravel,
 How green the grass grows!
I sent you a letter
 To turn back your nose.

This is not a ring game, as in Newell's collection, page 71. The children march single file and at the end of the verse, the leader calls out, "Mary, turn around." Mary, turns and tries to march backward, while the stanza is sung again. At the end of the second rendition. Sarah is commanded to turn around, and so the game proceeds until all are marching backward or until some catastrophe has occurred.

11. Uncle John is sick in bed,
 What shall we send him?
Three good kisses, three good wishes
 And a slice of ginger bread.
Who shall we send it by?
 By the governor's daughter.
Take her by her pretty white hand,
 And lead her 'cross the water.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, p. 72.

12. Walter, Walter, wine-flower,
 Growing up so high,
We are all young ladies,
 And expect to die.

But 'cept Mrs. Millie,
 She's the fairest flower.
She is sick and she will die,
 That will make poor Walter cry.

Walter, Walter, do not cry,
She will love you by and by.

Dressed in white and dressed in yellow,
That's a sign he is your fellow.

Dressed in white and dressed in blue,
That's a sign he'll marry you.

Dressed in white and dressed in pink,
That's a sign he'll never stink.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, pp. 68 and 98.

PLAYING AT WORK.

13. "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grows," is most familiar in Cincinnati as "Rosy Beans and Morning Glories," although Mr. Schiels, the principal of the Twenty-third District School, knew it in boyhood, with its opening line as follows: — "Where old sweet peas and barley grows." In Westwood, the version closely follows that given by Newell in his "Games and Songs," page 81. The version best known down town is given as number eight, among the "Histories," because the work element has been lost and the ballad-history substituted, together with a touch of humor and satire in the final stanza.

14.

Version A.

Cocoa, through the morning,
Here comes the farmer with his little wife.
He reads the Bible.
I read the news.
Cocoa, cross the morning.

Springer Institute.

Version B.

Cold, cold, cold, frosty morning,
Here comes the farmer with his jug of cider.
You do the reaping.
I'll do the binding.
I've lost my true love and don't know where to find him.

Jackson School.

Version B. is supplied by a teacher at the Jackson School and connects the song with the one which Newell quotes in his "Games and Songs," page 84.

15. All around the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
All around the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
We wash our clothes, we wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wring our clothes, etc.

This is the way we hang our clothes, etc.

This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.

This is the way we sweep our floor, etc.

This is the way we scrub our floor, etc.

This is the way we go to church, etc.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, page 86.

16. As I was a baby, a baby was I.
And this way and this way and this way went I.

As I was a boy, a boy was I.
And this way, and this way and this way went I.

As I was a man, a man was I.
And this way and this way and this way went I.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell Page 88. This can be lengthened as much as the players like, by substituting "Teacher," "Preacher," "Soldier" and other nouns for "Baby," "Boy" and "Man," but in Cincinnati, it is usually begun by imitating ages, instead of occupations.

17. *Version A.*

Draw buckets of water,
Susie and her father,
One bucket full,
Two buckets full,
Let the old lady under.

St. Xavier's.

Version B.

Pump, pump the water,
 For the farmer's daughter,
 One bucket full,
 Two buckets full,
 Let the old lady under.

St. Patrick's.

Version C.

Draw a bucket of water,
 From the farmer's dell,
 One berry bush,
 Two berry bush,
 Let the old lady get under.

Harrison School.

Compare Newell, page 90.

18. Building a castle,
 (Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la)
 Building a castle,
 (Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la).

We want some workmen, etc.

Who do you want, etc.

Helen Jones, etc.

What will you give her, etc.

A long string of pearls, etc.

Then, you can have her, etc.

The same dialogue is repeated as each child is chosen from the original circle, until all the children have been taken away and formed into a new circle.

Sherman School.

19. This is the way we eat our breakfast,
 Eat our breakfast, eat our breakfast,
 This is the way we eat our breakfast,
 So early in the morning.

Chorus: John, John, I'll tell your daddy,
 John, John, I'll tell your daddy,
 John, John, I'll tell your daddy,
 So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our face, etc.

This is the way we march to school, etc.

This is the way we eat our dinner, etc.

This is the way we read our lessons, etc.

St. Xavier's.

20. Black snake is biting me,
 I'll pay five dollars to get out of here.

My Mamma's meat is burning,
 I'll pay five dollars to get out of here.

I lost my Mamma's golden ring,
 Pay five dollars to get out of here.

My Mamma's bread is burning,
 Pay five dollars to get out of here.

My Mamma's calling me,
 Don't care. Can't get out of here.

My hat's gone and I'm going too.
 Don't care. Can't get out of here.

This door locked and that door shut.
 Don't care, can't get out of here.

Fifth District.

The colored children play this in the same manner as that described by Newell for "Here I brew and here I bake." See "Games and Songs," page 90.

21. Merry, merry Indian girls,
 Indian girls, Indian girls,
Merry, merry Indian girls,
 I would like for you to tell me your name.

Merry, merry Indian boys,
 Indian boys, Indian boys,
Merry, merry Indian boys,
 Our names are Mary Lee.

Will you cook me some soup,
 Me some soup, me some soup,
 Will you cook me some soup,
 Little Indian girl?

Yes, yes, Indian boys,
 Indian boys, Indian boys,
 Yes, yes, Indian boys,
 I'll cook you some soup.

Merry, merry Indian boys,
 Indian boys, Indian boys,
 Merry, merry Indian boys,
 Here's your good soup.

Westwood.

(This song was supplied by a colored girl.)

22. The needle breaks,
 The silent takes,
 The thread goes running through.
 A many a beau
 Have I let go,
 Because I wanted you.

Springer Institute.

Compare Newell, page 91.

HUMOR AND SATIRE.

23. Lazy Mary, will you get up?
 Will you, will you, will you get up?
 Lazy Mary, will you get up?
 So early in the morning.

No Mother, I won't get up,
 I won't, I won't, I won't get up,
 No Mother, I won't get up,
 So early in the morning.

What will you give me for my breakfast,
 For my, for my, for my breakfast,
 What will you give me for my breakfast,
 So early in the morning.

A cup of coffee and a slice of bread,
A cup of coffee and a slice of bread,
A cup of coffee and a slice of bread,
So early in the morning.

What will you give me for my dinner, etc.

A roast of cat and a lump of fat, etc.

What will you give me for my supper, etc.

A nice young man with rosy cheeks, etc.

Yes, mother, I will get up etc.

Sherman School.

Compare Newell, page 96.

24. Rain, rain high, and the wind blows cold,
And the stars are shining two and two,
And Mrs. Emma said she would die
For the sake of a fellow with a rosy eye.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the belle of New York City,
She has a lover, one, two, three!
Please come and tell me who she may be.

Herbert Atkins said he would have her.
All the boys are fighting for her.
Let them fight, forever they want.
Herbert Atkins has her yet.

O dear Doctor, can you tell,
What will make poor Emma well?
She is sick an ready to die,
That will make poor Herbert cry.

Herbert here and Herbert there,
Herbert over the waters,
Herbert has the prettiest girl,
Mrs. Jardis' daughter.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, No. 36, page 99. The fourth verse is given as an independent game.

25. Old Kramer was dead
 And laid in his grave,
 Laid in his grave,
 Laid in his grave.
 Old Kramer was dead
 And laid in his grave,
 He, hi, ho!

There grew an old apple tree,
 Over his head, etc.

The apples were ripe,
 And ready to fall, etc.

There came an old woman.
 A-picking them up, etc.

Old Kramer got up
 And gave her a kick, etc.

Warner Street School.

Compare Newell, page 100.

26. Happy is the miller
 That lives by the mill.
 The mill goes round
 And cries out, "Grab!"

Westwood School.

Compare Newell, page 102.

27. Rilla is her first name,
 First name, first name,
 Rilla is her first name,
 Among the little white daisies.

Doyle is her second name,
 Second name, second name,
 Doyle is her second name,
 Among the little white daisies.

Ralph is his first name,
 First name, first name,
 Ralph is his first name,
 Among the little white daisies.

Thompson is his second name, etc.

Now poor Ralph is dead and gone, etc.

Now poor Rilla's a widow now, etc.

Twenty-four children at her feet, etc.

(The widow counts her children and the twenty-fourth chooses the next game.)

Fifth District.

28. Big head commander,
 Bully Alexander,
Lost all the sweethearts he had last year.
 Rise upon your feet
And kiss the first you meet,
 For there's plenty all around here.
Ha, ha, ha!

Fifth District.

29. Did you feed my chickens?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure you did?
 Yes, ma'am.
Did the hen lay eggs?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure he did?
 Yes, ma'am.
Did you take it to the cook?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure you did?
 Yes, ma'am.
Did the cook cook it?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure he did?
 Yes ma'am.
Did you feed my cow?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure you did?
 Yes ma'am.
Did the old cow die?
 Yes, ma'am.
Right sure he did?
 Yes, ma'am.
Did you dig his grave with a silver spade?
 Yes, ma'am.

Right sure you did?

Yes, ma'am.

Did you make his shroud with a golden needle?

Yes, ma'am.

Right sure you did?

Yes, ma'am.

Chorus: Well, the old cow go sail around,

The old cow go sail around,

The old cow go sail around.

Fifth District.

This is a bit of lively repartee ending in a merry and musical song, popular among the colored children.

30.

Version A.

Down in the valley where the green grass grows,

There sat Felici as sweet as a rose,

And she sang and she sang and she sang so sweet.

Down came John and kissed her on the cheek.

O Felici, O Felici, you ought to be ashamed

To marry a boy instead of a man.

I'm a boy, I'm a boy, I'll soon be a man.

I'll work for my living as hard as I can.

Version B.

Down in the middle of the dark blue sea,

There sits Lillie, as bright as a rose,

And she sings and she sings and she sings so sweet,

Down comes Helen and kisses her on the cheek.

St. Xavier's.

31.

My father and mother was Irish,

And I was Irish too,

The pig slept in the parlor

And he was Irish too.

Fifth District.

Children sing this as they go around the ring, skipping.

32.

Neighbor, neighbor,

Lend me your hatchet.

Neighbor, neighbor,

Come and get it.

Neighbor, neighbor,
I'm too lazy.

Neighbor, neighbor,
Do without it.

Harrison school.

33. O dear mother, pin a rose on me,
'Cause there's two girls in the street you see.
One is blind and the other can't see.
O dear mother, pin a rose on me.

Harrison School.

34. Old Dan Tucker
Had no supper.
Suppers' over,
Breakfast's cooking.
Old Dan Tucker
Stands a-looking.

Harrison School.

This is more elaborate than most of the dances accompanying the same games.

35. Skinny Maring, the barber,
Shaved his father.
The razor slipped
And cut his lip.
Skinny Maring, the barber.

Twentieth District.

A ring game played only by the boys.

36. See what a pretty little girl I am!
Many bottles of wine she drank,
Bottles of wine to make her shine.
See what a pretty little girl I am!

St. Joseph's.

A little Italian girl had taught this song to the other children in her neighborhood.

FLOWER ORACLES. etc.

37. Where are you going, little bird?
I am going to the woods.
What's in the woods, pretty bird?
In the woods there's a tree.

What's in the tree, pretty bird?
 In the tree, there's a nest.
 What's in the nest, pretty bird?
 In the nest, there's an egg.
 What's in the egg, pretty bird?
 In the egg, there's a bird.
 What can the little bird do, pretty bird?
 Sing me a song, O praise the Lord.

Clifton School.

This song was learned in Norwood by one little girl, who had taught it to her friends. Compare Newell, page III.

BIRD AND BEAST.

38. Here goes a blue-bird, through the window,
 Through the window, through the window.
 Here goes a blue-bird, through the window,
 Hi-diddlum day (daisy).

Take a little dance and hop in the corner,
 Take a little dance and hop in the corner,
 Take a little dance and hop in the corner,
 Hi-diddlum day.

Peep out, Susan, tra la lee la,
 Peep out Susan, tra la lee la,
 Peep out Susan, tra la lee la,
 Hi-diddlum day.

Run around and catch her,
 tra la lee la, etc.

Here she comes and I don't want her, etc.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, page 118.

HUMAN LIFE.

39. There came one jolly, jolly sailor boy,
 Just as he did before.
 He spent his money on the drinking of the wine,
 Just as he did before.
 As we go round, and round and round,
 As we go round, and round and round,

If there's any pretty girl
In the ring you see,
Just tap her on the back.

There came two jolly, jolly sailor boys, etc.

Springer Institute.

Compare Newell, page 124.

PLEASURES OF MOTION.

40. Ring around the Rosy.
Pocket-full of posy,
One, two, three!

Sixth District.

Compare Newell, page 127.

41. The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell,
High-o, the dairy-O!
The farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes the wife, etc.

The wife takes the nurse, etc.

The nurse takes the child, etc.

The child takes the dog, etc.

Sherman School.

Compare Newell, page 129.

42. Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee?
I'm all right; how art thee?
How's the neighbor next to thee?
I don't know but I'll go see.

Whittier School.

Compare Newell, page 130.

43. Let us dance, Luby, Luby,
Let us dance, Luby light,
Let us dance, Luby, Luby,
All on a Monday (or whatever day of the week it is)

Put the right hand out,
 Take it back again,
 Shake your hand a little bit,
 And turn about again.

Chorus. Let us dance, Luby, Luby, etc.

Put the left hand out, etc.

Chorus. Let us dance, etc.

Put the right foot out, etc.

Jackson School.

Compare Newell, page 131. One of the teachers furnished this number.

44. Go in and out the window,
 Go in and out the window,
 Go in and out the window,
 For I'm engaged today.

Go forth and face your lover,
 Go forth and face your lover,
 Go forth and face your lover,
 For I'm engaged today.

I kneel because I love you, etc.

I measure my love to show you, etc.

One kiss and then I leave you, etc.

Sherman School.

Compare Newell, page 128.

45. I come to choose you from the rest,
 So give your hand to me.
 Heel and toe and away we go,
 One and two and three.
 We dance it gayly round the ring,
 So gentle and so bright,
 Back into our places go
 And make a bow polite.

Springer Institute.

46.

Version A.

Fling flong florion
Tissen Tissen torion
Aver Shaver Sissala
How is a shower?
Wrinkle wrinkle hoop-i-da.

Tenth District.

Version B.

Fling, flaw, florion,
Issit, tissit, torion.
Katy Slady was a lady,
How does a shower?
Wiggle, waggle, hoop-i-la.

Springer Institute.

47.

Version A.

Mary, go round the sun,
Mary, go round the moon,
Mary, go round the mulberry bush,
On a Sunday afternoon.

Fifth District.

Version B.

Mary, go around the sun,
Mary, go around the moon,
Mary, go around the mulberry bush,
With a yellow coon.

Sixth District.

48.

Mary Meyer,
House on fire!
Send for the engine.
Chuh, chuh, chuh.

St. Patrick's.

49.

Mayflowers, Mayflowers,
Growing up so high,
I wisht I was an angel
And never was to die.
She can knit and I can sew.
She can play the organ.
Overshay, Iveryshay,
Turn around the other way.

St. Patrick's School.

50. Now we dance in merry measure,
 Full of glee and full of pleasure,
 In these happy hours we treasure,
 In the sunshine gay and free.
St. Xavier's.

This song now often played in the school yard, was composed for an entertainment given at St. Xavier's.

51. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. 8.
 All around the other gate (gait).
Twentieth District.

52. Skip, skop, to the barber shop,
 To buy a stick of candy.
 One for you
 And one for me
 And one for Sister Annie.
Twentieth District.

53. *Version A.*
 Twist, tobacco, tight, tight, tight.
 Untwist tobacco.
Guilford School.

- Version B.*
- Twist the bucket, tie, tie, tie.
 Untwist the bucket.
Twelfth District.

54. We're a true love-a-honey,
 A long summer day.
 We're a true love-a-honey,
 A long summer day.
- Now, we walk and talk together,
 A long summer day. (Repeat).
- Now, we swing around together,
 A long summer day.
Guilford School.

55.

Version A.

Walking up the green grass,
 Dusty, dusty dust.
 Walking up the green grass,
 Corn-bread and crust.
 If you are a lady,
 I'll take you for to be.
 And hand me out your pretty white hand,
 And take a walk with me.

St. Xavier's.

Version B.

Up and down the greenwood,
 Dusty, dusty day.
 If I were a lady.
 I'd take you for me.
 So lay you down, my little white heart,
 And take a dance with me.
 Roses red, violets blue,
 Sugar's sweet and so are you.

Twelfth District.

56. *Children:* Grandmammy Tippytoe,
 Lost her needle and couldn't sew.

Grandmammy: Whose children are you?

Children: Harness-store children.

(A Pause)

Children: Grandmammy Tippytoe,
 Lost her needle and couldn't sew.

Grandmammy: Whose children are you?

Children: Grocery-store children.

(A Pause)

Children: Grandmammy Tippytoe,
 Lost her needle and couldn't sew.

Grandmammy: Whose children are you?

Children: We're your children. (*The grandmother catches them
 and locks them up.*)

Sixth District.

Compare Newell, 143. At the Thirtieth District, the children chant "I followed my mother to market," and repeat the provocation until the mother buys a switch and runs after them, as she does in the Cambridge version cited by Newell.

57. I found a silver spoon.
 I gave it to my mother
 To buy a little brother.
 The brother was too cross.
 I sold him for a horse.
 The horse wouldn't go
 I sold it for a dollar.
 The dollar wouldn't pass.
 I stuck it in the grass.
 The grass wouldn't grow.
 I stuck it in the snow.
 The snow wouldn't melt.
 I stuck it in my belt.
 The belt wouldn't buckle.
 I put it in my knuckle.
 My knuckle wouldn't bend.
 Peanuts, peanuts, five cents a pack!
 Wrapt in a paper with a string around.

Westwood.

58. Here comes Buffalo, Buffalo Bill.
 You dursn't laugh,
 You dursn't smile,
 You only durst say, "I will."

Twentieth District.

This is played like the other "Laughter Games," mentioned by Newell, page 136.

GUESSING-GAMES.

59. Here we come!
 Where from?
 New York.
 What's your trade?
 Lemonade.
 Give us some.
 What's your initials?

(The initials are given, and the others try to guess their significance.)

Tenth District.

GAMES OF CHASE.

60. Chickama, chickama, craney crow,
 Went to the well to wash her toe.
 What time is it, old witch?
 One o'clock.

Chickama, chickama, craney crow,
Went to the well to wash her toe.
What time is it, old witch?

Two o'clock.

(Thus the game goes on until twelve o'clock, when the witch chases the children away.)

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, page 155.

61. "One o'clock, the wolf don't come, (Slowly chanted)
Two o'clock, the wolf don't come," etc.

Finally the climax arrives in a sudden shout,
"Twelve o'clock, the wolf's coming!"

Thirtieth District.

Compare Newell, page 161.

62. Go, Sheepy, go!
 Where shall we go?
 Lay low!
 Run, Sheepy, Run!
 Watch the moon!
 Skip the rock!
 Fly, Sheepy, fly!

Twelfth District.

Compare Newell, page 161. This is a series of musical signals for a boy's game of hiding and running.

63. Mother, buy a milk can, milk can, milk can.
 Mother, buy a milk can,
 A-Rance, a-Dance, a-Jig.

Where'll she get the money? etc.

Sell father's feather bed.

What'll father sleep in?

Sleep in the boy's bed.

Where will the boy sleep?

Sleep in the girl's bed.

Where'll the girls sleep?

Sleep in the wash tub.

What will we wash in?

Wash in the pig pen.

Where will the pig eat?

Eat in the thimble.

What will we sew with?

Sew with the poker.

What will mother poke with?

Poke with her finger.

What if she should burn it?

Good enough for her,
A-Rance, a-Dance, a-Jig.

St. Xavier's School.

Compare Newell, page 166.

64.

Version A.

What are you doing in my bean yard?

Stealing grapes.

What will you do when I come?

Stand still.

What will you do when the policeman comes?

Stand still.

What will you do when the bull-dog comes?

Race right across.

Twentieth District.

Version B.

What are you doing in my vineyard?

Stealing grapes.

What will you do when the black man comes?

Rush right through like we always do.

Clifton School.

Compare Newell, page 167.

65. Drop the handkerchief, Saturday night.
Where do you think I found it?
Up in the sky, ever so high,
A thousand stars around it.
I tist it. I tast it.
Green and yellow basket.
I sent a letter to my lover,
On the way I lost it.
I lost it once, I lost it twice,
I lost it three times over.

Guilford School.

Compare Newell, page 169.

66. I lost my father's handkerchief,
I found it again.
I filled it with water
And threw it in the rain.

Jackson School.

67. *Version A.*
Chalk, chalk, the rabbit,
Chalk, chalk, the rabbit.
Apples are ripe
And ready to bite,
Chalk, chalk, the rabbit.

Jackson School.

- Version B.*
Chaw, chaw, green apples,
Chaw, chaw, green apples.
Apples are ripe
And ready to bite.
Chaw, chaw, green apples.

Twelfth District.

The boys in pursuit give the rest of the "gang" a start of half a square.
The pursued leave traces behind them as they fly, in the shape of chalk
marks on the steps.

68. Did you ever?
No, I never
Catch a nigger?
Nigger who?
Nigger Tom.
Tom who?
Tom Chase!

Twentieth District.

69. Last night, the night before,
 Twenty-four robbers were at my door.
 I went downstairs to let them in.
 They hit me with a rolling pin.
 I went upstairs to get my gun
 You ought to saw those robbers —
 Run, run, run!

Fifth District.

GAMES OF VERY LITTLE GIRLS.

70.

Version A.

Froggie in the Water,
 Can't catch me,
 On the road to Tennessee!

St. Francis.

Version B.

Horsie (Froggie, Charlie) in the water (meadow),
 Horsie in the sea,
 Horsie in the blacksmith's,
 Can't catch me!

St. Joseph's.

Compare Newell, page 171.

Froggie in the meadow,
 Can't get him out,
 Take a little stick
 And stir him all about.

Whittier School.

72.

Grandma Gray,
 May I go out and play?

(elaborated)

No, because tomorrow's
 Your sister's wedding day.

We won't get our clothes mussed.

Then go, but don't scare the cow, nor
 Pull the rose, nor climb the apple-tree.

(You run around and she catches you.)

Where have you been?

To Grandma's.

What are you doing?

(Washing dishes)

What did she give you?

(So many) dollars, (however many you please).

What did you do with it?

Put it down the well.

How do you expect me to get it?

With a chair and ladder.

Suppose I break my neck?

Good enough for you.

(Then she resorts to the final Court of Appeal for such discussion.
In other words, she whips you.)

Twentieth District.

Compare Newell, page 172.

73. Sally, put the kettle on,
 Jenny, blow the dinner horn.
 Sally, put the kettle on.
 Drink tea, bread and butter.
 Good enough for any one.
 Choose the one you love the best
 And call him to the ring.

Sherman School.

Compare Newell, page 173.

74. Buying the butter-milk,
 Skip to the moon.
 Buying the butter-milk,
 Skip to the moon.
 Buying the butter-milk,
 Skip to the moon.
 If you catch me, you may kiss me!

Springer Institute.

75. Here I stand both ragged and dirty.
Kiss me quick or I'll run like a turkey.

Fifth District.

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

76. As I went up the apple tree,
All the apples fell on me.
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, you did, I know you did!
You broke your mother's teapot lid.
L-i-e, spells the very word of lie!

Newell, page 203.

This is included by Newell among his counting-out rhymes, but the boys at the Twelfth District declare that they have dramatized it. One tries to climb "on the roof" and the rest try to keep him back.

77. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
All good children go to heaven.
One flys East,
One flys West,
One flys over the cuckoo's nest.

Compare Newell, "Games and Songs," page 202.

78. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
Engine,
Number nine.
What do you wish?
Beer or wine?
W-i-n-e.

Compare Newell, "Games and Songs," page 203.

79. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

Compare Newell, "Games and Songs," page 199.

80. As I went up the golden gate,
I met a little rattle snake.
He ate so much of jelly cake
It makes his little belly ache.

81. East strike, West strike,
The one that you love best strike.
82. Ish, fish, codfish,
How many fish are in your golden dish?
83. Little dog sat on the porch,
And Bingo was his name.
B-I-N-G-O,
B-I-N-G-O,
B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo was his name.
84. My mother and your mother
Were hanging out clothes,
My mother gave your mother
A punch on the nose.
Y-E-S. (Or N-O.).
85. Nigger, nigger,
Come to dinner.
Half past two.
Fried potatoes,
Alligators,
Out goes you.
86. One potato, two potatoes,
Three potatoes, four,
Five potatoes, six potatoes,
Seven potatoes more.
87. One, two, three,
Mother caught a flee,
Flee died.
Mother cried.
Out goes she!
88. Ecka, becka, donie, crokie,
Ecka, becka, doo.
Ease, cheese, butter, bread,
Out goes you.

MYTHOLOGY.

89. London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London bridge is falling down,
Hi-diddlum dey.

Here's a prisoner we have caught,
We have caught, etc.

Take a key and wind her up,
Wind her up, etc.

What will you have? (Then a choice between two gifts is placed before the prisoner and he ranged, according to his choice, upon one side of the bridge or the other, in readiness for the final tug of war.)

Sherman School.

Newell, "Games and Songs," page 204.

90. In his "Games and Songs," page 213, Newell mentions "Good Angel and Bad Angel," which is played in Cincinnati in the manner which he has described as "Weighing," on page 212. In Cincinnati, there is no choice of colors.

91. Mother, mother, the milk's boiling over.

Fifth District.

Dramatis Personae.

Mother	Hired girl.
Thief	Children.

Mother: (*Naming children.*) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Good-bye, be good children!

(*Exit mother*)

Thief: Have you anything in the house?

Hired girl: Ham. (*Or anything else*)

Thief: Go and get some.

Hired girl: (*Aside.*) Mother, mother, the milk's boiling over.

Mother: (*In the distance.*) Take the spoon and stir it.

Hired girl: Mother, I can't reach it.

Mother: Take the chair.

Hired girl: The chair is broke.

Mother: Then, I suppose I'll have to come home. (*Enters and counts the children.*) Where's Monday at?

Hired girl: The thief's took her. (*Is beaten by the mother.*)

Mother: Where's-Tuesday at?
Hired girl: The thief's took her. (*So the inquisition continues, until the mother finds that all the children have been taken.*)
Mother: (*Approaching thief.*) Have you seen my children?
Thief: I saw them go down bowlegged street.
Mother: (*Walking bowlegged.*) Have you seen my children?
Thief: They've gone down pigeon-toed street.
Mother: (*Walking pigeon-toed.*) Have you seen any of my children?
Thief: They've gone washing their face.
Mother: (*Washing her face*) Have you seen my children?
Thief: They've gone eating bread and butter.
Mother: (*Making motions as though eating.*) Have you any fresh chickens.
Thief: I'll have them done tomorrow at one o'clock.
Mother: (*After interval.*) Have you any fresh chickens?
Thief: I'll have them done tomorrow at two o'clock. (*So the thief keeps putting off the mother until the promise is for "tomorrow at twelve o'clock."*)
Mother: Lemme go in and see them.
Thief: Your shoes are too dirty.
Mother: I'll take them off.
Thief: Your stockings are too dirty.
Mother: I'll take them off.
Thief: Your feet are too big.
Mother: I'll take them off.
Thief: Your feet are too bloody.
(At this, the children all run out from their hiding place.)

Fifth District.

92. "I'm on your golden pavement," is played by boys all over Cincinnati, just as in Philadelphia.

Compare Newell, page 221.

93. Here's a young lady,
 Sitting down to sleep,
 She wants a young man
 To keep her awake.
 First a sweet kiss,
 Then a tight hug,
 Here's a young man,
 Sitting down to sleep,
 He wants a young lady
 To keep him awake. etc.

Fifth District.

Compare Newell, page 224.

94.

Will you give us a glass of wine,
 For we are the English.
 Will you give us a glass of wine,
 For we are the English soldiers.

No, we won't give you a glass of wine,
 For we are the Romans.
 No, we won't give you a glass of wine,
 For we are the Roman soldiers.

Then, we'll tell the consort king, (Constable)
 For we are the English,
 Then, we'll tell the consort king,
 For we are the English soldiers.

What do we care for the consort king,
 For we are the Romans,
 What do we care for the consort king,
 For we are the Roman soldiers.

Are you ready for a fight,
 For we are the English,
 Are you ready for a fight,
 For we are the English soldiers?

Yes, we're ready for a fight,
 For we are the Romans,
 Yes, we're ready for a fight,
 For we are the Roman soldiers.

Sherman School.

95.

There was an old woman in Ireland,
 In Ireland she did dwell,
 She loved her husband dearly,
 And another man twice as well.

Chorus:

Oh dear, oh dear, what ails me?
 Thinks what ails me.
 And what's the matter now?

She went to the doctor
 To see if she could find
 Something or other
 To put the old man blind.

Chorus:

Oh dear, oh dear, etc.

She got a piece of meat
And gave him six of the bones.
(Third line missing.)
And made him eat them all.

Chorus: Oh, dear, etc.

Oh, my dearest dear,
Now do you think
That I can stand that trouble,
Jim, my dearest Jim.

Jackson School.

This was written out by a little girl who says that her mother learned it when she was a little girl and lived in South Africa. Fortunately, it is not current in the school-grounds of Cincinnati.

ROPE-JUMPING RHYMES.

96. Apple, peach, pumkin pie,
How many days before I die?
97. Easy, greasy, pepper, salt,
Onions, mustard, wine, vinegar.
98. English, German, Irish, French,
Little Annie Rooney with a ruffle on her pants.
99. Granny, Granny, I am ill.
Send for a doctor to give me a pill.
Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Yes, you must, and so must I.
How many carriages will I have?
100. Old man Daisy,
What makes you be so lazy?
Up the ladder,
Down the ladder,
One, two, three!
Pepper, salt, vinegar,
H-O-T!
101. Old Mother Rich,
Fell in the ditch.
Picked up a rotten apple,
Thought she was rich.

102. Policeman, Policeman, don't catch me.
Catch the nigger behind the tree.

103. Strawberry blonde,
Cream of tartar.
Tell me the name
Of your sweet daughter. (A, B, C, etc.)

What kind of a dress will she have?
(Silk, satin, calico, rags.)

What kind of a husband?
(Rich man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer,
Merchant, chief.)

What kind of a house?
(Brick, stone, marble, frame.)

How many hats? flowers? rooms? children? windows? horses?
carriages? beds? chairs? tables? stoves? dishes?
Compare Newell, page 105, in "Flower Oracles."

FOLK CRITICISM.

To understand the child's attitude toward his singing games, we shall do well to study the language in which he discusses them—frank, terse, and sometimes picturesque. In this section of my report, I shall present quotations from the replies made by the children to my questions, "Which game do you like best?" and "Why do you like it best?"

Among all, counting the children of the three schools which I visited in 1907, and those of the twenty-one which I visited in 1908, only fifty three boys and girls failed to distinguish between singing games and other games and songs. Musical chairs, marbles, catchers, hop-scotch, "I Spy," "Pussy in the Corner," "On your Golden Pavement," "Blue Bird Come to Supper," "Red Rover," "Baseball," "Groceries," "North and South," "Rat and Cat," "There's No Bears Out Tonight," "Pillows," "Cops Cross-tag" and bean-bag, are defended with eloquence and earnestness, while "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Not Because Your Hair is Curly," "There's a Change in Cincinnati," the morning-song from "Pippa Passes," "Everybody Works But Father," and "School Days," are also proffered in good faith, with good reasons for their popularity. I have met with the two lastnamed songs so frequently in my search, that I

am tempted to include them in the list of singing-games, because both have evidently been dramatized. At the Twelfth District and also at the Guilford School, the boys told of making a snow man and sticking a cigar-stub in his mouth and dancing around him to the tune of "Everybody Works but Father," and in half of the schools that I visited, "School Days" was suggested.

"But do you play it?"

"Yes ma'am."

"How?"

"We read and write and spell and then we sing 'School Days'."

The employment of these two songs will probably be transient, but the tendency among the children to dramatize the song of the hour may be looked upon as natural and permanent.

THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW.

Ten boys and two girls say that they do not know any singing games. Four of the boys in the same room, evidently by agreement offer substitutes which they seem to consider "just as good" or better:

"I am a boy and I don't know any singing games. The game I like best is Cops. The reason I like it best because there is exercises in it. It is healthy and makes the muscles stronger." — Charles Chunard.

Clarence Moore likes "Cops" because "you can climb and run and have lots of fun for you get hit with whips and clubs. And you are slow to go any place. Us boys are fond of Cops because you get fresh air. I am a boy."

Frank Dickey votes in favor of the same game under the more dignified name of "policeman". He says, "the way we play this game is a boy runs after us then when he catches us he takes us to a place we call jail. Then when he has caught us all he lets us go again."

The last of this group was pointed out by his teacher as a Hungarian who has only been in this Country a little more than a year. Here is his paper:

"Bull in the Ring. I don't know any singing games because I never played any singing games. I have played Bull in the Ring many times and I think it is a very nice game for boys. A crowd of boys get together and make a big ring, one boy gets in the ring and if he breaks through and the boys run after him, and the first boy catches him he gets to be Bull in the Ring."

— Harry Sperling.

DISAPPROVAL.

Seven sturdy youngsters are frank in their disapproval of singing-games as a class. All of these children belong to two suburban districts, Clifton and Price Hill. "I do not know how to play these games except

London Bridge which I do not like," writes Eugene Boudot. "I never played any of these games" George H. Cooke confesses. "Mother, mother, the milk's boiling over," is chosen by Stanley Clark, "because that's the only one I like." Howard Farbach selects "There came an old lady from Germany, because I don't like the other ones," and Hilda Zachariasen more cautiously commends "Tiskatcataskatc, because some are not so pretty."

NO REASON.

One hundred and sixty papers give no reason for the choice, probably because of the limited time allowed for answering the questions, although Robert Putnam of the Whittier School candidly proclaims, "I like i-tisket-i-tasket the best but don't know why," and Gladys Wallace of the Sherman School politely asseverates, "I like to play Building a Castle for my best game. I cannot tell the reason I like it but I do and it is a very funny game too." Edith Murdock is satisfied with a woman's reason; "I like lasy Marry. I like Lonid brige. I like all around the marble bush. Just because I like them," and Daniel Samuelson gives a woman's reason likewise, with a man's bluntness; "We are the English Soldiers. I like this fellow's name. Because I like to play this." Twelve sad little papers record their owner's choice "because I don't know the other," "because I never played another" and "because that is the only one I know." Of these outsiders, all but one are suburban.

NOT SPECIFIC.

One of the most crowded compartments in my desk has been the one set aside for answers which are not specific, answers thoroughly representative of the straightforward dogmatism and undifferentiated intelligence of the great middle class. These five hundred and fifteen general replies however, breathe an orthodox spirit of enthusiastic enjoyment. As David Silverstein remarks, "The little game has all funny ways in it." Harold Westmeyer likes "Here comes a Judge ariding because it is a dandy wone." An anonymous writer praises "All the round the mulberry bush, because it had all kind of nise things in it." Others stand up for their favorites because they are "jolly, pretty, good, merry, interesting, nice, sweet, cute, queer, neat, joyful—" as Thomas Strach phrases his impressionistic eulogy of "Mother, mother, the milk," — "It makes me feel more satisfied."

Irma Frankenberger likes "Jolly Sailor" because it is "senceiable." Mary Ryan prefers "Go in and Out the window." because it is "very exciting." Ruth Sullivan claims that "Rosy beans and Morning Glories makes her feel a little better." In short, these little people make their attitude very plain in regard to these games which doubtless afford them all the enviable sensation which one significantly calls, "a truely good time."

NEGATIVE QUALITIES.

Among those who voice no real appreciation for the essence of the singing game, must be ranked the eighty-four who like their favorite because of its omissions, its negative virtue, because it is "not rough" and "not noisy" and "there is no running in it." I must confess some scepticism as to the genuineness of these reasons, and infer that they are in many cases expressive of a very transient mood. I am only acquainted with one of the children who put upon record their aversion to running, and while he was writing, his teacher pointed him out to me as "her little perpetual motion." As his Sunday School teacher, I was able to extend to her my fullest sympathy. In this case, I believe that I had some influence over the writing of the answer, but that influence was not exerted at the time when I made the investigation but at least three years earlier. Dan was writing what he thought would please me.

Sixty-three of the remaining eighty-two advocates of peace and quietness are girls. A paper breathing characteristic lady-likeness come from Price Hill.

Whittier School.

4 Grade Room 12.

I would like this better

I taske I ticak.

I like to play I ticak I taska the best because it does not make so much noise and you do not get hot and dirty and we also have fun.

Miss Bertha Peirce.

"The game which I love best," says Mary Long, "is grean gravel because it is not plaid ruffly." Elsie Springmeyer informs us that it is "Lazy old Mary I like because it is not rough and mean." Edna Forthman prefers "Ring around a Rosseys, because it is not a rough game and mostly all little children like it." Mary Shannon of St. Xavier's expresses her opinion admirably: "Go in and out the window. It is a very nice game to play it is harmless and is a gentle game to play." Marie Schelies likes "Lazy old Mary because it an't such a wild game," a curiously unconscious comment on the primitiveness of the majority of these games. Malinda Bohnert praises "'ring around rosy' because there is no danger of getting hurt." Nellie Sullivan is in favor of "Coa Coa Coa through the moring because you don't have to run attal." Most of these girls are suburbanites.

Let us see what some of the "quiet" boys have to say about their games. Clifford Barth: "I like the song, 'Around the Mulberry Bush,' because it is not rough and it is a very nice game and because the girls and boys play together." Hugh C. Hoffmann: "One o'clock the wolf won't come. It is funny and long and interesting and will not make your mother's headache then you will not have to stop." These two answers betray the influence of the gentler sex, which probably has something to do with the other eighteen answers from "quiet" boys.

FAMILIARITY.

In the case of singing-games, "familiarity does not breed contempt." Thirty-eight children choose their favorite for no other reason. Henrietta Krueller commends "There came an old woman from Germany," because "it is heard so much of and it is so nice." Rosie Daley writes, "I like this game best, up and down the green woods dusty, dusty day. if I were a lady I would take you for a bee so lay me down my little white heart and take a dance with me. Ivy likes candy, Ivy likes sugar, Ivy likes to hop around and dance with me. Roses red violets blue sugar sweet and so are you I like it best because we play it all the time."

"I like this game," Thomas McAlpin insists, after an argument with me as to the existence of such a game. "I like this game because I always play it. The name of this game is everybody workes in our house. Everbody workes in our house and he sits around and he sits around the fire smoking his pipe of clay Mother takes in washing and so does sister Ran everybody workes in our house but my old man."

Sarah Evans begins by saying, "The game I like best is here come one don ariding. Why do I like it the best because I play's it the most." Sarah then proceeds to quote the whole of her favorite, with an ending which differs from that usually given:

"The fairest one that I can see it be miss lilah come walk with me good by lady good, by, I like it best because I play it the most."

Closely allied with this fondness for familiar things is that reliance upon precedent and the opinion of one's fellows which constitutes the charm of a favorite game for thirty-six boys and girls. Edward Fallon frankly states that he likes "chalk chalk the rabbit best because all the other boys like it." Florence Gough is satisfied with "Old Cramer was dead, because it was played and liked by all my friends." An anonymous critic makes a choice which he forgets to state "because every one plays it, it is so popler." Laura Noel favors "Go in and Out the window because it, is well know and well liked." Adel Lense writes on behalf of "Here goes a blue bird" that "the other children enjoy." Charley Franz states that, "One o'clock the wolf don't come is most pleasing to everybody." Louis Evers take his cue from a more limited class of dictators in his appreciation of, "Are you ready for a fight, because boys like to play it." Doretta Rummel is our authority for the statement that "Go in and Out the Window" ranks first "because there are lots of children playing it and they think more of it." Virgil Geckel approves of "the song are you ready for a fight. Why I like it because I hear so many children singing it. There are very many children like to play are you ready." In my investigation, I endeavored to give no hint of my own feeling about the games, but Oscar Thier was the first to suggest, "I lost my papa's handkerchief." After he had dictated all the words to me, I must

have made some exclamation of delight and gratitude because he scrawled upon his paper, "I like it because *you* like it."

NOVELTY.

Familiarity and general popularity appeal to seventy-four boys and girls. Six love their love "because it is easy," "because it is very simple," and "because any one can play it." These figures seem roughly indicative of the conservative influence at work upon the mass of oral literature. The progressive element is represented by sixteen who prefer novelty.

The little girl who votes for "What a pretty little girl I am Because it is a new game," has not added her signature. Bessie Mohnlein chooses "Mother, bring the milk can, because it is a new song." Both of these games were probably heard by these girls for the first time on the day of my visit, since I found them in only two rooms, and only known in those rooms to a small group of girls.

Cornelia Miller points out that "Grandmother Gray" has an advantage in the fact that "it is not song must." Herman Kuhn likes "around the moubbush because we do not play it so moush." Luck Kennedy likes, "Go in and out the window because it is not comon." Ethel Costello likes "Go in and out the window beter than any because I do not play it very often." It will be observed that this progressive element in the population has a tendency toward the adoption of simplified spelling.

HUMOR.

The humor of the singing-games appeals to seventy-three boys and girls who fail to specify in what respect the games are humorous, and whose answers therefore cannot be classed with those on either "words," "music" or "action." This humor is variously expressed. The songs are "comical," "amusing" and "funny." "They make us laugh." "There is a good deal of laughing in it." "It is a laughing game." "It gives you the laughs and makes you feel lively."

LENGTH.

We may reasonably reckon among the enthusiasts, the fifty-five little people who enjoy their choice because it is long. Frances Dwelly likes "Lazy Mary, will you get up" because it is a very long game and does not end as soon as the others do." Ethel Branch likes "Mother, mother, the milk's boiling over," "because there is a lot to it." Ethel Morgan says that "Farmer in the dell is the longes game to play;" Bhilda Lingg likes "six gold pins because it has a lot of peaces." Thelma Schrenker favors "lasey old Mary because it is big." Harry Vulhop's favorite is "Rain, rain, high Because it is long and talks about many things." Ralph Ralston chooses, "Farmer in the dell, because it is not short

like some of them." Hazel Flynn writes, "I like Lazy Mary because it is my favorite, long and is got so many lines." Josephine Menke likes the same game because it takes longer to play it. Three children, however, make choice of certain games because they are "not so long."

PERSONAL MEMORIES.

Personal memories add to the charm of favorite games for twenty-four children. Waldemar Fischer is in favor of "Miss Jenny and Jones," because "it makes me think of somethings, when I went to my aunt's on Sunday." Going farther back, Erurn Grendlemeyer votes for, "I lost my Pocket Handkerchief" because "it was my first game it learnt when I was little." Sedwick Payne likes "Skinney Murink the barber because i use to play it." Eight year old Sylvia of the Avondale School writes in a remarkably neat hand that she likes "London Bridge" because "we learned it when we were young," and nine year old Minie of the Sixth District echoes Sylvia in her apology on behalf of Itisket Itasket. "I played that" says Minnie, "when I was a small child." Helen Behle likes "Rosy beans and barley boes because I youst to play it when I was a little girl" and Norma Eichhorn's reason for her choice of "Old Kramer," is similar: "I like 'Old Kramer was dead and laid in his grave' because it was the first song I learned when I was in the First Reader and I still like it because it ends so very nice." Edith Lux tells us that "Rain rain hight is very nice and I played it last night." Freda Hagemann says she enjoys "London Bridge" because "I have enough children to play with at home sometimes and my two big sister and my brother plays with us." Julia McAroy plays "lazy mary often at home." Dudley Morgan always plays, "There came an old lady from Germany at home on Sunday." Alvin Himsel "uset to play London Bridges every night in summer. The girls and boys uset to play it." Lilian Long says "I like Froggy in the meadow best because my mother taught it to me." An anonymous contributor likes "Here comes the blue bird through the window because it was the first game I ever learnt and my sister learnt it to me." Virgie Burch writes, "I like Go in and out the window because my dearest friend taught it to me and because it is a merry game." Catherine Marie Gorrien sums up the attitude of these reminiscent people in her defense of "Here comes a jolly sailor boy." "I liked this game because it was the first game I learned and I do not give old for new."

Special methods in managing the scenic effect of games are indicated by three answers. Gertrude Francis says that in "London Bridge, the bridge gets named the two who are the bridge." Julius Sanks likes "romer solerds because it has gons and soards and a captain and a flag." Maud Salley notes that "lazy Mary includes the cedar tree and you half to has a crowd to make the ring and the other games you don't have a cedar tree."

All these replies were pleasing, but not entirely to the point. They have dealt with more or less external and mechanical aspects of the singing-game. It is among the remaining one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine papers that we must look for a discussion of the vital elements of the singing-game, — music, words and action, — which must always unite in some proportion to compose the product classed as a singing-game. These papers fall into significant proportions. They show that only two hundred and forty three of the one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine children are primarily interested in the words, the distinctively literary feature of the performance; three hundred and fifty-eight comment upon the music, and one thousand two hundred and forty-eight are concerned solely with the action.

MUSIC.

There is very little variety among the answers of the children who care most about the "melody" or "air" or "tune" or "song" or "sound" or "voice." They simply state that this melody is "sweeter" or "nicer" or "more joyful" or better in some other way than the melodies of the other games. One says that he likes "the music and the riming words," indicating that he possesses an ear for the music in poetry as well as that in sounds of various pitch, but otherwise the answers of the music lovers are not in any case long or specific.

WORDS.

Among the criticisms on words, however, there is more variety than in any other class of papers which I have examined. I shall quote these answers, with very little comment, as they speak for themselves.

In the first place there are about twenty who find the words of their favorite songs "nice," "sweet" and "pretty," without further specification.

"Green Gravel- I like this game because it has some words that other games haven't."

— Goldie Greenberg.

"I like Ring round the rose. Because there is spiking."

— Ray Hamer.

Ethel Elder comments upon the "funny" words of Lazy Mary, and Louis Frey likes "Nigar Nigar come to dinner" because "this one sounds funny."

Six boys in one room say that they like "There came an old lady from Germany" best, because it has sense in it.

Here are a few critics of style:

"Old Kramer, because the verses are nice." — Hilda Stuhlfauth.

"London Bridge — It has a nice course." (chorus)

— Edward Spangenberg.

"London Bridge. I like it because it rhymes together when we sing it."

— Norma Greilich.

"I like fling flong toria the best. I like this game best, because it rhymes better than the others."

— Douglas Burleigh.

Four others comment on the rhyme.

"Farmer in the dell. I like it better because it has a purtiful name."

The impromptu composition after the regular singing game is finished, in other words, the *guessing* is the chief part of the game for thirty-two children. "London Bridge," "Here We Come" and "Building a Castle" are the favorites among this contingent. I quote some of the answers expressing this interest.

London Bridge: 1. Because you must gess and have very much fun. 2. Because you take the child and ask her questions and you can give prices. 3. Because you have to tell which you like a watch or a piano or anything like that. 4. Because they squeeze you and ask what you want golden piano or golden carriage. 5. Because it has secrets. 6. You have to guess a thing what they have. 7. Because you have your wish of either one you want. 8. We choose two things and ask which you like the best? 9. You haft to guess the name of one of the boys and girls. 10. It has riddles in it. 11. It is a puzzling game.

Here We Come: 1. It is like a riddle. 2. You will halfter guess what they are doing. I like it because if you guess what you are doing then you halfter run at them. 3. You have to guess initial. 4. Because if you make up too words and give the first letter of each word and make a motion and if the git the right letter then you must run to your base.

Building a Castle: Because it has two parts and it takes so long to guess what they want and if they do not guess what you want you cannot go with them and then they have to guess on until they get it right.

I was perplexed as to whether the advocates of "noisy" games belonged among the adherents of action or the adherents of words, but most the noise in singing-games occurs in the refrain, so I have decided to take them up at this point, trusting that my quotations will justify me in assigning them to a place among the criticisms of words:

"Mother, mother, the milk's boiling over. Because you have to howell at one another."

— Clifford King.

"Farmer in the Dell. Because there is so much yelling in it."

— Rose Zimmerman.

"Lazy Old Mary. — Because it is noizy game the way we play it."

— Mildred Bubbe.

"Farmer in the dell. Because you must take the dog. Then we must holler."

— Edna Stark.

"Lazy old Mary. Because they skream."

— Anonymous.

"The Farmer in the Dell. Because when its done we call in their ears. And it makes our limbs strong."

— Anna Schevene.

There are in all eighteen people who confess their liking for "lots of noise."

Those who care for specific passages and specific aspects of those passages are the most literary critics, of course. Walter Sweeney likes "the story about Kramer, because the name of Kramer is funny." Frederick Mather likes "The Farmer in the Dell because each child has a name." Mildred Scheffel likes the dialogue in "Lassy old Mary," because, as she expresses it, "you can answer."

The words involving reference to lovers, with the opportunity which they afford for teasing, are only mentioned by five children. Ethel Simpson likes "Little White Daisies" best because the girl who is in the ring "must tell her fellow's name." Alice Helm votes for "Rain Rain High because it is got some fun in it about fellows." Emma Coe discloses the secret charm of such announcements in her reason for liking "Down in the meadow. Because when we said the girl's fellow's name it get them angry."

Thirty-five children quote favorite passages as the reason for their choice.

"Mother, mother the Milk. Because it said Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday." — Robert Courey.

"I like Lazy old Mary because she is lazy and she tell her mother that she won't get up. And then at last she gets up." — Irene Lazarus.

"I like Lazy Mary because it's lazy Mary." — Edna Dugan.

"There is lot of fun in singing Their goes the blue bird through the window high hid among roses." — Blanche Hesse.

"Old mother pin a rose on me. I lade this game because it is about pin a rose on me." — Harry Halton.

"Little Sally Walker. Because I like this part rise sally rise and wipe your weeping eyes turn to the east turn to the west turn to the very one you think you love the best." — Bessie Price.

"Lazy Old Mary. I like it because Lazy Old Mary it has in it no mother I won't get up." — J. Kilsinger.

"There came an old lady from Germany. Because it said in it please take one of my daughters." — Mat. Brady.

"I like Go sheepy go because the sheep go and hide and when the other side comes nere you say lay low sheepy lay low."

"London brig because it has a brig." — Merrell Black.

"Mother, mother, milk boiling over. Because when the mother says that we shall put pepper on it." — Henry Schnelle.

"Grandmother tipe toe. We have to call that at them."

— Arthur J. Oberheman.

"Lazy Mary. Because we like to call her lazy Mary."

— Harry Ashcraft.

"Buffalo, Buffalo Bill. This game I like because when you tell them that they shouldn't laugh or smile, Then when you give them something,

you say, Heavy, Heavy hangs over thy poor head, what shall the owner do to redine it? Then the one whose it is they have to do it."

— Anonymous.

"Because the old man comes his har with the lag of the char and wash him with a frying pan."

— Oscar Stegmann.

"Been yard. Because the boy that's it he says what are you doing in my been yard then the boys that are not say stiling grapes."

— Edward Krems.

"I like to play London Bridge because you say London Bridge is falling down."

— Gladys Fox.

"Lasy old mary will you get up where she gets a lump of fat and a roasted cat for dinner."

— George Schaeffer.

"The game I like best is Mary round the Moon because she is allways around the moon."

— John Steffens.

"Mother milk runging over because the milk is runging over."

— William Frueauf.

"Farmer in the dell. because the dog goes boo."

— Anonymous..

"Building a Castle I like to play best because they ask how much you would pay for them."

— Anonymous.

"Lazy old Mary. It has died cats for supper."

— Mary Weller.

"London Bridge is falling down. I like it because we have to say take the key and wined her up."

— Laura Moore.

"Go in and out the window, because we have to say, I measure my love to show you."

— Mary E. O'Connell.

"I like rosy beans and barley O best. Why? because it has a big ring and it says open the gate and let the bride in and that's why I like it best."

— Mary McCann.

"I like the game of lundon bridge because you say the wine her up wine her up wine her up so marry lee so marry lee."

— Anna Hunt.

Elsie Mesiter's ear is caught by the refrain of "Building a Castle." I like it she says, "because it has a nice sound. The word I like is tra la la."

Margaret Hermstead of the Whittier school and F. Worth of St. Xavier's comment on the "pretty meaning" of their favorite song. Malvina Fee of the Clifton school gives a quaintly poetic wording to her praise of "Green Gravel": "Because it shows the thought of pleasure."

Fifty children are interested in the characters portrayed by the words of the song. In their own way, they call attention to these characters very vividly.

"Old neger Tom. I like old negor tom because it is a negor game."

— David Kirk.

"Old man daisy because its old many daisy he is lazy."

— Nicholas Miller.

"I like to play Jennie and Jones because it ends with the man with the rosey cheeks."

— Ida Wolf.

(Ida is mistaken. Lazy Mary is the game in which this character is mentioned.)

"12 o'clock the wolf is here. I like it because there is a wolf in it."

— Lucy T. Bernard.

"I like here comes a bluebird threw the window because it is a bluebird."

— Laura Diehl.

"Roman Solders. Because we sing about the solders."

— Walter Buehler.

"I like Good Angel and Bad Angel best because I would like to be Good Angel."

— Millie Venosa.

"I lost my father hankey, becons it is about my father."

— Irma Zeigler.

"I like to play Mother Mother the milk's boiling over because there is a thief in it."

— Oliver Densford.

"Mother, mother the milk. I like this game better because there are some called the beggar and some the thief and the thief comes and gets you and then the mother comes and says where are all my children."

— Elizabeth Rapping.

"Mother, mother the milk's boiling over. I like this one best because it has a thief in it a mother in it a hired girl in it and children in it."

— Hazel First.

"Came and old lady from Germany. because it old lady."

— Lester Bynum.

"There came an old Lady from Germery. Because the Lady as so many children."

— Margaret Kunkel.

"Here comes Three Dukes Aridding. Because it is about Dukes."

— Layman Tuthill.

"Here comes three jews arriveing. Because it is about the jews."

— Ellen Schlelein.

"I like 'Lazy Mary' best because I can sing it to Mary."

— Estella Rodler.

"Lazy old Mary. I like it because it is about a little girl and because I like the name of Mary."

— Bessie Garrett.

"Lazy Mary. I like it because it is lasy Mary in it."

— Lena Fichtenlaub.

"Lazy old Mary will you get up. I like it because she so lazy."

— Anonymous.

"Lazy Mary. I like this game the best because it tells you about lazy people that won't get up in the morning earley."

— Sam Turk.

"Lazy Mary. Because there is an old woman in it and it is like ring around the rozy."

— Kathryn Maescher.

"Farmer in the dale. I like because it seems to me that I can see the farmer."

— Milton Warfield.

"The farmer in the dell. I like it on account it represents the farmer in the dell."

— William Mark.

"I like Farmer in the dale best because all the Family in it."

— Ruth Prather.

"Farmer in the Dale. You all make a large ring. A boy gets in the center and asks for his wife, child, nurse, cat, dog, mouse, rat and household matters."

— Hilda Vogel.

"The game I like the best is the farmer in the dell. My reason for liking it best is because it gives me a complete thought about the farmer, his wife, her child, the nurse, the dog and is long."

— Helen Flannery.

"The Farmer in the Dale. The farmer has a dog and I like dogs."

— Lillian Hafford.

"The farmer in the dell. Because it is a funny game because they are enclude the dog."

— Robert Gabriel.

"Farmer in the Dell. Because it includes the family and the dog and then the children laugh and sing."

— Lillian Ward.

"I like the jolly sailor boy best because it reminds me of a sailor boy."

— Virginia Hines.

"A jolly sailor boy. I like to hear storys of sailors."

— Edward Geiger.

"The jolly sailor boy. Because the sailor was always happy and because he sailed on the sea."

— Frank Boehm.

A few youngsters air their scholarly bent. The words of their favorite songs have for them a special connotation through their knowledge of history, geography and science.

Here are some facts about "London Bridge," gleaned from the papers. I have failed to preserve the names of the three children in schools visited during 1907 who preferred it because it "has a historical taste," "because London Bridge was falling down some time ago," and "because I have always liked to imagine castles."

Among the children interviewed this year, only one lover of "London Bridge" shows the poetic bent. That is Thomas Jefferson DeLaney, who states as his reason, "because it is far away." The rest are more matter-of-fact. C. Kohnop likes it "because there is a London Bridge in London; Marie Doyle, "because it is the greastest Bridge in the world," W. Burkhardt, "because London is the largest city in the world, and because the bridge is so large and strong."

"There came an old lady from Germany" has a historico-geographical significance for seven children. They like it "because the Dutch came from there," "because it is a bot Germaney and women" and "because its a German song."

For some undefined reason, "Old Kramer" reminds Mrytle Elizabeth of George Washington.

Minnie Fagin has a scientific turn of mind and likes "Here Goes a Blue Bird," because "the Blue Bird helps the trees from dying and is so very perryty." Mabel Tekulve contributes a whole verse of "Mary Go

Round the moon," according to the Sixth District version, with a touching footnote:

"O Mary go around the moon,
Mary go around the stars,
Mary go around the hickory bush,
On a Sunday afternoon."

"I like a part in this game," adds Mabel, "because it has some plant which grows in the Country." Hazel Bradshaw also likes the "Merry-go-round song, because you are merry like the birds." This note of nature-love is taken up by W. Campbell, who "likes best the farmer in the dwell because it reminds me of the country and I like the singing where it comes to bu, wo, wo." Fourteen other tributes to nature deserve to be quoted:

"The farmer in the Dell. I like this game more than other singing games, because it reminds me of a farm." This answer was made by Hyman Kochman, a Russian, who has been in this country only one year.

"Around the mulberry bush, because it represents in the wood."
— Mildred Tipton.

"Old Kramer, Because there a apple tree in it."
— Margaret Chambers.

"Green Gravel. Because I like the green grass." — Albert Tuechter. —
"Dound in the volhy were the green grass grose best because its green."
— Elenora Centner.

"I like rain, rain, high because it is like it is rain wen we play that, that is because I rote it."
— Raymond Franke.

"Lily, Lily, white flower, because I like flowers."
— Alma Marische.

"Rose Red Violets Blue. It is so nice and because it is about flowers."
— Geraldine Ireland.

"Lillie around the daisy (among the little white daisies) "because it is a very sweet game and because they represent pretty flowers."

Rena Durkin.

"Liles white flowers. (The St. Joseph's school version of "Walter, Walter, wild flower," which also appears as "Walter, Walter, wine flower" and "Lily, Lily, wine flower.") I like the best cause the white flowers."
— Mary Mueller.

"I like roses red, violets blue Because it is my faverat flower."
— Edith Spencer.

"Rosy beans and morning Glory. I like it because it is about the roses and the beans."
— Anonymous.

"Here comes a blue bird through the window. Because it is about a little bird."

"Going in and out the Window. Because it reminds you of summer when the windows are supposed to be open." — Margaret H. Jordan.

"Here comes a Blue Bird through the window. Because it makes a person feel happy to hear a bird sing and reminds us that God has made them."
— Anna Stingehold.

Personal experience gives a pleasant connotation to the words for eight children:

"The Jolly Sailor boy. I like it because I would like to be a sailor myself."
— George King.

"I lost my papa's handkerchief. I like it because it is about our father's handkerchief."
— John Andrews.

"A tisket a tasket. I like it because it is about a letter and was lost and a little colored boy finds. And the one that wrote drops it behind someone and then he is it."
— Elton Christoph.

"I like mother the milks boiling over because I like boiled milk."
— Hilda Haslinger.

"The farmer in the dell. Because i am a farmer."
— A. Oswald.

"Old Kramer was dead, because it is my name."
— Philomena Kramer.

"There came an Old Lady from Germany. I like this best because I came from Europe."
— Anonymous.

"A round the mulberry bush I think I like around the mulberry bush because we lived on Mulberry St."
— Blanche Brown.

Twenty-two youngsters actually try to point a moral with their favorite game. Of these twenty cite the obvious moral of Lazy Mary:

"Lazy Mary, I like it because it reminds me of a lazy boy or girl. And we ought not to be lazy."
— Alice Rice.

"Lazy old Mary Will you get up. I like this because it tells you never to get up late."
— Eleanor Smith.

"Lazy old Mary will you get up? Because it teaches us to get up early."
— Stella Reifin.

"Lazy Old Mary. I like Lazy old Mary because it teaches us not to be lazy."
— Stella Rieger.

"I like lazy Mary the best because it is a jolly game and teaches us what lazy people gets."
— Eva Baus.

"I like the game lazy Mary. Because you must never be lazy. The game shows that they make fun of you because you are lazy."
— Ethel Kohn.

"I like the game of lazy Mary because it gives a good example of a lazy girl so when I play it it will remind me never to be lazy."
— Elizabeth Dickmann.

"Lacy old Mary. I like it because you learn a lesson that you should not be lacy."
— Roberta Harper.

"Lazy Old Mary. I like it because it teatches people to Get up in the morning."
— Margaret Lovell.

"Lazy Old Mary. It teaches us what a shame it is to be lazy."

— Margaret Lovell.

"I like 'Lazy Mary', because it reminds me of girls who do not like to get up early in the morning. The first line of it is 'Lazy Mary will you get up,' that same line is repeated 2 times."

"I like to play Itisket Itasket because it learns you to love one another.
— Mabel Sturgeon.

Levi J. Workum's line of reasoning concerning Grandmammy Tippytoe is somewhat involved, but seems to have some righteous motive, "cause when you say I will send a certain thing and when you say I will send myself."

Flora Zimmerman rises to real pathos. "I like there came a night a night spane the best. Because it shows like a mother must luse her daughters." Mabel Stevens likes "Among the Little White Daisies," because it is a little sad.

ACTION.

With twelve hundred and fifty-eight boys and girls, "the play's the thing." This means that action is overwhelmingly the dominant interest in the singing-games.

Evidently the "pleasures of motion" are not confined to any single group of songs such as that which Newell places under this happily worded heading. All the singing-games are full of this pleasure, and simple, undifferentiated delight in physical action is the theme of 545 papers, the largest single mass of criticism offered on any one phase of the games. I have given typical criticisms of each game chosen by members of this class of critics:

ALL AROUND THE OTHER GATE.

"When your runing one way you must turn fast around the other way."
— Anonymous.

AMONG THE LITTLE WHITE DAISIES. (3 votes)

"There is running and singing in it." — James Crogan.

"It are run around." — Viola Forbus.

AS I GO UP THE APPLE TREE.

"The throw something on your head." — Lawrence J. Benton.

CHALK. CHALK THE RABBIT. (11 votes).

"You can run and hide." — Joe Wilms.

"There is runing in it and choeking at the ground it is hard to find."

— Matthew Prendergrast.

"It is a nice boy's game and because I like to run. And we give so far a distance then they make a mark (✓) then we have to cross out the mark."

— Raymond Wanstrath.

"You have to run and they have to follow your marks. Some times we take an other way and don't mark the way you go the second time."

— Mabel E. Hunt.

COLD, COLD, FROSTY MORNING. (5 votes)

"Here comes the farmer with his little wife. Because it is like London Bridges falling down and I like to go through when they have their hands together."

— Lena Sullivan.

"Cocoa Cocoa cross the morning. I like the song and the game there is four girls two girls hold their hand up as high as they can reach and two girls go through."

— Henrietta Kroeger.

"Co Co Co crost the morning. I like it best because we walk up and down the street holding hands."

— Anonymous.

FARMER IN THE DELL. (22 votes)

"It has lot of life in it."

— J. Ingersoll.

"There are a great crowd of girls go around and around in a circle."

— Anonymous.

"You have to make a ring and have to put a little girl in the middle."

— E. Kruckemeyer.

"I like it best because you do what the first one does."

— Milton Schroer.

"It has more exciting amusement."

— Kate Louderback.

"All the boys and girls have to be taken in the ring and one by one they go out."

— Wm. Frosch.

"You hop an dance and sing."

— Welliam Hoberg.

"It has lots of motions and a lot of children half to stand in the ring."

— Margaret Davis.

FORTY GIRLS ARISING. (5 votes)

"We do not have to play in a ring."

— Ida Cucinotta.

"You open the ring and stay out then they sing again and let you in."

— Katie Meyer.

"Here comes Three Jews a Riding. I like it because it is rough."

— Ella L.

"Thear coms Three Dukes Ariding- because it has a lot of life in it."

"There came three ducks ariding. Because you go back and forth."

— Hazel Jones.

FROGGIE IN THE MEADOW.

"It has catching it."

— Fay White.

"It is hidding in the game and like brind man buff."

"When we go around we might fall when we have our eys shout."

— Fred Fielman.

GO IN AND OUT THE WINDOW. (20 votes)

- "I like the way it is played." — Helen Connolly.
"We go in and out and run and do all little things like that." — Margaret Dahmann.
"You dance and sing." — T. Welsh.
"You have to go under the arms of the girls and then pick a girl and dance in the corner." — Helen Daunt.
"There is fun going between each other." — Fred Eckermeyer.
"You must run threw there arms." — Anna Koehl.
"The try to catch you in the circle and sometimes they cannot do it." — Earl Hoschmann.
"You have to watch out so you don't get cought." — Martin Straus.
"You have to kiss the one you neal in front of." — Loretta Keegan.
"You kiss the girls." — Harry Enghouser.
"You alvase stup down and alvase run thru." — Anonymous.

GOOD ANGEL AND BAD ANGEL.

- "You swing them." — Ruth Ferguson.

GO, SHEEPY, GO. (50 votes)

- "It has lots of running in it." — Howard Wilson.
"We have to run and hide." — Jos. Leonhard.
"You have to run and get away from them." — Robert Cain.
"We can give the boys the slip and that you haft to run fast." — Edward Klein.
"It is lively and you have to be quick." — Ellen Love.
"Some one calls go sheepy go and then you run home." — Katherine Schatz.
"You hide and make signals." — Millie Daubenbis.
"You have to hide and call namens." — Albert Knorr.
"When we go through a yard they wont no were we went." — John Hagers.
"It is a catching game." — Wesley Runk.
"You have to run in yards and then the boy on your side haveto pot you in the plasse and then he will give you a name and he will take you past the plasse and you will have to run in and then you will get another game." — Elmer Stephen.
"There is running in it and there are two sides in it and two captains in it." — William Whaley.
"It has running and each side has fifteen and one side goes out and the Captain comes back and then he says, Run, Sheepy, Run, and they come in." — Abbie Ellis.

"Wenn the boys from the other side are about a square away from us our leader houlers run sheepe run then we beet them then we get another turn."
— Morris Greenfield.

GRANDMA GRAY.

"Old Grandma catches you and we all run and it is so much fun it is just fine to play it."
— Vera Ludwig.

GRANDMAMMY TIPPYTOE. (5 votes)

"Its lots of fun in it and funny and wild." "You must run." "The large girl runs after you." You try not to let her catch you. If she catches you then you are Grandmammy Tippytoe."

GREEN GRAVEL. (119 votes)

"It is lively." — Martha Schwier.

"You have to turn back your nose." — Myrthle Cassity.

"You have to turn around and dance backward."

— Lillian Bartel.

"It is much fun when the one in the centre of the circle gets through singing he or she points to someone in the circle who then has to face the other way, and go around the same way as others only you go backward instead of forward."

— Helen Runck.

"You have to walked back word and some can not walked backwards."

— Flora Arnold.

"Some of them get dizey and breake the line." — Carl Giesenberg.

"HAPPY AS A MILLER."

"Everyone has to grab one another." — William Schuster.

HERE SHE COMES AND I DON'T WANT HER.

"It is something like dancing." — Marle Page.

"It is a game that you drop the handkife." — Edith Anderson.

(This shows that Edith's crowd of girls has borrowed "Here She Comes" from its usual place and added it to "Itisket Itasket!" or I "lost my papa's handerchief.")

HERE GOES A BLUE BIRD. (21 votes)

"The boys and girls hold out their hands and somebody runs and catches the other one and run under one another." — Orley Hale.

"You jump and dance around." — Myrtle Emma Jansen.

"There are skipping in it." — Agnes Adams.

"A girl comes in the ring and goes out the ring and it has a pretty tune."

— Mollie Friedmann

"You have to hold up your hands like windows, and let someone through."

— Cella Silverman.

"The children hold up their hands and the player goes under their hands."

— Anonymous.

"I can kneel down and kiss the girl."

— Christian Schwier.

"The child runs after me."

— Edwin Schafer.

"It is fun when they run around the ring to catch you."

— Jessie Conn.

"You look threu shoulders."

— John Hoffmann.

"If you catch the one that is it you get a kiss from her."

— Lester Morgan.

HERE WE COME.

"You have to run after each other."

— Jack Merten.

"There is running in it."

— Irene Held.

I LOST MY PAPA'S HANDKERCHIEF. (45 votes.)

"There's a whole lot of excitement in it."

— Harry Schneider.

"We march in a circle."

— Leo Eberle.

"You go around a ring."

— Walter Spoerlein.

"You run around the children as many times as you want and then you drop the handkerchief."

— B. Lienhardt.

"It is a catching game."

— Wm. Tatgenboost.

"You have fun in running after the handkerchief."

— Walter Hauck.

"There is fun in hunting it."

— Raymond Luers.

"If the person that has the handkerchief behind them does not no it they are away behind the rest."

— Kenneth Gresier.

"You run around and drop it in back of a boy or a girl. They must pick the handkerchief up and run after them. Then if the one does not see the handkerchief he will be a stinkfisch."

— Edward Ketterling.

"You must run around the ring and drop the handkerchief then the other one runs after you and tries to get you and that makes you laugh and jolly."

— Geo. Hoffman.

"You hide the handkerchief and the others have heard times hunting it while you know where it is. And while they hunt it you put it any place and you may put it in your coat."

— Bearney.

"We go round and drop it and then run quickly so they canot catch you before you get to their place."

— Freeman Applegate.

Many of the children give this song as, "I lost my father's handkerchief," while some write what is probably the original version, "I lost my pocket handkerchief."

I TISKET I TASKET. (28 votes)

"Itisick Itasket. I like it because it is a very nice ring game."

— Vera Freis.

"Itisked Itasked. Because a girl runs around the ring and drops the handkerchief and you don't know where she is going to drop it at."

— Edna Swobland.

"Atiskatasket. This game is a good and pretty game and has running in it and cute and also singing and you can droope the handkerchief behined any one you want to droop it."

— Frank Mahle.

"We go around and around and then drop the handkerchief and then run round and round."

— Elvera Fischer.

"It is a lively game and you have to run and romp."

— Louis Robertson.

"We fall down and stumble around."

— Wm. Stradtman.

"You drop the handkerchief where you wish and you half to run."

— F. Bering.

"When you drop the handkerchief the one who gets it tries to catch you."

— Flora Stuehrmann.

"If the child drops the handkerchief and if the child don't see it he will be a fish."

— Victor Patterson.

"We go around and drop the handkerchief and get in the other one's place."

— Florence Geisler.

"You have to run and tag them before they get to their seat."

— Bruce Vaughn.

"You go around and drop a handkerchief and most everybody gets a turn to get in the ring."

— Helen Hubschweolin.

"Cause you run with a hankachif and then you drop it run in their place or if you are caught you are put in the inside and then you stay in till the game is over."

— William Brill.

"You have to be quick."

— Edward Maas.

"I like to run and have some one run after me. And I also like to drop the handkerchief in back of one of my friends."

— Helen Fritz.

LAZY OLD MARY.

"We go around in a circle."

— Ida Dillon.

"You have to branch your hands."

— Freda Uphoff.

"We dance around the one that is in the middle."

— Ethel Tedman.

"All the children take hand and march."

— Gertrude Spaeth.

"It is funny when they clap their hands around your ear."

— Ethel Smith.

"You have to kick them."

— Eleanor Martin.

"We have a big ring and lots of children and at last we clap hands."

— Gertrude Kilmartin.

LITTLE DOG ON THE PORCH.

"The reason that I like it is that it is a ring." — Kusta Catanzaro.
(Either Kusta or my information is at fault, as this was given to me as a counting-out rhyme.)

"I think the way you play it it is a nice way for girls to play."
— Luella Fain.

LONDON BRIDGE. (65 votes)

"It is the roughest."
— Lewis Wolff.

"The reason is that you can sing and hope around and have good time and that is the reason I like lounddenbridges."
— Creed Vazeille.

"You march and sing."
— Crace Barnes.

"I like the guessing the pulling and the walking through."
— Minnie Schwenkner.

"There is guessing, tickling, locking, runing and two that are the London Bridge holders."
— Cella Friedman.

"You hold up your hand and hold on the somebody."
— Loretto Davis.

"You must hold up your hands join them together walk through and because you must sing."
— Alice Marie Tully.

"Two children stand with their hands on each others shoulders and you can march through."
— S. F. Arnold.

"We go under each other and go through like tunels."
— Christina Haller.

"I like to hold my hands up."
— Harry Savan.

"When you go under three or four times there hands drop down when you go under."

"You get to tickle someone and make them laugh."
— Mary Waltz.

"They tickel you when you get in the middle."
— John Heck.

"I like to have the children go in and out in a row."
— Luella Danner.

"When you go through their arms, the child that caught in the arms the tickle you and asked you which side to be on."
— Joe Boehnke.

"You get caught and hang on the other children."
— Rosa Lawrence.

"When you go in and out and when you get caught you will get tickled and begin laughing and they will ask you something they will ask you which do you take a golden watch or a golden chain."

— Edward Ryan.

"I like to pull."
— Walter Wagner.

MARY GO ROUND THE MOON. (11 votes)

- "You must run." — Harry Gentsheimer.
 "You go round with the children." — Florence Gerkan.
 "It is jumping and running." — Rosie Bock.
 "You go round in a ring." — Walter Rees.
 "We go this way and then the other way." — Edith Hartmann.
 "There is more fun in turning back and forward. Then you go skipping round and round and then you reverse the motion and go backward and hopping again." — Andrew Cole.
 "You can dizzy a walking." — John Schraer.
 "You first go round and then you turn round." — Anna Jones.
 "You have to turn in it." — Sophia Silberberg.
 "Us has to pull handus." — Prosper Russo.
 "There is running in it." — Harry Thomas.
 "You go this way and then the other." — Johanna Powers.
 "We hop around. We fall and hurt ourselves. We dance and sing." — Anonymous.

MISS JENNIA JONES. (3 votes)

- "I like the walking." — Sara Stevens.
 "The way you march up and down." — Isador Jacobs.
 "At the end you must run and the one that is caught is it." — Anonymous.

MOTHER, BUY A MILK CAN.

- "Mother by the milk can. I like this because you jump and run around in it." — Florence Donovan.

MOTHER, MOTHER THE MILK. (6 votes)

- "It is more lively, are many good places to hide and many children can play." — Irene Mc. Avoy.
 "They makes you run." — Clarence Cook.

NEIGHBOR, NEIGHBOR, HOW ART THEE? (1 vote)

- "You can shake all over, you got to shake your head, hands, and everything." — Christina Bauer.

SHOEFLY: (otherwise unknown to me.)

- "You shake your hole body first your leg, hands, head, feet." — Stella Worthman.

NEIGHBOR, NEIGHBOR, LEND ME YOUR HATCHET.

- "You join each others hands and go under arms, then you turn roun and your hands are in the back of you." — Arthur Hugel.

OLD KRAMER. (2 votes)

- "The girl sits in the ring." — Elsie Brielmeier.
 "The jumping part is fun." — Anonymous.

ONE O'CLOCK THE WOLF DON'T COME. (5 votes)

- "The boy or girl who is it must hide and the other children must look for the girl or boy." — Anna Reifin.
 "They got to hide." — Albert S. Caline.
 "You can run." — Frank Korn.
 "It is something like hight spid." — Raymund Meyer.

RAIN, RAIN HIGH. (11 votes)

- "All the children take hands." — Emma Weber.
 "Ome has to get in the middle." — Florence Brunner.
 "We can go around in a ring." — Margaret Schmehling.
 "We can dance around and sing." — Irene Wagner.

ROPE-JUMPING GAMES.

ALL IN TOGETHER. (2 votes)

- "I like to jump in." — Hazel Gampper.

ENGLISH, GERMAN, IRISH, FRENCH. (4 votes)

- "Jumping in it." — Leona Graybill.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE. (6 votes)

- "We can jump." — Savillya Jockers.

OLD MAN DAISY. (2 votes)

- "It tun the roap." — Luella Vogel.
 "I like it because I like to jump and I like the girls who plays with me." — Lulu Brucker.
 "Cause you can play it out in the yeard, and with a rope." — Carlie Glasen.
 "I like to jump and I like the music." — Mildred Taylor.

ROSES ARE RED.

- "It is going round the ring." — Henrietta Mara.

ROSY BEANS. (2 votes).

- "We twirle around and glapp our hands and kneel down." — Blanche Timberman.
 "Its ring arond the rose in it." — Irene Welzer.

THERE CAME AN OLD LADY FROM GERMANY.

"Because of the funny movements." — Harvey Crevitt.

THERE CAME ONE JOLLY, JOLLY SAILOR BOY. (34 votes)

"The movements are interesting." — Lillie Bahrs.

"You march." — Albert Thornburg.

"You go round and round." — Marie O'Hara.

"You get in a ring and one girl goes round and pick out another girl and then we all sing a little song." — Genevieve Bevesford.

"You jump skip take hold of the girl you like best and enjoy the singing." — Margaret Hogan.

"You get all tangled up." — Elijah Lunsford.

"It is one of the Jollys game I know of. Because you get all the girls and boys to run around the ring and you will have much fun if you play this game. I like to run around the ring." — Eva Dayhoff.

"At last you take hold of the dresses and skip around." — Lillian Ryan.

"There are lots of fun in it when you hang on each other dress, are coat." — Minnie Alexander.

"You go round in a ring and The tune of the song I like too and take hold of each other's skirt's of Dersses and go around real fast." — Marie Sullivan.

"We take ahold of each other and keep on going around until every girl is taken." girl is taken." — Gertrude Madden.

RING AROUND THE ROSY. (23 votes)

"We go rong and rong the ring." — Orlestus Brenner.

"They were skipping and jumping." — Walter Walsh.

"We sing and dance and hop." — Elmer Schepman.

"They laugh and gump." — Clarence Vidal.

"The children have to stand up in a ring then run a round to see which one is stoop first." — Walter Meyers.

TWIST, TOBACCO, TIGHT, TIGHT, TIGHT. (3 votes)

"twic, twic, tobako becaus you must twic something." — Kurt Eichelbrenner.

"Chu the tobact ti ti ti. I like it because you fall down and all on top of you." — John Dahling.

"You get twisted up in other people's arms." — Howard H. Bruce.

WALTER, WALTER, WINE FLOWER. (3 votes)

"You go around in a ring." — Olive Wagner.

"We must go backwards in a ring." — Lena Pfaffenberger.

"There is running, singing and because boys and girls are blaying."

— H. Klinger.

"I like the Romman game because there is pulling and because I like the song."

— Harvey Ahrens.

"Roman Soldiers. You can pull each other over trying to see who wins."

— Chas. H. Jones.

"I like Roaming of the soliders because they pul you from side to side."

— R. Clifford.

"Roman Soldiers. It has to sides. then they pull each other."

— John Ritzi.

"The game I like the best is the game of Roman Soldiers because it is on the order of Tug a Ware because you can have as many on a side as you like then the soldiers get one behind the other and then you try to pull the enemy over your line if you succeed you have wone the battle sometimes the two leaders let go and they all fall backwards on the last boy."

— Jow Eppenstein.

"The Romer Soldier. Why, Because I like to fight like soldier and see who win."

— Leander Simms.

"London Bridge because it has sides to it and the boys and girls pull each other."

— Fred Veith.

"Lundin Bridge — Because you must pull to see witch side is the strongest."

— Joe Petzhold.

"London Bridge — I like this game best because I like to see which girl or boy will have the most children on their side."

— Pearl Chambers.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BEAN-YARD (I vote).

"You have a chance to run."

— Lenora Evers.

Seventy-two children state, as their reason for preferences among the games, the fact that it "gives them exercise," "makes their limbs stronger," etc. These answers come from twelve different schools and sixteen different rooms, which shows that this utilitarian idea must have suggested itself to many of the children — yet twenty-four of the answers come from one room and ten from another. In these cases, I have been led to believe that the teacher permitted some one to make these answers aloud before the papers were collected. They are just such answers as a teacher would be likely to approve, and this would account for the uniformity of these replies. However, the same idea is doubtless impressed upon the children over and over again in the physicial culture period, and in urging them to hurry out of the room at recess. Most of

the answers, therefore, can be accounted for without any thought of interference on the day of my visit.

Twenty-five children designated "motions" as their reason for choosing certain games. These motions are, of course, in their turn, "nice," "funny," "beautiful," and "sweet" and there are "lots of them."

The element of contest in the action appeals more than any other element to eighteen. The favorites of this class are "Roman Soldiers," "London Bridge," "New York," "Go, Sheepy, Go," and "Toadie in the Meadow." Here are some of their answers:

"Roman Soldiers. Because you can pull." — Brooks Stewart.

"The song I like best is Farmer in the Dale. I like it, I like to be called on and because it is lots of fun. And I like to dance and there is dancing in that song. It is also nice to be out in the sushine and having a good time, if you should be sick or have any trouble."

The converse of self assertion is self preservation. William Schwab is an able apologist for this activity as exemplified in "I lost my father's handkerchief." "If you are not wide awake," he warns us, "You will be a sting fish. And if you are slow in running around (after you throwed the handkerchief) the one you gave the handkerchief will catch you. *Then* you will be a sting-fish."

All these egoistic answers were compiled during my preliminary visits in 1907. In 1908, thirty-eight boys and girls recorded similar individualistic tendencies, sometimes using the would-be impersonal "you" and "one," but always with evident thought of themselves starring in the performance.

"Go in and out the Window Because You always get a kiss."

— Norma Quill.

"Drop the handerchief. I always like to get the handerchief."

— Andrew Vader.

"Wolf, because wenn the one that is it catches you must take it it."

— Mary Schwab.

"Farmer in the dell. It has so many things that you can get chosen."

— H. Fischer.

"Buffalobill. It shows if you will laft over a foolish question like that."

— Elsie Haberthier.

"Green Gravel. They call out your name and they send you a letter to turn back your head."

— Laura Krautter.

"London Bridge. At the end, we all pull to try to win."

— Nelson Barger.

"Toadie in the Meadow. I like it because it is like Hide in Seek and the first one that finds the one that is hidden gets to be the hider."

— Marguerite Waldo.

"Here we come. Where from? It has sides in it."

— Howard Waldo.

"Here we come where from? I like this games because it has very much running and it is hard to win and you have to be quick."

"Go Sheepy go, to se who side winds." — George Weaver.

"Go sheepe goe. I like it because to see who cann run the fastes." — Albert Baumann.

"Green Gravel. The one who falls down is ought of the game and the one that douse not fall down wins." — Clifford Hoeste.

This exultation in lively movement often acquires a more outspoken personal zest. The ego is uppermost in every such criticism. As timid little Annabel wrote in 1907, "First I watch them play. Then I askes if I can play." Self-assertion is essential to the pleasure of the game. "You allways got fun, writes Carl Weber, adding significantly, "and then when it is your turn you have to get in." "I like a bluebird and I like to be called a blue bird," chimes in Grace Conway; "it is so jolly." "I like Lazy Old Mary," Edna Green informs us, "because I am often Lazy Old Mary myself." Eleanora Hamburg likes "Farmer in the Dell," because you are in the mitle." Elizabeth Crawford likes "London Bridge" because each person is taken personally and gone thro a role, while in most of them the children sing in a party and that is all there is to it." Edenia Jacobs succeeds in throwing a tinge of gentle melancholy over this egoistic tendency:

"Here comes an Old Lady from Germany. Because I like to be one of her children. She is a good lady." — E. Metzner.

"Going and out the window. I like to go in and out the windowes." — Charlotte Anthony.

"London Bridge. I have to use my strength." — Helen Star.

"London Bridge. It must be a strong one to be the bridge." — Adelaide Gustetter.

"I like Farmer in the dell best because many children get to play it and maybe if the last child is chosen to play the game, she will want to play it herself with the rest of the children and then each one will get a chance to play the game." — Sara Farber.

"Strike the East. There's more that can go in it at one time and you can get more turns." — Esther Hupperty.

"Down in the valley were the green grass grows. Because I can sit in the ring and the children sing." — Elizabeth Weidner.

"Old lazy Mary. Because you kneel and they go around." — Beula Malone.

"Ring around the rosy. Because the mery little children dance around you when you are in the middel of the ring." — Frank. Barhon

"Lazily Mary. I like it because you say some of it by yourself." — Dora Zachritz.

This feeling of self-assertion broadens a little among the fifty-nine children who define as the moment of highest bliss that point in the game at which they have the privilege of making a deliberate choice.

In cases where this choice is made between two imaginary treasures, the activity is mildly self-assertive. In cases where the choice is of some playmate, the situation becomes very serious to the children concerned. It involves self-assertion and also emotions of "friendship, rivalry, policy and love of fair play." These various situations are naively defined in the papers submitted:

"Farmer in the dell. They pick ether other out and they scream loud."

— Raymond Wunderlich.

"Old Craemer. You can take any one you like beaset to play."

— Agnes Stuminski.

"Farmer in the Deal. We can call the girls that we want."

— Marion Uber.

"I like rain rain hy because to find who they love best."

— Henry Speckter.

"Three Jews a riding. You must grab the one you like best."

— Meta Veith.

"There came a Jew arising. You can pick any girl or boy who you want and then take hands and dance with them."

— Elanora Wlecke.

"Go in and out the window. It shows you that you love your friend."

— Anna Schulze.

"Go in and out the window You must pick out the one you like best and show you love your girl friends."

— Myrtle Donovan.

"Among the Little White Daisies. It tells what girl your best friend."

— Eugene Wright.

"I measure my love to show you. I can choose the girl I like best."

— Gertrude Lingen.

"Farmer in the dell. I like it best because boys and girls choose whose wife child nurse and dog and if it is a girl she chooses husband."

— Louis Fey.

"Uncle Johnie's sick in bed what shall I send him three good wishes three good cisses and a slice of ginger bread. Who shall we send it by, by the governor's daughter take her by her little white hand and lead crost the water. And when you say water stoop down and the last one stoops hast to tell who thre sweetheart is."

— Esther Stevenson.

"I like her goes a blue bird through my window because they gir picked out their bow."

— Chas. Scales.

"Rosted Beans for it tells you who you are going marrie."

— Violet Stevenson.

"Farmer in the dell. Everyone that is chosen by one that is in the center of the ring has a right to choose any one that has not had a turn."

— Lucille Rose.

With Lucille's answer, we pass on to the one hundred and sixty-seven children in whom this desire is uppermost, that every play mate shall receive pleasure from the game in due measure. "The Farmer in the

"Dell" is naturally a favorite with the altruistic contingent, "Cause you take holl lots of children"

"Everyone gets a turn to be something."

"No one gets angry that you do not take them."

"It has to have a lot of children and you cannot play without them all, and it makes a big ring." — Margaret Keefe.

"More than one can choose." — Bessie Callas.

"All my friends can play with me." — Bernice Giffen.

"More children can be placed in the center." — Leo Bileh.

"It has many different parts." — Martha Lillie.

"Lost of children like this game and it is easy to play."

— Ida Rebholz.

"You can called out many namens you like." — Bessie Burtcher.

"There can be a lot of nice little children to play with."

— Naomi Dempsey.

"There is a crowd in the ring."

— Hortense Coleman.

It seems that the "Farmer in the Dell" has not a monopoly on elasticity however. Almost any game can be played for the greatest good of the greatest number:

"There comes one jew ariseing. A good number of girls and boys can play it." — Lillian Ramplemann.

"There came three dudes ariding. Many persons can have plenty of fun playing it." — Edwin A. Weisenborn.

"Lazy old Mary. There are enough children to play it with me."

— Lucy McDonough.

"Lazy old Mary. All our friends can come together and have a merry time."

— Anonymous.

"Lazy old Mary. Many children play in that game."

— Louis Helwig.

"Draw a bucket of water. You all get a turn and there is no quarreling."

— Helen McGrath.

"All around the malbarry bush. There is some fun and all the little ones can play to."

— Florence McCarthy.

"Rain Rain high. Every littel girl gets her turn." — Agnes Gilb.

"If I were yonger than you." (A song of which I was unable to secure the words, although Roy described the way that he had seen it played "on Eighth Street.") "The boys and girls walk with each other and have fun and must guess initials."

— Roy Edwin Schalker.

"London Bridge. Many children can play, not only one."

— M. Strangmann.

"Old Kramer. You need a good deal to play with." — Anonymous.

"Each girl can have a turn of bean Old Cramer."

— Angela Mongan.

"Mother, mother the milk is bolling over. Because there are so many girls."

— Marion Squire.

"We are the English Soldiers. The girls and boys play together in it."

— Charles Moppins.

"Negor Tom. You can get more children to play it." — Percy Pick.

"I lost my papa's handkerchief. There are so many happy children in it."

— Helen Hagemann.

"Green and Yellow basket. It is easy for little ones to learn."

— R. Rigney.

"Tisket a kasket. You all get a turn and run after each."

— Charles Flick.

"Jolly old Sailor boy. So many children in it and some game only are alod to have one or two or three."

— William Cook.

"Ring around rosie. We can mak a big ring." — C. Nan.

"Here comes a blue bird. We all get a turn if we play long enough."

— Mabel Lawrence.

"Going in and out the window, it makes all my play mates happy."

— Jessie VanGorder.

"Green Gravel I like that game because it is fair." — Robert Artz.

Similar reasons are given for the popularity of "Fling flong florigon," "Mother by a milk can," "All around the Mulberry bush," "The old lady from Germany," "Mary around the sun," "When I was a baby," "My old man was a good old man," "I come to choose you from the rest," "Down in the valley where the green grass grows," "New York" and "I follow my mother to market."

Somewhat more exclusive is the feeling of Harry Corrien who prefers "Girls will you come in and dip with us, because the boys have a good part," while E. Stevens is far behind the times in his choice of "Run, Sheepy, Run, because they is no girls in it." More benighted still is the complacency of Rudolph Pausch in his praise of the delights in "Rain, Rain High, because, the girls like me and I dond like them."

Thus far, in my presentation of criticism involving love of action, I have considered only the papers of boys and girls who were interested in action for its own sake and for their own sake, and for the sake of one another. The answers have not been literary criticisms, any more than a reference to an actor's voice or height or gestures is a criticism upon the play. The few criticisms devoted to words are the only really literary criticisms which my questions brought forth. There remain, however, one hundred and ninety papers which pay an unconscious tribute to the dramatic power of the stories reproduced in the games. Here are children who lose themselves in their play, who act from the love of dramatic performance, who live the life of "Lazy Mary" and die the death of "Old Cramer." It seems to me that this is the leaven of children on the play ground which leavens the whole lump. Of course, something of the same feeling must be in many other children who do not answer in this way, yet the critic is he who gives the best expression to the most creditable feeling of all, the feeling which all are flattered to claim as their

own. It seems to me that the lovers of action, and especially the lovers of dramatic action, are the most successful exponents of the charm in the singing-games:

"Jolly sailor-boy. Because you can be a sailor boy."

— Elmer Schmidt.

"Forty girls arising. A party of girls are on one side and a party on the other side. Each side different."

— Bessie Hartman.

She seems to emphasize the dialogue.

"Froggie in the Meadow" and the one that is in the middle runs out and if he catches you you have to get in the middle and be the frog."

— Anonymous.

"Granddadytipytoe. Because I think we have to run in it to get away from Granddadytipytoe."

— Edward Haley.

"Green Gravel, because they send letters when they play that."

— Anonymous.

"Sailor boy because you can run into the boats."

— Milton Quehl.

"Old man dasiy because we run up and down the latter."

— Clifford Nucklos.

"There came an old lady from Germany. There is two sides and the mother has a crowd of children and they are taken away."

"I lost my father's handkerchief. I like the story it has lots of fun."

— Marie Vogt.

"I like that song because you lose your papa's handkerchief."

— Anna Keating.

"There came a Duke ariding. Because they dance and it was dusty day and hot."

— Georg Musekamp.

"Here come a Duke ariding because we get married in it."

— Paul Andrew.

"One o'clock the wolf is here. Because at twelve o'clock the wolf will catch you and run for your life."

— Elizabeth Cook.

I FOLLOW MY MOTHER TO MARKET.

"Because she chasce us back."

— Nellie Moers.

"Because I make her come back."

— Arthur Spoerlein.

"Because the mother licks you if she catches you."

— Helen Lammers.

"Because it is so much fun to run away from the mother."

— Nellie Lippert.

WALTER, WALTER, WHITE FLOWER.

"Because you have to turn your back and tell your girl."

— Walter Geppert.

"Because you have to turn your back and tell your beau."

— Estella Kohlmeier.

"When I was a baby. It is from babyhood on up."

— Agnes Lennon.

MISS JENNIA JONES.

"I like Miss Jenning Jones. She goes out and does all kinds of things."

— Ollie Heckinger.

"At the end we are to go to Miss Jenny Jones fueneral and Cry."

— Elsa Schmidt.

"Because in the end there is a ghost. And it is exciting. And there is an awful lot of running."

— H. Hoffman.

"Because it scares you at the end."

— Anonymous.

ROMAN SOLDIERS.

"It represents the Romans and the English at war. They are fighting over a glass of wine."

— Rose Fischer.

"I always like to play Roman Soldiers because you put up your sleeves and walk up and down and sing and at last you fight. and the one that fights best wins."

— Luois Diesel.

"You think that I am going to fight in a battle. When they go to fight they commense to pould each outhier."

— Frank Heheman.

"We are the English Soldier. We go marching through the street."

— Hermann Horwitz.

GO IN AND OUT THE WINDOW.

"Because it makes me feel like I am jumping in and out our window like in the summer like in our vacation days."

— Anonymous.

"When you want to rune in they open the door."

— H. Schwindt.

"I can kneel before the one I love best."

— Walter Owens.

"I can kiss my lover."

— Adolph Brummaugh.

LAZY MARY.

"Old mother will you get up. The old mother sits down in the middle of the ring."

— Harry Klamt.

"She is tired."

— Helen Schueler.

"She won't get up."

— Alvina Schneider.

"The girl that is named Mary acts cranky and does not want to get up."

— Edgar Wegert.

"Lazy Old Mary won't get up till she gets a shaming."

— Helen Bleistun.

"At first she is lazy and don't want to get up and afterwards she does and then she gets laughed at."

— Edna Koenigkramer.

"You had to kneel down and say what you liked for dinner and supper and breffast and she would not get up till supper." — Anonymous.

"I like to clap when we say you sassy brat you had to get up so early in the morning." — Julia Hanlon.

THE FARMER IN THE DELL.

"One skips with it and one can get people to play the Farmer, the Wife, the dog, the daughter and the son." — John Koenig.

"The farmer takes the wife and they all laugh." — Henry Taint.

"You have to have a nurse, a dog, a father, a mother and all the children and they had to go to the dale." — Eva Hodgetts.

"At the end we have a girl for a dog and we all bark." — Fannie Fee.

"You can holler at the dog in it." — John Hauck.

"We hael like dogs." — Louise Wagner.

MOTHER, MOTHER THE MILK'S BOILING OVER.

"I like it because it is playing that you are as a little house maid and do not not know how to take the milk off the stove and say, "Mother, mother the milk's running over," then the mother says "put sugar in it" "I can't reach it. Get on the big chair. It is broken. Well then said the mother I will come then she came home and then she saw that her children were gone and whipped the little maiden. Then she goes to the thieves house and he said that she saw them go in bowlegged street and then she couldn't see them then she asked him to let her in and he shoes were to dirty and then she took them off and he stockings were full of holes and then take them off and then they run out and she whips them when she gets home." — Norma Cullen.

"There is a mother and a hier girl and bubber man and you get a whipping when the children get stolen." — Anna May Riley.

"The wolf come and take children." — Marie Gavin.

"The hid girl gets a lickin for leaving the children go."

— Lavina Curran.

"You go down on the street looking for your children the give you names of streets some is going down tipetoe, puling ear street you have to do what they give you." — Willard Hackinger.

ALL AROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

"We get together and motion the things." — Edna Wetzel.

"I tell what you do every day and make different signs."

— Beatrice Hyatt.

"We wash our clothes we iron our clothes and wash our hands and face and comb our hair. And best of all the song we go to church."

— Anonymous.

LONDON BRIDGE.

"It is active and I like the part where they take you off to ask you which side you want when you are caught because they ask you something nice. I like the tug of war in it too. The bridge is exiting because you are afraid of being caught any minute." — Frederika Miller.

"Two stands with their hands over their heads and the others take hold of their dresses and walk through the other ones and sing a song and then the bridge falls down." — Freda Langhorst.

"I like to go under his brige." — Frank Nolan.

"The bridge brakes down." — Lida Becker.

"We catch a prisner." — Marie Belsinger.

"When the Bridge falls down they squeeze you." — John Stewart.

"You have to go to prison." — Oscar Maurath.

"It is very nice in playing they take a key and lok you up." — Stafford Rushart.

"I like to be wound up." — Margaret Burchard.

OLD KRAMER.

"Because that includes the dead man, the apple tree and Kramer kicking her." — Lizzie Robinson.

"You get a kick and get disy." — Irene Dammers.

"When they say 'There grew an old apple tree over his head Old Kramer chooses an apple tree and so on until he chooses an old lady who picks up the apples that fall from the tree, that grows over Kramer's grave.'" — Anna Bell Lee.

"We sometimes play and make like he is dead." — Sidney Weill.

"A girl kneels in the middle and she picks a girl to be the apple tree and she picks a girl to be the old woman and she picks the apples up, then Cramer gets up and gives her a kick." — Cora Zapf.

"I like Old Kramer the best because it seems so much like acting." — Dorothy Sisson.

"So much 'like acting!'" If these childish confidences have any value, it seems to me that their value lies in the way in which they emphasize the fact that the "singing-games" are not only much like acting, but are themselves acting, and acting of the most whole-hearted kind. The children's great demand of their literature, then, is action. Their votes indicate the fundamental demand upon which all enjoyment of literature has been based, from the beginning — and not enjoyment of literature alone, but of music, the drama and every form of art. The root of the whole matter of appreciation is the identification of self, as completely as possible, with the imagined situation. The more complete this identification, the stronger is the delight experienced. For convenience in

compiling statistics as to the paramount appeal of the games, I have usually confined my attention to the first statement written on each paper; yet I realize that in so doing I have tampered slightly with my evidence. The whole truth about the attitude of the children would take into consideration that combination of two or more phases of enjoyment which is expressed by a large number of papers. I am inclined to believe that the most ardent singing-game enthusiast whom I have met is Alma Becky who praises "Here Goes a Blue Bird" because "it is a song dance play and catchers." We may safely conclude from the answers of these Cincinnati children that singing games are still a flourishing branch of literature and that they make a many-sided appeal to their lovers, through their motions, their melodies and their words, united in dramatic action. After all, action includes every other aspect of the singing-game. Music is a form of action, words are a record of action and character is the result and cause of action. To the child, the singing-game, being action, is life.

In the last analysis, written literature differs no whit from oral literature in its appeal. What the child and savage do bodily, we must do mentally with all we read. Our imagination must dramatize the written page and enact it. Only as we identify ourselves completely with each situation, will the reading of our books afford us "a truly good time."

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FOLK-BELIEFS IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

BY VANCE RANDOLPH.

The people who live in the Ozark Mountain region of Missouri and Arkansas are singularly isolated from the outside world, and know almost nothing of the civilization which has grown up about them. They live by growing a little fruit, raising a few lean hogs, cutting railroad ties and distilling execrable corn whiskey, and have made very little progress since their ancestors wandered West from the Southern Appalachians more than a century ago. They still sing old English and Scottish ballads,¹ use many quaint words and phrases which are no longer a part of the ordinary American vulgate,² and cling to a great many superstitious beliefs which have been rejected and forgotten in more enlightened sections of the country.

Similar folk-beliefs are found in other parts of the Southern hinterland, of course, and many excellent collections have been made by students of these subjects. Some four thousand Kentucky superstitions are listed by Thomas and Thomas,³ while Price,⁴ Combs⁵ and others have contributed very good shorter papers from the same region. Steiner⁶ and Moore⁷ have collected folk-beliefs in Georgia, Shearin⁸ has made similar collections among the mountaineers of Tennessee, and Octave Thanet⁹ long ago studied the folk-lore of southern Arkansas. Davis,¹⁰ Waring,¹¹ Puckett¹² and many others have made extensive investigations

¹ Belden, H. M. *Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*, Missouri Folk-Lore Society, 1910.

² Randolph, Vance, A Word-List from the Ozarks, *Dialect Notes*, Vol. V, Part 9, 1926, pp. 397—405.

³ Thomas, D. L. and Thomas, L. B. *Kentucky Superstitions*, Princeton, 1920.

⁴ Price, Sadie, Kentucky Folk-Lore, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 14, 1901.

⁵ Combs, J. H. *The Kentucky Highlanders*, 1913, Ardmore, Okla.

⁶ Steiner, R. Superstitions and Beliefs from Central Georgia, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 12, 1899.

⁷ Moore, R. A. Superstitions from Georgia, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 7, 1894.

⁸ Shearin, H. G. Some Superstitions in the Cumberland Mountains, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 25.

⁹ Thanet, Octave, Folk-Lore in Arkansas, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 5, 1892.

¹⁰ Davis, H. C. Negro Folk-Lore in S. C. *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 27.

¹¹ Waring, Mary, Negro Superstitions in South Carolina, *Journal American Folk-Lore*, Vol. 14, 1901.

¹² Puckett, N. N. *Folk-Beliefs of the Southern Negro*, London, 1926.

among the southern Negroes, and there is no lack of literature dealing with Southern superstitions in general.

No adequate study of superstitious beliefs has ever been carried out in the Ozarks, however, and since these old beliefs are now disappearing before the influx of realtors and school-teachers, it seems worth while to publish the fragmentary notes that I made during some ten years of residence in this region. While the material listed here is only a small part of the great body of folk-lore existent in the Ozark country, every item is the result of close personal field-work, and I have spared no effort to make the collection as representative as possible. Most of the data were collected in southwestern Missouri, in McDonald, Barry, Taney and Stone Counties; a few items came from Benton, Carroll and Boone Counties in northwestern Arkansas.

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Superstitions relating to love, courtship and marriage are legion in the Ozark country. Many hillmen still believe in love-powders and potions, and this belief is encouraged by the country druggists, who sell a perfumed mixture of milk sugar and flake whiting at enormous profits. This stuff is dissolved in a girl's coffee or fed to her in candy, and is said to be quite efficacious. Many mountain damsels carry love charms consisting of some pinkish, soap-like material, the composition of which I have been unable to discover; the thing is usually enclosed in a carved peach stone or cherry pit, and worn on a string round the neck.

Surreptitiously touching the back of a man's head is said to be a sure way of arousing his sexual passions, and every mountain girl knows that if she puts a drop of her menstrual fluid into a man's liquor he is certain to fall madly in love with her. Whiskey in which her finger-nail trimmings have been soaked is said to have a very similar effect. These beliefs are taken so seriously in the Ozarks that the victim of a love charm or philtre is not held morally responsible for his actions, and many a deserted wife is comforted by the reflection that her man did not leave of his own free will, but was "cunjured off."

When a girl's apron is unfastened accidentally, or her skirt turns up, or her stocking falls down, or her shoe comes untied, she knows that her lover is thinking of her. If she stubs her toe against a stone, she kisses her thumb and rests happy in the knowledge that she will see her sweetheart within twenty-four hours. By cleaning her finger-nails on Saturday she can force her lover to visit her on the following day, and if a redbird flies across her path she is sure to be kissed twice before nightfall.

If the fire which a man kindles burns brightly, he knows that his sweetheart is true to him, but if it smolders, she is likely to prove unfaith-

ful. As a further test, he may go into a clearing and bend down a mullein stalk which points toward her cabin; if she loves him the stalk grows up again, but if she loves another it will die. The girl has only to put a bit of dodder or love-vine on a growing weed; if it flourishes, her lover is faithful, and if it withers he is not. Or she may pluck a hair from her head and draw it between her fingers — if it curls he loves her, if it remains straight he does not. If she burns the cornbread it means that her sweetheart is angry, and if she finds a cobweb in the cabin she fears that he will never visit her again. Cold hands are generally believed to be associated with a warm heart, and are often regarded as a sure sign that one is in love.

Marriage is still regarded as a serious matter in the Ozarks, and there are many singular superstitions connected with the choice of a mate. The typical hillman is determined to marry a virgin at any cost, and is firmly convinced that he can detect virginity at a glance. The theory is that every female child has a tiny cleft or depression in the end of her nose, and that this depression immediately disappears after sexual intercourse is effected. Many hill women, too, are firmly convinced that a man's penis is exactly three times as long as his nose, and a girl who "keeps company" with a very long-nosed man is subjected to the good natured raillery of her friends.

A girl who sits on a table, or allows any one to sweep under her chair, will not marry for a year at least. The best way to find out whom one is to marry is to sleep in a strange room, and name each of the four corners after one of the possible candidates. The corner that is first seen in the morning represents the bride- or groom-to-be. If a woman has the habit of resting her thumb inside her clenched hand, everybody knows that she will be ruled absolutely by her husband, while if her thumb is habitually extruded her husband will probably be hen-pecked.

The best dates and seasons for weddings are determined in part by the changes of the moon and the signs of the zodiac, but the interpretation of this material varies widely. However, marriages in May are always unlucky, and so are those celebrated in rainy or snowy weather — bright, warm wedding-days are best. It is very bad luck to marry a man whose surname has the same initial as one's own:

Change the name and not the letter,
Marry for worse and not for better.

MOUNTAIN MEDICINE.

There are many outlandish and outworn notions about physiology, and hygiene, and therapeutics. Regular physicians are not very numerous in the Ozarks, and a great number of unaccredited persons are practicing illegally, encouraged rather than persecuted by the authorities. Most of them are men who have had a year or two of training at some Southern

medical college, or who have "picked up doctorin'" by assisting some old physician whose practice they have inherited. These mountain healers save the regular M. D. many a long night ride, and are therefore protected and assisted whenever possible.

There are also the "yarb" doctors, and the "chills an' fever" doctors, who know nothing whatever of modern medicine, and make no pretense of scientific treatment, but rely upon a few simple roots and herbs. Catnip tea is their best remedy for colic, hoarhound is indicated in coughs and colds, sassafras is an excellent spring tonic, mullein leaves are smoked for asthma, pumpkin-seed tea is used to expel tapeworms, slippery elm bark cures all sorts of intestinal trouble, tansy and penny-royal are famous abortifacients, and so on.

Healers of still another type do not attempt any general practice, and seldom accept money for their services, but are endowed with a mysterious "power" to cure certain specific ailments. Some of them, usually old women, can cool fevers merely by the laying on of hands; others draw out the fire from burns by spitting or blowing upon the inflamed areas, while still others claim to heal more serious lesions by some similar hocus-pocus. One old lady who specializes in burns says that she always mutters a few words which she "I'arnt out'n th' Book" — the Bible, that is — but refuses to tell me what particular text is used. Any posthumous child can cure the croup simply by blowing in the patient's mouth; one of my neighbors happened to be born several weeks after his father's death, and although he ridicules the healing power himself, is frequently called out of his bed at night by distracted parents who want him to treat their children. The same treatment is said to be a sure cure for the "thresh" — whatever that is.

One hillman of my acquaintance heals warts, ulcers, "risin's" and the like in this wise: he reaches behind him, picks up a stone without looking at it, and spits upon it. Stirring the saliva about with his finger, he repeats the words:

What I see increase,
What I rub decrease —

and with that he rubs a little spittle on the wart, which is supposed to disappear in a week or so. All this must be done, however, when the moon is waning; if it should be attempted before the full moon the wart would grow larger and larger instead of wasting away. There seems to be a widespread theory that things in general increase or decrease with the moon, and this principle is very seriously considered in connection with certain agricultural activities.

Besides the moon's phases, there are also the signs of the zodiac to be considered, and almost every hill farmer can make out these signs in the almanac, even though he cannot read a line of ordinary print. Each one of the zodiacal signs is supposed to control some particular

part of the body, as indicated by the diagram in the almanac, and many hillmen believe that the sign has a great influence upon disease. Stomach trouble is most likely to be acquired or aggravated when the moon is in Cancer, diseases of the throat during the sign Taurus, venereal infections in Scorpio, and so on. Many people, if forced to undergo a surgical operation, are careful to postpone it until the moon is in the proper constellation, and not a few mountain physicians encourage them in this practice.

The hill people have singular notions of the best means of preventing disease. Many children in the Ozarks wear little flat leather bands or woolen strings around their necks, or tiny bags of asafetida, or little stones sewed into their garments, to protect them from the common diseases of childhood. Buckeyes are often carried for the same purpose, and their efficacy is somehow connected with the tale that the Osage Indians used them in poisoning fish, but whether there is any truth in the story I do not know. In one settlement I found the children wearing little round pieces of porous stone tied around their necks; it is said that these objects are taken from the entrails of deer, and protect the wearer against disease, financial losses, and violence at the hands of his enemies. Every hill woman knows that the wearing of gold or amber beads will reduce a goitre, and many mountaineers wear heavy cartridge-belts to prevent rheumatism, while a dirty woolen sock tied around the neck is recognized as the best remedy for sore throats.

If a baby's eyes are sore, the mother's milk is the best possible wash for them, just as fresh urine is the best lotion for chapped hands or chilblains. Cow-dung is used as a poultice for all sorts of sores, as well as a dressing for sprains and fractures, and an infusion of sheep manure is much in favor as a remedy for ear-ache. As for insect stings and snake bites, any child in the hill country knows that a piece of freshly chewed tobacco will draw the "pizen" out. The pain of bee stings is relieved by applying the crushed leaves of three plants — any three will do, so long as they are of different species — to the parts affected. A skin disease called tetter is always treated with stump-water, which is simply rain water which happens to be retained in a hollow stump.

Dew, or dew and buttermilk, or various mixtures of honey and buttermilk, are generally recognized remedies for curing skin diseases and restoring a clear and youthful complexion. And everybody knows that if the hair is cut at the time of the new moon it grows very rapidly and luxuriantly, particularly if treated with the sap drawn from wild grapevines in the spring. When a mountain man cuts himself accidentally, he always hastens to thrust the knife deep into the soil — this will prevent excessive bleeding, he thinks.

Nearly all the hill people think that night air is somehow poisonous, and they shut every door and window as tight as possible, even though an entire family sleeps in a single small cabin. If it were not for the chinks in their clumsily built shanties, and the draught created by the great fireplace, they would certainly be suffocated.

PREGNANCY AND CHILDBIRTH.

Only a few of the many signs and omens relating to pregnancy and childbirth can be recorded here. Every mountaineer's wife knows that if a baby's diaper is left in her house by some visiting mother, she herself will very shortly become pregnant. It is well known, also, that a child begotten immediately before the menses will be a girl, and that one conceived directly after the menstrual flow is invariably a boy.

When a pregnant woman has a craving for some particular article of food, every effort is made to satisfy it, because otherwise the child is very likely to be "marked." I have seen birthmarks which were supposed to resemble strawberries, cherries, sweet potatoes, prunes, eels, and even hams — all of which owed their existence to the mother's unsatisfied cravings for these things. Even if the child has no external marks, his mind is likely to be affected, and he is sure to be "a plumb glutton" for the particular food that could not be obtained for his mother.

Children are also said to be marked by some sudden fright or unpleasant experience of the mother, and I have myself seen a pop-eyed, big-mouthed idiot whose condition is ascribed to the fact his mother stepped on a toad some two months before his birth. In another case, a large red mark on a baby's face was caused by the mother seeing a man shot down at her side, — the discharge of the gun threw some of the blood and brains into the woman's face. Another woman in my neighborhood saw two large snakes fighting or copulating, and when her babe was born some months later it had two writhing serpents in place of a head, according to local testimony. I recall a young farmer who had been worsted in a drunken fight, and appeared in the village all covered with blood and dirt. Instantly everybody sprang to prevent the injured man's pregnant wife from seeing him, and one old man shrilled out: "Git Emmy away, folkses — she'll mark thet 'ar young-un shore'."

Sexual acts between human beings and domestic animals are rather common in the Ozarks, and nearly every native believes that these unions are sometimes fruitful. Women giving birth to litters of puppies, mares bringing forth colts with human heads, and a great variety of similar phenomena are related and generally believed. I have never been able to locate a hillman who has actually seen any of these monstrosities — "th' folks allus puts 'em out o' th' way," as one old man told me.

The Ozarker is not especially enthusiastic about bathing at any time, but the belief is almost universal that if a woman bathes at the time of her menses she is likely to be paralysed. Although menstruating women go about their house-work as usual, and even work in the fields, there is one thing that they cannot do, and that is to pickle cucumbers. As any old woman can tell you, the pickles would always turn out soft and

flabby instead of properly crisp. To return to the subject of bathing, it is generally believed that a woman must not bathe for at least nine days after her child is born, or she will not "do well." Another strange notion is that the afterbirth must always be buried — if it is burned or thrown into water, the mother will not make a proper recovery. The same thing is true in a measure of amputated limbs, although here the belief is that the owner will return after death, and be forced to search for the lost member through all eternity.

If a child is born with a caul or "veil" the membrane is always carefully dried and given to the child after it reaches maturity -- otherwise the youngster is condemned to a life of perpetual misfortune. The series of calamities which befell one of my neighbors is accounted for by the fact that she was born with a veil, which the "granny-woman" in attendance very properly hung on a bush to dry; this woman forgot to bring it to the house, however, and a great storm blew it away into the hills, from which several searching-parties failed to retrieve it. In case the afterbirth or the veil falls into the hands of an enemy of the family, the child will be more or less in this person's power all of its life, and may be forced into all sorts of evil deeds through no fault of its own. Another important thing to be remembered is that the band which protects the navel of an infant must always be turned over three times before it is washed or burned; some people regard this as a safeguard against witchcraft, while others think that it simply prevents the child from having back-ache later in life.

The signs of the zodiac must be considered in many operations connected with childbirth and the care of infants. For example, a child should never be weaned except under Aquarius, "when th' sign's in th' laigs," although just what would be the penalty for violating this rule is not clearly understood. Misfortune would certainly be the portion of a child should the moonlight fall upon the bed at the time of its birth; and even an adult who sleeps much in the moonlight is likely to go blind or crazy, or both. There are several methods of predicting what a child's future life is to be. One of the commonest is to offer a boy baby a bottle, a Bible and a coin. If he grasps the bottle first, he will be a drunkard; if the Bible, a preacher, or at least a religious man; while if he chooses the coin, he will engage in some mercantile pursuit.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

Many trivial happenings are regarded as presages of an approaching death. A bird flying into the house, or a ringing in the ears, or a cock crowing in the doorway, are all sure signs that some member of the family is about to die. Cattle bawling in the night, or horses running about and neighing without any apparent exciting cause, are also regarded as death signs. The falling of a window-sash at night, or the

spontaneous breaking of any object, when no one is touching it, is a sure sign of death and doom in the house.

If a hillman inadvertently steps over a spade lying on the ground he is seriously disturbed by the belief that it will shortly be used to dig his grave, and to carry a hoe into the house will certainly cause the death of a near relative within the year. If a garment is made on Friday, the owner will never live to wear it out, and if anyone imagines that he hears the crash of glass, when no breakage actually occurs, the head of the house will meet with a violent death within the year. To step over a person lying on the floor is a sign that he or she is not long for this world, and if done intentionally is almost equivalent to homicide. Every mountaineer knows that to burn sassafras wood will cause the early death of one's mother, and although sassafras makes very fine charcoal, no native will burn it, or even cut or haul it to the kiln, unless his mother is already dead. The Ozark children are told that if they defecate in a path or public road their sisters will die. If a mountain woman imagines that she sees the face of an absent friend in a mirror she expects to hear of this person's death, and if a young girl sees any coffin-shaped object reflected in water she is sure to die before the year is out.

Every mountain bride is careful to wear her wedding garments on certain post-nuptial occasions, and every hill woman knows that cloth contaminated with the menstrual discharge must be buried in the ground — to disregard these simple rules is to court death in some particularly terrifying form. If a child less than a year old is permitted to see its reflection in a mirror, or has its fingernails cut with a metal blade, it will certainly die before its second birthday. When cocks crow or dogs howl or foxes bark near a sickroom, or the patient begins to pick at the coverlet, or to slide down toward the foot of the bed, or to emit an odor like that of crushed pumpkins, his death may be expected at any moment. What is more, the last person upon whom the dying man's gaze rests will be the first among those present to follow him to the grave.

When a death finally occurs, one of the bereaved neighbors rises immediately from the bedside and stops the clock. Everybody knows that if the clock should happen to stop of itself while a corpse is lying in the house, another member of the family would die within a year, and it is considered best to take no chances. The next thing to be done is to cover every mirror in the house with white cloths, which are not removed until after the funeral. This is done out of consideration for those who may come in to view the body, for if one of them should see his own reflection in the house of death he will never live to see another summer.

The hill-folk have a veritable mania for washing dead bodies; the moment a death occurs the neighbors strip the corpse and begin to

scrub it vigorously. A man may be dirty all his life, and in his last illness his body and bedding may be so foul that one can hardly stay in the cabin, but he goes to his grave clean, as far as soap and water can cleanse him. All of the work connected with a death — washing and dressing the body, and so on — is done by friends and neighbors. Not one of the near relatives of the deceased will have any part in these doings, except in case of the direst necessity.

Whatever happens, the body must never be left alone for a single instant, for fear some animal should get at it; if a cat, for example, should so much as sniff at the corpse, some unspeakable calamity would overtake the whole family. The belief that cats will mutilate a dead body seems to be widely accepted in the South, but appears to have little or no foundation in fact — cats ordinarily do not eat carrion. Several young couples are usually invited in to serve as a death watch, and at least two persons are supposed to remain beside the body, while the others may be kissing in a dark corner, or eating the elaborate lunch supplied by the sorrowing family. A jug of corn whiskey is sometimes provided for the men-folks — the Ozark women seldom drink in public — but there is very little drunkenness on these occasions. If an owl hoots or a wolf howls in the vicinity the watchers are seriously disturbed, because these sounds signify that one of the group will die before the year is out. Even the professional undertakers in the Ozark towns never leave a corpse alone in their buildings; a light is left burning all night, and some idlers are hired to stay with the body if no friends or neighbors offer their services.

Rainy weather is nothing short of calamitous on a wedding day, but at a funeral it is the best possible omen, since it means that the dead man's soul is at rest, and even a few drops of rain at this time go further to comfort the bereaved family than anything the "preacher-man" can do or say. Every Ozarker knows the little verse:

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on;
Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on.

One must be careful at funerals, also, to avoid counting the vehicles in the procession, since an early death is invariably the portion of the thoughtless individual who does the counting. To cross a funeral procession is regarded as almost equivalent to suicide. The grave must always be dug on the day of the funeral, since to leave it open over night would bring about the death of one of the dead man's relatives. This belief is taken very seriously in some parts of the Ozarks, and I have known county officials to fail of re-election because they had callously permitted a pauper to be buried in a grave dug two days previously. It is customary also to bury the body with the feet toward the east, and an old woman told me solemnly that this was done in order that the dead man may rise and face the east on the day of resurrection.

On no account must the mourners leave the cemetery until the last clod of earth is thrown into the grave — to do so evidences a lack of respect for the dead, and is likely to bring death and destruction upon the family circle. The outlook for friends and neighbors is usually dismal enough at best, because deaths always come in threes, and it may be that two more members of the group will be called home within a few weeks, anyway.

THE WEATHER.

Although the manufacture of corn whiskey is the chief industry in the wilder parts of the Ozarks, agriculture is still important enough to make the weather a matter of considerable import to the natives, and its prediction plays an important part in the Ozark folk-lore. A rain on Monday morning is regarded as a sure sign that it will rain every day of that week, and if it rains on the first Sunday in the month, every hillman expects showers on the three Sundays following. A rainy Easter, also, is generally followed by seven wet Sundays. Should the sun set clear on Tuesday, it will surely rain before Friday. The belief that early morning showers are of short duration is recorded in the couplet:

Rain before seven,
Shine before eleven.

A cock's persistent crowing at nightfall is regarded as a sign that there will be rain before morning:

If a cock crows when he goes to bed,
He'll get up with a wet head.

This jingle is evidently very old indeed, and is one of the very few phrases in which the male fowl is called a cock in the Ozark speech. In ordinary conversation the hillman always says crower or rooster instead. A storm is expected, too, if the chickens go to roost earlier than usual, and the voices of tree-toads and rain-crows forecast a shower at any time of day. When chickens stand with their tails to the wind, so that their feathers are ruffled, or the leaves of a tree turn up so as to show the under sides, the hill people always look for a shower within a few hours.

If clouds are seen moving rapidly, or if quail are found sunning themselves in coveys, or if the brush rabbits are lying in shallow, unprotected forms, the Ozarker feels safe in expecting two or three days of pleasant weather. The latter sign in particular inspires great confidence, and I am almost persuaded that there may be something in it. At any rate, I have often seen farmers go out and flush two or three rabbits, and examine their nests carefully before deciding to go on a journey.

Nearly all of the Ozark people say that the 14th of February, and not the 2nd, is the real Groundhog Day, and are firmly convinced that if it is cloudy and cold on the 14th there will be six more weeks of winter

weather. Another common belief is that there are always exactly as many frosts in May as there are thunder-claps in February, and that frogs always come out and are frozen three times before spring is really here. A sure sign of spring, however, is the arrival of the turkey-buzzards — all the old-timers declare that there is never any freezing weather after the first buzzard is seen.

SUPERSTITION AND AGRICULTURE.

The changes of the moon and the signs of the zodiac are very important in determining the best dates for planting certain crops. In general, it is said that vegetables which are desired to grow chiefly underground, such as potatoes, onions, beets, turnips, radishes and peanuts are best planted in the dark of the moon. Plants which bear the edible part above ground, such as corn, beans, tomatoes, peas and so on, are best planted in the light of the moon. Garden truck in general should be set out on Good Friday, but lettuce is best planted on St. Valentine's Day, and turnips are always sowed on July 25th. Potatoes are planted when the sign is in Virgo, or on the 17th of March, or on the 100th day of the year, and must be dug in the light of the moon, as they will rot otherwise. Beans are always planted when the sign is in the arms; plant them in Virgo and you'll get fine large plants and plenty of bloom, but no beans at all. Bunch-beans must be sowed on Good Friday regardless, and all beans are planted in the morning rather than in the afternoon. Beans planted in May never amount to much. Cabbage is sowed when the sign is in the head, cucumbers when it is in the twins, and corn in Scorpio. Fruit trees are set out in one of the fruitful signs, and pruned in the light of the moon. Transplanted trees must always be set out in their old positions relative to the points of the compass — the north side of the tree must still face the north.

There is a widespread belief that on a certain day in August one can kill large trees merely by touching the trunk with the blade of an axe, but there is so much difference of opinion about the proper date that no practical use is made of this information. Nevertheless, nearly all of the older people are firmly convinced that there is something in the idea. In general, the hillman kills weeds and deadens trees between the 1st and the 20th of August, in the dark of the moon, in the sign of Virgo, or Gemini, or Leo.

Shingles or "shakes" rived out in the dark of the moon lie flat, but if made or put on during the moon's increase they warp and turn up. Rail fences are subject to the same principle; if the rails are split and laid in the light of the moon they are sure to curl and twist, and decay much more rapidly than if they are cut when the moon is dark. Even seasoned planks, if laid on the ground in the light of the moon, invariably warp or cup, while in the dark of the moon there is no such difficulty.

Every hillman knows better than to castrate pigs without considering the signs of the zodiac, for animals cut when the sign is in the heart are almost sure to become infected and die. The best time for this operation is "when th' sign leaves th' privates an' is a-startin' down." There is no doubt whatever that thunder sours fresh milk, even in the winter, and kills chickens in the eggs. Every child knows, too, that if a hen is set on Sunday the chickens will all be roosters. Eggs carried in a woman's bonnet, however, invariably hatch pullets. Akin to the superstition regarding prenatal influence and the "marking" of babies is the idea that a horse-breeder can color a colt to suit his taste, simply by hanging a cloth of the desired color before the mare's eyes when she is bred. Since live stock is not confined in the Ozarks, but merely marked or branded and allowed to roam the hills at will, the matter of finding one's horses or cattle is often a serious matter; however, one has only to consult a harvestman, or daddy-long-legs, and it will immediately crawl in the direction of the strayed animals.

Another belief which is still almost universal in the Ozarks has to do with the location of wells. In every mountain settlement there is at least one water-witch, or "witch-wiggler" — a person who walks about with a forked twig, which is supposed to move in his hands when he walks over a hidden stream of water. I have seen several of these witch-wigglers at work, and there is no doubt that they themselves are firm believers in their singular power. They seem to satisfy their neighbors, too, and very few of the old settlers would think of digging a well without calling in one of these fellows to "witch" their land.

WISHES.

When a native woman drops a comb she always puts her foot on it and makes a wish — a wish carefully considered, because she is confident that it will come true. The same may be said of a wish made on seeing the first star of the evening, or when one walks on strange ground for the first time. When a girl's dress turns up accidentally she knows that her lover is thinking of her, and hastens to kiss the hem and make a wish, confident that it will be granted. If she happens to put on any garment wrong side out, she must not remove it with her own hands, but may call in some person not related to her; the wish expressed by this individual as the garment is pulled off is sure to be realized. When one sees a redbird in a tree he should always make a wish; if the bird flies upward the wish will come true, but if the bird flies downward the desire will never be satisfied. If a woman sees a spotted horse she makes a wish, and if she refrains from looking at the animal again, and tells some one about the occurrence as soon as possible, her desire will be realized. When two persons happen to speak the same phrase at the same time, they must not speak again until they have hooked their little fingers together and made wishes — both of which are sure to come true.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS.

The signs and superstitions connected with the ordinary activities of the household are usually concerned with matters of no great import, but they are very seriously considered none the less. When a woman drops a dishrag she knows at once that some dirty individual is coming toward the cabin; if the cloth falls in a compact wad the visitor will be a woman, if it spreads out upon the floor a man is to be expected. To drop the towel used in drying dishes means that a stranger will arrive very soon, and if the towel is dropped twice it means that the newcomer will be hungry, and a meal must be prepared. The accidental dropping of cutlery also signifies a guest — a fork means a man, a case-knife a woman.

No hillman ever thinks of giving a steel blade to a friend — such a gift is sure to sever their friendship. He is careful also to leave a neighbor's house by the same door through which he entered, knowing that to violate this simple rule may cause a serious quarrel. The host, on his part, always politely turns away as a guest leaves his cabin — if he were to watch a departing friend out of sight he feels that they would never meet again.

The Ozark housewife is careful not to sing before breakfast, for this is a sure sign that she will weep before midnight. She seldom begins to make a garment on Friday, and never does so unless she can finish it the same day. She never allows any one else to stir the dough which she expects to bake. If a basting is left in a garment it means that the cloth is not paid for, and to find a hole in one's stocking signifies that a letter is waiting at the post-office.

SPIRITS AND DREAMS.

Nearly all of the hill people are firm believers in ghosts and wandering spirits, although very few of the men and boys are willing to admit this belief to strangers. The following tale is told of one of my neighbors, and believed by practically everybody in the settlement. This woman was very unkind to her step-children, and one day, as she sat alone in the cabin, a violent blow knocked her flat on the floor, and a loud voice cried out: "Be good to my children!" This story is confirmed by the woman herself, and several of her friends swear that they saw the print of the invisible hand on her face several hours after the attack. There are many other stories of ghostly visitors and spirit messages, but as they do not seem to differ essentially from those reported by spiritualists in other parts of the world, I have not troubled to record them.

Like most primitive folk, the Ozark natives attach considerable importance to dreams, but their dream interpretations do not differ greatly from those current among the ignorant in other parts of the country. To dream of muddy water means trouble, to dream of snakes presages a battle with one's enemies, a dream of birth or death signifies

a wedding, while a dream of marriage is a warning of approaching death, and so on. A dream related before breakfast, or one dreamed on Friday and told on Saturday, may always be expected to come true:

Friday night's dream, on Saturday told,
Will always come true, no matter how old.

BAD LUCK.

The great majority of the Ozark superstitions have to do with specific events which follow one another according to some mysterious hidden principle. There are some phenomena, however, which are believed to portend something exceedingly important, but of a rather vague and general nature. Very few of the mountain people would intentionally kill a spider, but there is no specific penalty for this offense, simply a general atmosphere of misfortune — bad luck. In the same way, it is very bad luck to put the left shoe on before the right, or to put the left foot out of bed first in the morning, or to meet a cross-eyed man, or to move cats or brooms from one house to another, or to take a ring from another person's finger, or to let anybody remove one's own ring, or to look back while walking, or to close a gate which one finds open.

To come back into a house for anything which has been forgotten is a very bad omen, and the Ozarker never does this if it can possibly be avoided. In case of necessity, however, he can take the curse off in a measure by sitting down in a chair while he counts ten. The doors and windows must always be opened wide on New Year's Eve, just before midnight — failure to attend to this would certainly bring bad luck in some serious but indefinite form. It is very bad luck to carry ashes out of the house on New Year's Day, too, and the woman who absent-mindedly performs this task is sometimes shaken almost to the point of hysteria — although nobody knows of any definite or specific calamity which is supposed to result. A hen which makes any sound suggestive of crowing must be killed at once, lest it bring misfortune upon the entire household. Many people will not eat such a fowl under any conditions, but sell it to the tourists, or even throw it to the hogs.

A whistling woman and a crowing hen,
Is sure to come to some bad end.

What foul fate is supposed to follow a whistling woman nobody seems to know, but it is certainly a very serious one, and I have known little girls to be very severely punished for trying to whistle as their brothers do.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

There are many miscellaneous superstitions regarding animals and plants, some of which do not fall conveniently into any of the classes hitherto discussed. For example, there is the notion that cocks always

crow exactly at midnight, and that their crowing at unusual hours heralds the approach of a stranger or an enemy. A dog's nose, the hillman thinks, should be black, and a red-nosed dog is always regarded with suspicion. If the family squirrel-dog follows a stranger, it means that the man is to be trusted. If a measuring-worm crawls over a person's clothing, he or she will soon get some new article of attire. When a hillman sees a spider in the middle of the path he knows that a letter is waiting for him at the post-office. Whoever hears the first dove coo in the spring will soon go on a long journey in the direction from which the sound came. There is a very general belief that black walnut trees are liable to damage by lightning, and it is a hardy hillman indeed who can be persuaded to stand under one during an electrical storm.

Various sorts of animals are believed to carry warnings. A woman in my neighborhood whipped her grown daughters unmercifully, until one day "th' redbirds come an' hanted her" by tapping on the window-pane, which gave her a terrible fright and caused her to mend her ways. Another of my mountaineer friends was greatly disturbed when a "rooster redbird" hovered about his door; he said that it was a warning of death, and sure enough, one of his daughters died within a few weeks.

Snakes of all species are killed whenever possible, but are nevertheless regarded with a sort of superstitious awe. When a snake gets into a cabin it means that the owner has a dangerous enemy in the neighborhood, and must be on his guard. The mountaineer always makes a particular effort to kill the first snake he sees in the spring of the year, since failure to do this is likely to allow his enemies to ruin him before the snow flies again. Hill folk who see me handling harmless snakes are usually horrified, and several old women have openly expressed the conviction that I am not only crazy, but probably in league with the devil. The old story of the hoopsnake which puts its tail in its mouth and rolls down hill is believed by many, and everybody knows that the horn on this legendary serpent's tail is tipped with deadly poison. Blue racers are popularly supposed to chase people, the joint snake breaks in pieces and goes back together again, and no snake can possibly die till the sun goes down, no matter how badly it is injured — just as a turtle never lets go of anything until it hears a clap of thunder. No snake can cross a horse-hair rope, but if a single horse-hair is placed in water in the summer time it ultimately turns into a snake.

A great many hillmen believe that the male opossum copulates into the nose of the female, which then blows the spermatic fluid into the vagina — a belief wholly without foundation, and which doubtless had its origin in the peculiar bifurcate form of the opossum's penis. There are several peculiar superstitions relating to the larva of the ant-lion, which lives in cone-shaped pits in the dirt under rock ledges. Every boy is told that if he finds one of these nests and cries:

Oh Johnny Doodlebug,
Come up and I'll give you a
bushel of corn!

the insect will climb out and show itself immediately. Many of the old settlers believe that the cattle all kneel down and bellow at midnight on January 5th — the eve of "old Christmas" — in honor of the birth of Jesus, and there are men still living in the Ozarks who swear that they have actually witnessed this strange ceremony. A neighbor tells me that when he was a boy he watched repeatedly to see his father's oxen kneel, but was always disappointed. His parents told him, however, that the presence of a human observer broke the spell — that the cattle must always salute the Savior in private. "But I jes' drewed a idy right thar," he added thoughtfully, "thet they war'nt nothin' to hit, nohow."

Many of the Ozark superstitions listed above are also known to the Southern Negroes, and have frequently been regarded as relics of some primitive African culture, but it is now fairly well established that they came originally from Europe, and have been preserved by the illiterate Negroes long after the more progressive whites have rejected and forgotten them.¹ Negroes are not very common in the hill country, and the Ozarker has even less traffic with them than with the Indians from Oklahoma. Personally, I do not believe that either Negroes or Indians have made any important contribution to the Ozark folk-lore; it seems to me that most of the hillman's peculiar folk-beliefs came to him from the British Isles. The question of origins, however, must be left to specialists in these matters, who have the whole literature of folk-lore at their finger tips. But the collecting — that must be attended to at once, before the whole body of Ozark folk-lore is driven into hiding by the laughter of the schoolmarms and tourists who are just beginning to invade the hill country. It may be that this paper — which presents only a small part of the existent material — will attract the attention of some student who has the ability and the leisure to do the work as it should be done.

¹ Puckett, N. N. *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*, London, 1926.

MEETING OF THE TEXAS FOLK-LORE, SOCIETY, 1926.

The Society met in Austin, Texas, April 23 and 24 with program as follows:

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 23, 8 O'CLOCK.

South Texas Negro Work Songs: Collected and Uncollected, Professor Gates Thomas, Southwest Texas State Teachers College, San Marcos.

The Pictographs and Petroglyphs of the El Paso District (illustrated), Colonel M. L. Crimmins, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 24, 2 O'CLOCK.

President's Address: *The Negro as Interpreter of His Own Folk-Songs*, Professor R. C. Harrison, Texas Technological College, Lubbock.

Legend of the Mission Bells of San Augustine at Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores de los Ais and The Legendary Origin of the Head Spring, or Ojo de Agua, of the San Marcos River, Miss Adina De Zavala, San Antonio.

Foundation for Legends of Lost Mines on the Nueces, Mr. Henry Yelvington, Three Rivers.

The Enchanted Moat, or Irish Fairies in Texas, Miss Louise von Blittersdorf, Austin.

The Legend of Caddo Lake, Mr. G. T. Bludworth, State Department of Education, Austin.

The Making of Legends, Miss Fannie Ratchford, University of Texas, Austin.

Folk Tales of the Kentucky Mountaineers, Mr. Leon Denny Moses, University of Texas, Austin.

The White Mustang: A Legend of the American Frontier, Mr. J. Frank Dobie, University of Texas, Austin.

The following papers were read by title: *The Piney Woods Folk: Their Superstitions and Remedies*, Dr. William P. Barron, New York City; *Reptiles of the South and Southwest in Folk-Lore*, Mr. John K. Strecker, Baylor University, Waco; *Negro Treasure Lore*, Mr. R. R. Smith, Jourdan; *Uncle Remus in the Brazos Bottoms*, Mr. A. W. Eddins, San Antonio; *The Sources of Some Texas Place Names*, Mr. Paul Morgan, Clarendon; *Familiar Sayings of Old-Time Texas Settlers*, Miss Mary Jourdan, Austin; *Superstitions of Bexar County*, Mr. E. R. Bogusch, San Antonio.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 8 O'CLOCK.

Paul Bunyan in the Oil Fields, Mr. John Lee Brooks, Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

Music of the "Holy-Rollers," Mr. Samuel E. Asbury, College Station, Texas.

Old-time frontier songs, dance calls, and fiddling by J. E. Newcomer and Jim Edwards, of Bandera County. With Dean T. U. Taylor of the University of Texas leading the dancers, genuine old-time square dances were demonstrated.

The endeavors of the Society to interest more Texans in their folk inheritance and to encourage some kind of literary appropriation of its folk-lore findings, are meeting with a distinct response.

The *Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society* (Number V) for 1926 is more replete than usual, containing 190 pages. The nature of the contents may be deduced from the following table.

CONTENTS OF THE 1926 PUBLICATIONS.

Remarks Necessary and Unnecessary	The Editor
Some Texas Versions of "The Frog's Courting"	L. W. Payne, Jr.
A Texas Border Ballad	Mattie Austin Hatcher
Reptiles of the South and Southwest in Folk-Lore	John K. Strecker
On the Origins of Reptile Myths	John K. Strecker
Familiar Sayings of Old Time Texans	Mary Jourdan Aktinson
The Tournament in Texas	J. Frank Dobie.
Episodes at Ranch Community Dances	Branch Isbell.
Pioneer Christmas Customs of Tarrant County	Mary Dagget Lake
Superstitions of Bexar County	E. R. Bogusch
Buffalo Lore and Boudin Blanc	Douglas Branch.
Old Times Darky Plantation Melodies	Natalie Taylor Carlisle.
The Negro as Interpreter of His Own Folk-Songs	R. C. Harrison.
South Texas Negro Work-Songs	Gates Thomas.
Proceedings of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, 1925	
Contributors.	

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SWING YOUR PARTNER! — In the backwoods districts of Kentucky during the long winter months there is, I believe, more wholehearted innocent fun than in any other place. Night after night — beginning at sundown and lasting until almost dawn — the young folk gather and make merry. They dance, as young folk everywhere do, but what a difference there is in the dancing! There the old square dance is popular, and if a young man stepped up to a girl and put his arm around her in the position for the round dance of the "settlements," he would certainly get his ears boxed in a very decided manner. Instead of an orchestra hidden by palms there is often only a squeaky fiddle or a French-harp. Ordinarily the music is furnished by the clear, youthful voices of the dancers, the clapping of hands and patting of feet on the part of the crowd packed around the wall.

There are many dance-games with songs of doubtful origin. Like the famous folk-songs of the different races, they have been added to until some ridiculous verses have evolved. Yet the music is full of "pep."

One of the famous games is "Topsy Through The Window." The boys get their partners, line them up back to back in the middle of the room, and dance twice around the double line in a half-jig step. Then each grabs his partner, swings her around the room and back to her place in line, and on to the next girl until he has swung around to his partner again. Then the game is ended. All the time they are dancing around with their various partners they sing these words:

There goes Topsy through the window,
Through the window, through the window;
There goes Topsy through the window,
Through the window, through the window,
Down in Al-a-bam-a.
All promenade with hands on shoulders,
Hands on shoulders, hands on shoulders,
All promenade with hands on shoulders,
Down in Al-a-bam-a.

The old, old song of "Old Dan Tucker" is used in a rollicking game. Every youth gets his partner and they all stand in a circle around the room. One man is "odd." The music begins and he swings two girls, then grabs a third and joins the others in a dance around the one he has robbed. This one is "Old Dan Tucker" and he certainly looks embarrassed while they sing one stanza and the chorus of the song. Then they fall out and he gets a chance at somebody else's girl. This game is so funny it generally ends in a romp.

Old Dan Tucker is in this ring,
Ain't he a devil of a looking thing?
His nose sticks out, his eyes stick in;
His lower lip hangs down over his chin.

Chorus:

Get out o' the way for old Dan Tucker!
Get out o' the way for old Dan Tucker!
Get out o' the way for old Dan Tucker!
He came too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker is a nice old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan;
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel;
And died with the toothache in his heel.

Old Dan Tucker is a nice old feller,
He played cards with a nigger in the cellar,
It was dark and they had no light;
The nigger and Tucker played all night.

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk,
A red hot coal got in his shoe,
And Oh, my golly, how the ashes flew!

Old Dan Tucker climbed a tree
His lord and master for to see,
He climbed so tall he got a fall
And didn't get to see his lord at all.

Old Dan Tucker went down the hill,
If he ain't got back he's down there still.
Old Dan Tucker, he's a Quaker,
He drinks buttermilk by the acre,
Tucker this, and Tucker that,
Tucker killed a yellow cat.

Another game called the "Old Brass Wagon" is played to the tune of "Liza Jane." The intricate crossing in the dance resembles the spokes of a wagon wheel, hence the name. All these dance steps are the same, with the possible exception of "Skip-to-my-Loo" which is a skip and a double shuffle. The following words of "Liza Jane" are decidedly unusual:

Chorus:

Liza, Liza, poor little girl,
Liza, Liza Jane.
Liza, Liza, poor little girl,
She died on the train.

If ever I was to travel,
I'd travel on the train.
If ever I was to marry,
I'd marry Liza Jane.

I wouldn't marry an Indian,
 I'll tell you the reason why:
 Her nose is as long as a fishing pole,
 An' I'm afraid she'd never die.

I wouldn't marry an Indian,
 I'll tell you the reason why:
 She's got too many kinfolks
 To make those biscuits fly.

Every time I see a turkey gobbler strutting around the barnyard I think of one red-headed youngster going across the floor after a partner in the game of "Skip-to-my-Loo." This game has come down to us from the games our English ancestors played on the village green. The "odd" man goes after another fellow's girl, choosing one from the couples standing in a ring around the room, and swings her back to his corner. The deserted one sings (with the aid of the others) while choosing another girl, the following song:

It's take her and go and see if I care,
 It's take her and go and see if I care,
 It's take her and go and see if I care,
 Skip-to-my-Loo, my darling.

If I can't get a red bird, I'll take a blue, etc.

I'll get another one sweeter too, etc.

Rats in the cream jar, shoo, girls, shoo! etc.

The graceful figures of the Virginia Reel are accompanied by the song of "Weavily Wheat."

Take her by her little white hand,
 Lead her like a pigeon,
 Make her dance the Weavily Wheat
 And scatter her religion.

Chorus:

You swing here and I'll swing there,
 Then we'll swing together.
 You swing here and I'll swing there,
 In cold and stormy weather.

Over the river to feed the sheep,
 Over the river to Charley,
 Over the river to feed the sheep,
 On buckwheat cakes and barley.
 O, Charley he's a nice young man,
 Charley, he's a dandy,

Charley, he's a nice young man
To feed the girls on candy.
Up the river we trip together,
We have not long to tarry,
We don't care what the old folks say
When we get ready to marry.
I won't have none o' your Weavily Wheat,
I won't have none o' your barley,
It takes the very best o' wheat
To bake a cake for Charley.

After a night of this, indeed after an hour or so, the gamin in each of us comes from the dark corner where he has been carefully stifled under layers of dignity, decorum, and culture, and reigns supreme.

KATHRYN BLAIR.

Evansville College.

BOOK REVIEWS.

For the last few years the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* has had no book reviews. Preceding this period for a number of years there were a few but no attempt was made to keep up with folkloristic publications as they appeared. An effort will be made, therefore, in the next few numbers to bring to the attention of our readers the most outstanding mythologies in the standard series which have not hitherto been reviewed even though they are not of recent date. Since the material published by the American Anthropological Association, the American Museum of Natural History, the University of California, and other institutions is bulky for the last ten years we make no attempt at exhaustive criticism. But we feel that the few works we have selected from each series should receive special notice. For example, among the Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History we find such titles as: *Notes on Ceremonies at Laguna* or *Notes on the Sun Dance of the Sisseton Dakota* and so on. These volumes must necessarily be of interest to the student of folklore but since we are so far behind we have selected only titles showing mythological content. However in the future we hope to keep pace with publications such as these, as they appear from time to time.

MYTHS AND TRADITIONS OF THE CROW INDIANS. Robert H. Lowie. Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXV, Part. I, pp. 1—308.

In this volume which contains a vast number of well-recorded myths and tales Professor Lowie has included in his introduction a summary of the characteristic traits of Crow mythology. Several outstanding features are the lack of a tendency towards abstract thought, aversion to systematization, as well as the absence of a tendency to use tales to account for the origin of ritual, the latter a marked propensity in some other Plains tribes. These considerations are of primary importance to the problem which most concerns Dr. Lowie, namely, the historical affiliations of the Crow mythology. To the student of primitive literature the summary is, to say the least, somewhat disappointing, since he wants to know what the Crow mythology contains rather than what it does *not* contain. Students would appreciate above all a definition of the art style of Crow literature in a general summary. Such a definition should be brief and exhaustive. It is a difficult matter for a reader to formulate this kind of conclusion. He is obliged to read the entire volume with special reference to details and spend hours of research on other bodies of mythology in order to differentiate Crow literary art from any other. The author of a volume such as this, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject matter as well as with the whole setting in which it is found, could, in a few minutes, give a succinct statement of such matters as type of actors and plots, literary devices used, explanatory elements, tendency toward or away from poetical imagery, use of nature, of number, of color and the like. However, literary art styles

have never been defined and we may only hope that future investigators will append definitions to their works.

Professor Lowie has done a useful piece of work; he has made a careful comparison of incidents and elements found among the Crow and their counterparts among other tribes. As a result of this comparison he concludes that Crow, Hidatsa and Arapaho were closely related as shown not only by close mythological parallels but also by similarities in age-societies and social usages. The entire work of comparison, besides being useful in establishing Lowie's conclusions, is also invaluable to the student of comparative mythology.

As for the tales themselves: the Old Man Coyote Cycle is a very important group showing Coyote as Creator — hence benefactor as trickster. The lack of consistency previously mentioned is marked in this cycle.

The groups headed *Hero Tales* and *Miscellaneous Tales* are notable in having mostly human actors although animal actors are not entirely absent. The celestial beings, Sun, Moon and Morning Star are frequently used as persons in the same way as animals (or sometimes objects) are considered human in these and in the Coyote tales. On the other hand, the use of starlore as a literary device is much less marked among the Crow than among the Blackfoot and the Pawnee. The hero tales deal largely with monsters which are overcome. Typical ones are Jug Tilter, Fire Moccasins, Spreading Coulee, Devouring Owl and Tunneling Buffalo.

The entire Crow collection furnishes rich material for the student to trace cultural reflections in folk literature. There is hardly a sentence which does not reflect some feature peculiar to Crow life and customs. I am not prepared to say whether or not any important custom is omitted, such a statement would require detailed knowledge of Crow society.

GLADYS A. REICHARD.

Barnard College, New York City.

FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. By Newbell Niles Puckett, Ph. D.
IX + 644 pages. Chapel Hill. The University of North Carolina Press.
1926.

Here is yet another book to add to the lengthening lists of valuable works issued by the University of North Carolina Press and of scholarly publications concerning the Southern Negro. It appeared in the same year and from the same press as *The Negro and His Songs* by that pioneer in scientific study of the Negro and his customs, Howard W. Odum, and his collaborator Guy B. Johnson. Dr. Puckett's work is the product of twenty years of close association with the Negro — he even tried for a time the experience of being an amateur "hoodoo doctor" — and he had in gathering his material the cooperation of the Negro colleges of the South. His book is based on as many as 10,000 beliefs collected from Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, the heart of the "Black Belt" of the South, and from other Southern States. The result is a volume that is extremely interesting reading. Dr. Puckett has made available a large mass of facts. His chapters are concerned with topics like burial customs, voodooism and conjuration, charms and cures, and signs and omens. It is not a kindly mythology that

they reflect. Rather do they suggest a love of the gruesome and terrifying. The pages abound with references to witches, ghosts, devils, goblins, snakes, black cats, headless horses, and other phenomena of superstition from which the white race has now pretty well worked itself free.

Dr. Puckett is too sound a folk-lorist to accept all the strange beliefs and customs that he records as coming from Africa. He calls his volume in essence a study of "acculturation," centering around folk-lore and superstition because in nearly all other affairs of Negro life the African element has been almost entirely supplanted by the European. He shows that a majority of those superstitions now current in the Black Belt were originally from the whites. This is true of some of the strangest, and even of some of the voodoo rites. Some superstitions can be traced to mediaeval times. Purely African lore might be expected to die out soonest among the Negroes, for European lore would have a decided advantage over it for sustained influence. Undoubtedly there is confusion of African and European lore. But in four cases out of five, says Dr. Puckett, a weird archaic Negro doctrine is not a relic of African heathenism but of European origin, though centuries of education may have weaned our race out of it. Scholars of Negro folk-songs like Robert W. Gordon and Newman I. White have recently reached conclusions along the same lines as Dr. Puckett for folk-lore. Mr. Gordon, going back to nineteenth-century hymn books, finds a white basis for and white elements in the Negro spirituals, and Professor White in a recent investigation finds much the same to be true of Negro secular song.

LOUISE POUND.

University of Nebraska.

MINSTRELSY OF MAINE: Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and the Coast. Collected by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm and Mary Winslow Smyth. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. XVI + 390 pages.

The studies of scholars are not always of interest to the general public, for, whatever their value, they are not always readable. Nor are the contributions of laymen, however readable, always of value to scholars. Mrs. Eckstorm and Miss Smyth's *Minstrelsy of Maine* has interest for both scholars and laymen. It deserves and it is likely to have many readers. It is of broader scope than Professor Roland P. Gray's *Songs of the Maine Lumberjacks*. Beside songs of the woods of the "oldest," "middle" and "later" periods, there are included songs of the sea and shore, deep sea songs, chanteys, pirate songs, coastwise songs, and songs of pioneers. The volume is not a mere anthology, like many recent collections. Interspersed among the texts are discussions of matters like how the folk rewrite a song, the function of the singer, ballads and ballad-making. We are told of the places where the songs were recovered, and of the migrations of the songs, and of their singers. Of special interest to the reviewer is the chapter entitled "The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth" in which the origin of "The Jam at Gerry's Rock," the initial ballad in Professor Gray's collection, is discussed. It has served hitherto as the best attested and almost the only adequate example of a "communally composed" narrative song. "Probably one hundred and

fifty men," says Professor Gray, "took part in the making of that song" — although the longest text has but 480 words. But he seems to have been too credulous of the accounts given him of its composition. Skepticism was first shown by Dr. Rickaby who found texts from other regions that he thought might antedate the Maine text. Mrs. Eckstorm and Miss Smyth have now shown by careful research that it could not have been composed in the locality nor at the time and in the manner that Professor Gray records for it. Of interest also is the text of "Canaday-I-O" of which the "communally composed" "The Buffalo Skinners" of J. A. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs* is a variant or adaptation.

Minstrelsy of Maine was written independently of other books of its type and it is the more valuable for that reason. It is dedicated by its authors to Mary Augusta Jordan, formerly of the faculty of Smith College, "with happy memories of a great teacher."

LOUISE POUND.

University of Nebraska.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY. Collected and edited by Franz Rickaby. Cambridge, Harvard University Press. 1926. XII + 236 pages.

Professor Franz Rickaby has added one more volume to the anthologies of the pioneer lyrics of the American frontier. What several collectors have done for the cowboy songs of the Southwest and what Professor Roland P. Gray has done for the Maine lumberjacks, he has done for the rude lyrics of the "shanty-boys" of the North Central region. Most of his material was obtained from men who worked in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, mainly in the years from 1870 to 1900. This period he calls the "Golden Age of American lumbering." In the Maine region the woodsmen are termed "lumberjacks" by their anthologist. Those of the Pacific Northwest have made for themselves the name "loggers;" their talk is "logger talk," and they hold the name "lumberjack" in contempt, says James Stevens in an article on this subject in *American Speech*. But in the North Central region the workers in the wood are known as "shanty-boys."

Most of the fifty-one songs of the Rickaby collection reflect the background of the woods. One sees the swinging axes, the fall of the noble pines, and one realizes the thrills and the perils of log jams. The life is one of hard toil and meagre pleasures. One of the latter is the singing on Saturday nights after the week's labor is over. A few songs that were sung in the camps but are not of the woods are included in the volume; some tell of the sea, others of the battle or the prizefight. The shanty-boys' songs were composed or adapted by individual singers, the editor observes, and since the Irish predominated among these unattached workers of the woods, the Irish street song afforded the usual pattern. Depending mainly on its character, the song was a solo, or there was an ensemble chorus or ensemble singing. Usually the songs were given by certain individual singers that were especially popular and that, having good memories, knew scores of songs. The coming of machines ended the great days of the shanty-boys. "Then one morning," says Professor Rickaby, "the romance of logging was gone. Gone were the feats, the prowess on the drive, for gone was the drive: the age of steel was upon lumbering — the impersonal age, the non-singing age."

Professor Rickaby was a careful editor, endowed with the gift of selection, and he knew how to make his anthology readable as well as informative. There is an interesting introduction, and identifying notes comparing his texts with those of others are provided, and there is an index of first lines. A brief glossary of logging terms at the end is a novel and useful feature. But for his death, before his *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy* appeared, Professor Rickaby might have published a second volume, for he had gathered more than enough material for it.

LOUISE POUND.

University of Nebraska.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN LORE. Edited by J. Frank Dobie. Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, number VI. \$ 2.50.

Literature students at the University of Texas have found themselves amiably guided by Mr. Dobie to the "beginnings of art," and in so doing they converge to ethnology. The viewpoint, however, the interest, is in the documents as human documents. The criterion is that they be genuine. Here is the point of convergence.

Mr. Dobie's own contribution, "Ballads and Songs of the Frontier Folk," is strong with the smell of leather, in which he, a ranchman as well as an instructor in the University, takes intense pleasure, implying as it does that feel of knowing a land from a horse's back. There is a healthy whoop to it, in Texas and to the south, conveyed vividly in this bit:

O I'm wild and woolly
And full of fleas.
Ain't never been curried
Below the knees.

I'm a wild she-wolf
From Bitter Creek
And it's my night
to ho-o-o-wl.

As documents, Mr. Dobie's own material, and Mrs. Dobie's, "Tales and Rhymes of a Texas Household," European material with a frontier history and influence, stand out clearly as useful as well as pleasant reading. The Mexican — for the most part Spanish — elements, in Texas lore, are also tapped, and less the negro. The oil-field lore sketch of Mr. Dignowity is most especially close to the idea of the "beginnings." On the ground of accuracy the selections from accounts of Spanish missionaries about the Tejas Indians, are a contribution not entirely acceptable. For a survey of the kind of material there is in Texas, and for some charming samples, the book is excellently planned.

ANITA BRENNER.

Columbia University.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. 40. — APRIL-JUNE 1927 — No. 156.

ALGUNAS APUNTACIONES SOBRE EL FOLKLORE MEXICANO.

POR MAX L. WAGNER.

Los materiales folklóricos que van reunidos aquí, los he coleccionado en mi estancia en México en 1914. Dado el estado de revolución en que se encontraba el país en aquella época, no me fué posible hacer mis investigaciones tan sistemáticamente como lo hubiera deseado y como hubiera sido necesario. Además mis inclinaciones personales me empujaron a las cuestiones lingüísticas con preferencia a las de carácter estrictamente folklórico, de manera que mis materiales folklóricos resultan fragmentarios. Ruego a mis lectores los consideren como tales y me dispensen por lo incompleto de ellos. Tengo que añadir que los ocho años transcurridos desde mis viajes por aquel país han borrado de mi memoria muchos.

Pero, sí no estoy equivocado, así como así podrán servir para algo, cuando menos para estimular a otros estudiosos a aumentar la cosecha, y agregar una gota a nuestro conocimiento del gran manantial de la tradición popular de los países de habla española.

La mayor parte de mis materiales proviene del Estado de Veracruz, sobre todo de Córdoba y de la Costa de Sotavento.

I. TRADICIONES ORIGINARIAS DE LA "COSTA DE SOTAVENTO".

La "Costa de Sotavento" (Leeward Coast), como es sabido, abarca la región situada a orillas del río Papaloápam desde su desembocadura cerca de Alvarado hasta Cosamaloápam y Chacaltiánguis, con Tlacotalpam, llamada la "Perla de la Costa" como centro. Es una "región muy industriosa y bastante próspera. La población costeña" parece estar menos cruzada con el elemento indio que otras regiones mexicanas; hay, sin embargo, un porcentaje no exiguo de "gente morena", aunque no tan fuerte como p. ej. en Cuba. El español hablado en la Costa se asemeja mucho al de Cuba; la pronunciación es señaladamente andaluza y así lo son los modismos. Basta leer unas páginas del eximio novelista CAYE-

TANO RODRIGUEZ BELTRAN, Tiacotalpeño, que con tanto cariño y arte ha descrito su "patria chica," para convencerse de ello, y en efecto lo ha notado así JOSE LOPEZ PÓRTILLO Y ROJAS en el Prefacio que precede a los "Cuentos Costeños" del autor¹. Dice él del estilo de Rodríguez Beltrán: Reina en la colección un aire tal de andalucismo que a las veces se le figura al lector estárselas habiendo con el libro de algún florido autor del Mediodía de España: y a no ser por este o aquel vocablo propio de la tierra, referido en la narración, nadie creería que Rodríguez Beltrán fuese mexicano."

Quien se interese por la vida y las costumbres de esta "pequeña andalucía", nada podrá leer mejor que los "Perfiles del Terruño" del mismo autor.²

Aguinaldos y Cantos maternales.

En Alvarado se canta en la Noche Buena, delante del nacimiento "la canción siguiente que se repite por los muchachos y muchachas que recorren el pueblo para recoger de puerta en puerta la dádiva de Navidad, el aguinaldo."

Las Pascuas.

A la medianoche
El gallo cantó,
Y en el canto dijo:
Ya Cristo nació.

Arre, borriquito,
Vamos a Belén,
A ver a la Virgen
Y al niño también.

En un portalito
De cal y de arena
Nació el Niño Dios
En la Nochebuena.

En un portalito
Nació el Niño Dios
A pagar las culpas
Que Adán cometió.

¹ Barcelona, Casa Editorial Sopena, 1905.

² Mexico 1902, (con 150 fotograbados), — En la Costa se desarrolla también la acción de su novela "Pajarito" (México, Eusebio Gomez de la puente, Editor, 1908). He tratado de describir la Costa en mis artículos, "Die Costa de Sotaveno in Mexico", en Deutsche Rundschau für Geographie XXXVII (1914—15), págs. 395—402; 452—460; 481—490 (con fotograbados).

Llegan los pastores
Con grande alegría
A dar parabienes
Al Niño Mesías.

Vienen los tres reyes,
Vienen del Oriente,
Vienen preguntando
Por el inocente.

Y con este adiós,
Porque ya nos vamos,
Yo y mis compañeros
Las gracias le damos.

En Clacotálpam acostumbran cantar:

Naranjas y limas,
Limas y limones
Más linda es la Virgen
Que todas las flores.

Ábranse estas puertas,
Rómpanse estos quicios,
Que a la media noche
Ha nacido Cristo.

Naranjas y limas,
Limas y limones,
Más linda es la Virgen
Que todas las flores.

Arriba del cielo
Está un postalito,
Por donde se asoma
El niño Chiquito.

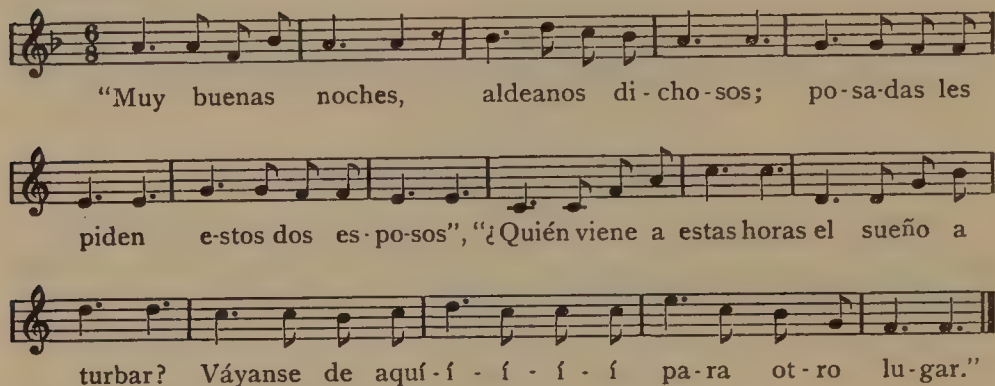
Naranjas y limas,
Limas y limones,
Más linda es la Virgen
Que todas las flores.

¹ Versión comunicada por Cayetano RODRIGUEZ BELTRÁN en sus "Perfiles del Terruño", pags. 366—67.

Dénme mi aguinaldo,
Si me lo han de dar,
Que la noche es corta
I tenemos que andar.¹

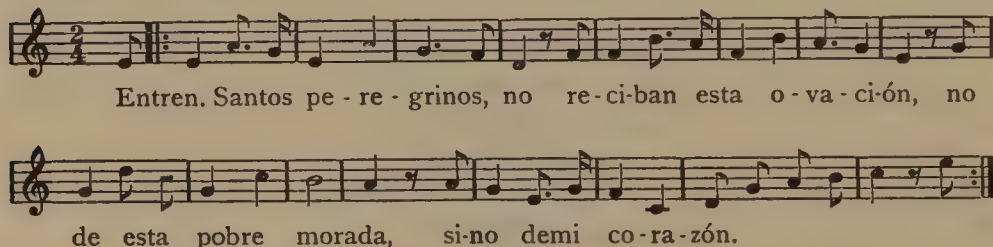
Se cantan también las estrofas siguientes:²

“Posadas”



“Muy buenas noches, aldeanos di-cho-sos; po-sa-das les
piden e-stos dos es-po-sos”, “¿Quién viene a estas horas el sueño a
turbar? Váyanse de aquí-í - í - í - í pa-ra ot-ro lu-gar.”

“Entrada de Peregrinos”



Entren. Santos pe-re-grinos, no re-ci-ban esta o-va-ci-ón, no
de esta pobre morada, si-no demi co-ra-zón.

2. LOS “SONES” DEL FANDANGO.

En todos los pueblos de la Costa se suelen reunir los muchachos y las muchachas, la noche del sábado, para bailar el fandango.

Las muchachas concurren vestidas de colores claros, con alguna flor en el moño, los muchachos con pantalón blanco y camisa planchada, con una banda de color chillón que ciñen a la cintura. Los bailarines están de un lado, las muchachas del otro, y acompañan las figuras del baile con palmadas en las manos.

¹ En esta región también se oye el canto de cuna que comienza con las palabras “Duérmete, niñoito.” Que tengo que hacer, canto bien conocido en todos los países de habla española.

² Estos tres cantos maternos me fueron recitados en Alvarado por la Srta. María del Patrocinio Rojas. Compárense las versiones portorriqueñas, editadas en este Journal, Tomo 31 (1918), pags. 436 y sggs.

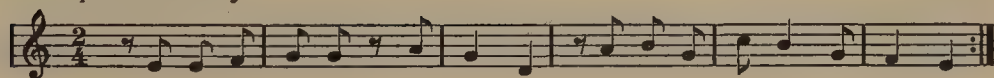
La música acompaña al baile y varía según las figuras. Se distinguen las siguientes melodías o "sones", como se estilan en la Costa:

No. 1. Carpintero Viejo

- „ 2. El Palomo
- „ 3. El Gavilán
- „ 4. Indita
- „ 5. Cupido
- „ 6. Butaquito
- „ 7. Conejito
- „ 8. La Manta
- „ 9. Canelo
- „ 10. Petenera
- „ 11. Balajú
- „ 12. Morena
- „ 13. El Borrequito
- „ 14. Bamba
- „ 15. Sarna
- „ 16. Llorona
- „ 17. Fandanguillo
- „ 18. Zapateado
- „ 19. El Huérfano
- „ 20. Los Negritos
- „ 21. Solterito
- „ 22. Cascabel
- „ 23. El Aguardiente

1.

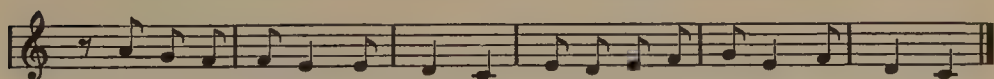
"Carpintero viejo"



Un carpin - te-roes mi a - mante, Un carpin - te-roes mi a mo-or;



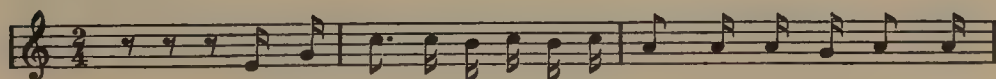
por un car-pin-te - ro die-ra, por un car-pin-te - ro die-ra



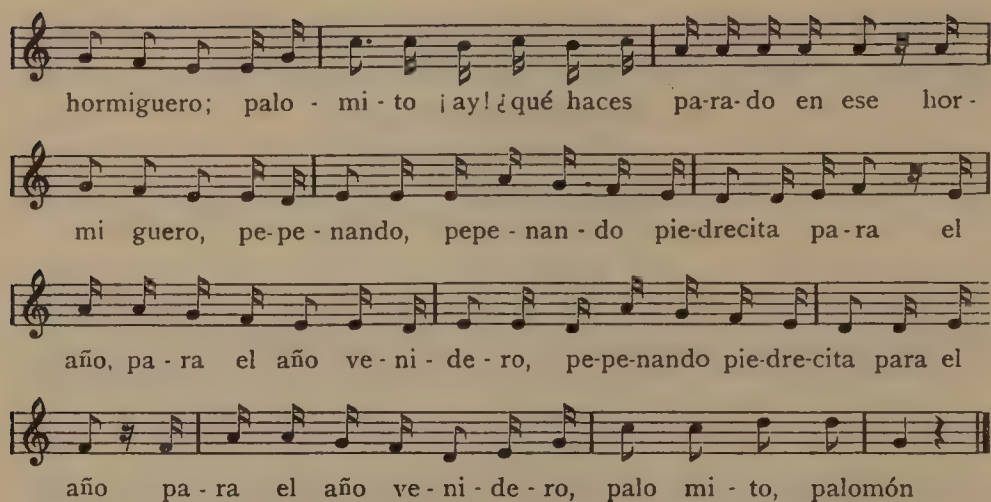
la vi-da y el co-ra - zo-on; ¡ay! la vi-da y el co-ra - zo-on

2.

"El Palomo"



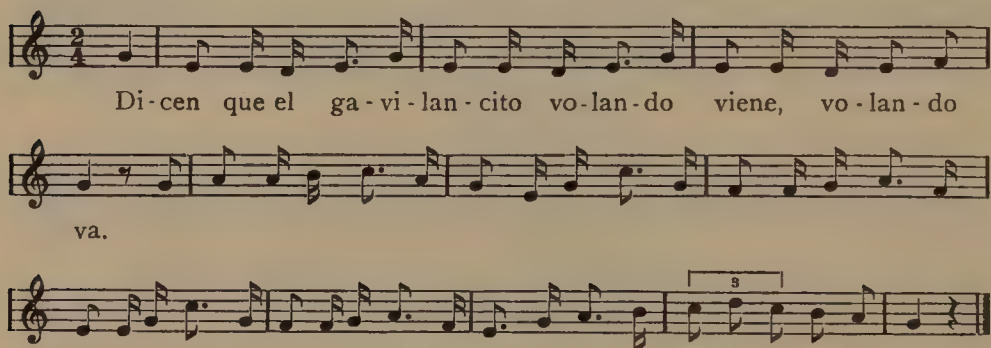
Pa-lo - mi-to ¿qué ha-ces, ¡ay! para - do en ese



hormiguero; palo - mi - to ¡ay! ¿qué haces pa-ra-do en ese hor -
 mi guero, pe-pe - nando, pepe - nan - do pie-drecita pa-ra el
 año, pa - ra el año ve - ni - de - ro, pe-pe-nando pie-dre-cita para el
 año pa - ra el año ve - ni - de - ro, palo mi - to, palomón

3.

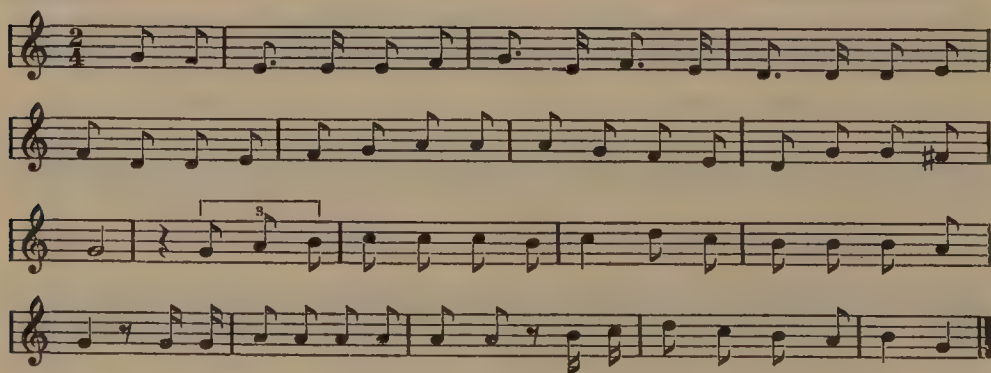
"El Gavilan"



Di-cen que el ga - vi - lan - cito vo-lan-do viene, vo - lan - do
 va.
 5

4.

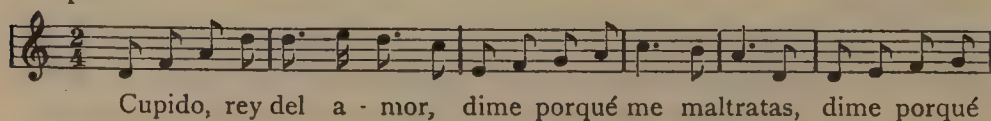
"Indita"



5

5.

"Cupido"



Cupido, rey del a - mor, dime porqué me maltratas, dime porqué

me maltratas, Cu-pi-do, rey del amor. [Esta música es paro estribillo].

6.

"Butaquito"

Y sa-ca tu bu-ta-qui-to, -qui-to, cie-li-to; en frente
que te quie-ro ver sen-ta-da; cie-lo a-do-ra-do—
co-mo la gen-te, ¡a já! ¡a já! ¡a
já! qué ri-sa me da en ver, en ver, en ver tu for-ma-li-dad.

7.

"Conejito"

Mi ma-ri-do fué a las Indias, mi ma-ri-do fué a las Indias
y me trajo un co-ne-ji-to, que bú-s-ca-lo aquí
y bú-s-ca-lo allí, y me tra-jo un cone-ji-to.

8.

"La Manta"

Para cantar la manta, para cantar la manta, para cantar la
manta, se ne-ce-si-ta, se ne-ce-si-ta.

9.

"Canelo"

Canelo mu-ri-ó, lo van a enterrar; lo llevan vestido a Canelo, a lo milita-ar.

10.

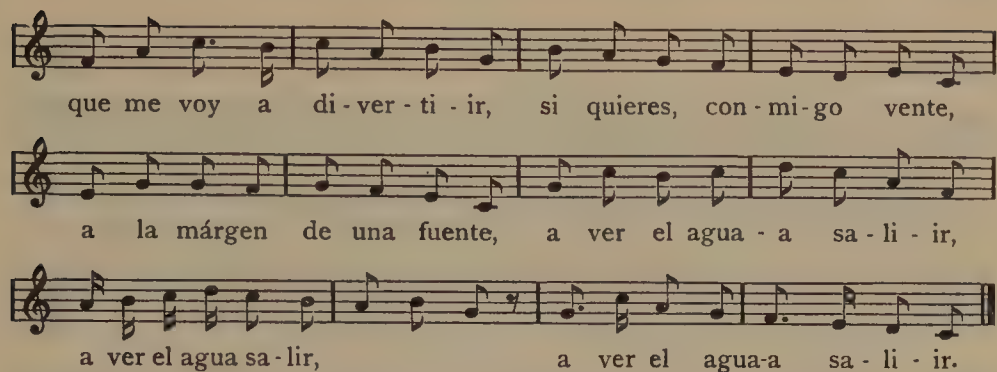
"Petenera"

Pe-te-ne-ra, Pe-te-ne-ra, dame de tu pa-lo un ramo, Pete-
nera Pe-te-ne-ra, dame de tu palo un ramo; ¿Quién te ha
dicho, pi carona, -a, -a, -a, -a, -a, -y y quién te ha dicho, picaro-
na, que Pe-te-ne-ra me llamo?

11.

"Balajú"

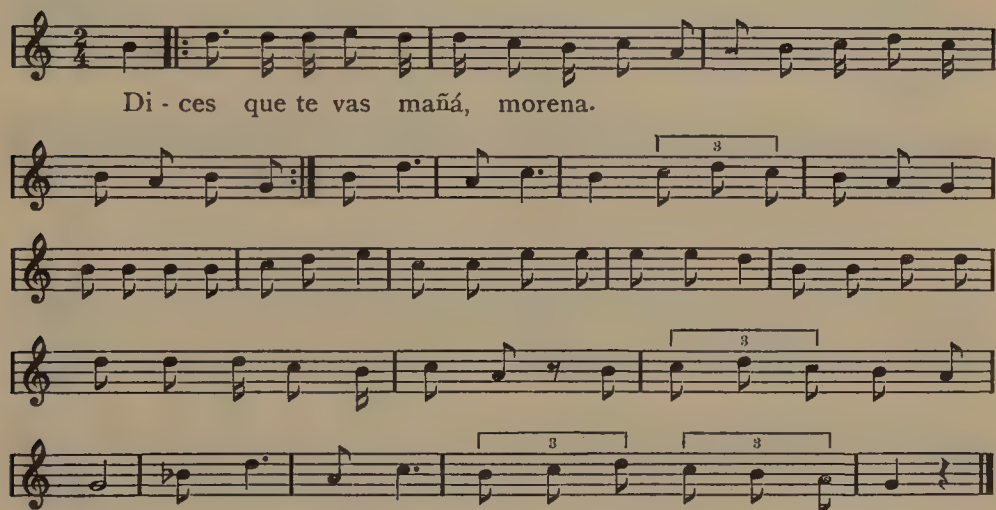
Si quieres, con-mi-go vente, que me voy a di-ver-tir,



que me voy a di-ver-ti-ir, si quieres, con-mi-go vente,
a la márgen de una fuente, a ver el agua-a sa-li-ir,
a ver el agua sa-lir, a ver el agua-a sa-li-ir.

12.

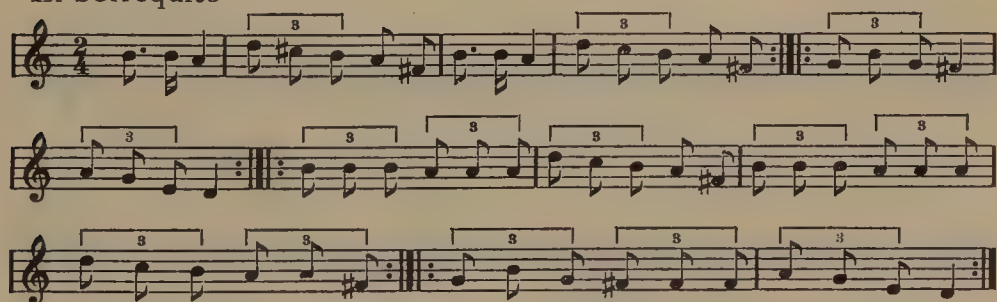
"Morena"



Di-ces que te vas mañá, morena.

13.

"El borrequito"



14.

"Bamba"



Dices que no me quieres

15.

"Sarna"

Sarnicula empera-do-ra, -dora, tolón, tolón, madre de la

co-me-zón—, tolón, tolón, Déjame ras-car un poco, to-

lón, to-lón, que me sa-be a re-que-són, to-lón, to-lón.

Estribillo

16.

"Llorona"

Me subí en un al-to pi-no para ver si la di-vi-sa-ba,
Y como el pi-no era tier-no, de verme, llorar llo-ra-ba

Estribillo

a-ya, a-ya, llo-ro, no, dé-jen-me llo-rar,

só-lo con llo-rar pu-e-de mi co-ra-zón des-can-sar.

17.

"Fandanquillo"

Se-ño-res, ¿qué son es este? Señores, es el fan-dan-gui-to,
La primera vez es oi-go, ¡Jesús, pe-ro qué bo-ni-to,

señores, es el fandan-gui-to, } ¡Ay! Este jarro me hue-le a
Jesús, pero qué bo-ni-to, }

coco,

Parece que llueve y es agua que cae.

18.

"Zapateado"

agua nieve se ha perdido
la ando bus-can-do. ¿Quién ha visto por a - quí
qui - én ha visto por aquí a - gua nie - ve llo - viz - nan - do?

19.

"Huerfano"

El hu - érfano está in - di - no que no se puede aguantar; lo e -
charemos a la calle, a que busque donde estar.

20.

"Los negritos"

Que bo - ni - tos son los negros que bo - ni - tos son los negros,
Pa - re - cen plátano a - sa - do. pa - re - cen plátano a - sa - do,
cuando se ponen camisa, cuando se ponen camisa.
revocado en la ce - ni - za, revocado en la ce - ni - za.
Jesús Marí - a, que me espanto, porque los negritos van a acostar,
que la gente mu - e - re sin confesar.

21.

"Solterito"

Estaba yo con mi padre de sol-te-ri-to, y tenía muy
bien pasado y reco-sido los vestidos de colorado, y uno, dos madas.

22.

"Cascabel"

Bonito tu cascabel, mi vida ¿quién te lo dió? } Rezumba, rezumba y suena
¿Mi vida quién te lo dió? Bonito tu cascabel }

el cascabel con cadena, rezumba, rezumba y suena el cascabel, con matraca.

23.

"El Aguardiente"

El aguardien-te de caña es un hombre maja-dero,
que se sube a la cabeza, como si fue-ra sombrero.

II. CANCIONES Y CUENTOS RECOGIDOS EN CÓRDOBA.

1. *Canto maternal.*

A la ro ro, niño, al rrorro ro,
Duérmete, niño, que te arorro yo.
Campanita de oro,
Jilguero de abril,
Cántale a este niño,
Que quiere dormir.
Al arorro, niño, etc.

En medio del Cielo
Hay una ventana,
Por donde se asoma
Señora Santa Ana.

Campanita de oro,
Jilguero de mayo,
Cántale a este niño,
Que tiene desmayo.

En medio del Cielo
Hay un agujerito,
Por donde se asoma
Señor San Benito.

La Virgen lavaba,
San José tendía,
Y el niño lloraba
De frío que tenía.

Señora Santa Ana,
¿ Porqué llora el niño? —
— Por una manzana,
Que se le ha perdido.

Si llora por una,
Yo le daré dos,
Que vayan por ellas
A San Juan.

Al arorro niño, al ororro ro,
Duérmete, niñito, duérmete, mi amor.

2. *El charro.*

(Romance).

Estaba un charro sentado
En las trancas de un corral,
Y el mayordomo le dijo:
“¡No estés triste, Nicolás!” —
— “Si quieres que no esté triste,
Lo que quiera, me has de dar.” —
Y el mayordomo le dijo:
“Vé pidiendo, Nicolás!” —
— “Una china necesito,
Porque me quiero casar.” —
Y el mayordomo le dijo:
“¡Vé pidiendo más y más!” —
— “Cuatro vacas necesito,
Ocho cerdos y un corral.” —
Y el mayordomo le dijo:
“Nicolás, no tengo un real.” —

El pobre desesperado
 Se intenta desbarrancar,
 Y el mayordomo le dijo:
 "¡De cabeza, Nicolás!" —
 El pobre desesperado
 Su casa quiso quemar,
 Y el mayordomo le dijo:
 "¡Con *ocote*¹, Nicolás!"

3. *Mambrú.*

(Romance).

Mambrú se fué a la guerra,
 Mirandán dondilla la leva,
 Mambrú se fué a la guerra,
 Quién sabe cuándo vendrá,
 Si vendrá por la Pascua,
 Ó por la Navidad.
 Subiré a la torre,
 Mirandán dondilla la leva,
 Subiré a la torre,
 Por ver si lo veo llegar.
 Y veo llegar al paje,
 Todo de luto ya;
 "Mi paje y mi buen paje,
 ¿Qué noticias me trae?" —
 "Las noticias que traigo
 Os han de hacer llorar.
 Mambrú ha muerto,
 Mirandán dondilla la leva,
 Mambrú ha muerto,
 Yo mismo lo ví enterrar
 Con un casco de plata
 Y copa de cristal.

4. *Atantón.*²

Atantón el aguador
 Preso lo llevan
 En un carretón.

¹ *ocote*, tea'.

² Una canción parecida se conoce en Madrid. Empieza de la manera siguiente:

San Isidor labrador,
 Muerto lo llevan en un serón;
 El serón con de paja . . . ,

El carretón como es de fierro,
Preso lo llevan en un borrego,
El borrego como es de lana,
Preso lo llevan en la mañana,
La mañana está caliente,
Preso lo llevan con San Vicente,
San Vicente está enojado,
Preso lo llevan con Alvarado,
Y colorín colorado,
Atantón está salvado.

5. El cuervito.

"Cuervito, cuervito,
¿Qué haces aquí parado? —"
— "Pasando trabajos
Por enamorados." —
— "Cuervito, cuervito,
¿Qué haces en la peña?" —
— "Pasando trabajos
Por una trigueña." —
— "Cuervito, cuervito,
¿Qué haces en el río?" —
— "Pasando trabajos
Y muerto de frío."
"Házme mi choco, choco,
Házme mi chocolate,
Y corre la caldereta
Y bate que bate."

6. El palomón.

¿Qué dices del palomón?
Como se llevó a Josefa,
Y en la esquina del portal
La dejó pelona y vieja.
Cuatro palomas azules
Sentadas en un romero,
Y una a la otra le decía:
"No hay amor como el primero."
Cuatro palomitas blancas
Sentadas en un huisache,¹
Y una a la otra le decía:
"Vamos a tomar tepache,²
Si ha de ser, pues cuando no?"

¹ *huisache*, clase de árbol muy espinoso.

² *tepache*, garapiña preparada con piña.

7. La vecindad.

Escúchenme todos,
Les voy a contar
Todo lo que pasa
Por la vecindad. —
Una viejecita
De la vecindad
Toma sus polvitos
Para estornudar. —
En aquel cuartito
Que queda allí en frente,
Vive un Don Vicente,
Que no sé quién es;
El come y él viste
Sin tener caudal,
Será alguna mina
Que en su casa habrá.¹ —
En aquel cuartito
Que está en el rincón,
Por las tardes entra
Un tal Don Simón.
La da de gracejo
Y es gran chocantón. —
En aquel cuartito
De la costinita
Vive una muchacha
Recién casadita.
Sole su marido,
Se va a trabajar,
No sé, son señores
De salir y de entrar, —
Mas casen ustedes,
Porque es caridad,
Yo no quiero Chismes
Con la vecindad.

8. Desengaño.

Yo recuerdo que en tus brazos
Tuve un tiempo placentero,
Gozando de los primeros
Sueños de felicidad.
Pero en torno ¿qué ha quedado?

¹ En recitando estas palabras, el cantador hace como que roba algo.

Sólo la memoria triste
De esa dicha que no existe
Y que jamás volverá.

9. El Ruiseñor.

Arriba de un verde encino lloraba
Un hermoso ruiseñor sus amores,
Y yo desde abajo lo acompañaba
Y llorábamos juntos los dos
Por un tierno amor
Que nos dió mal pago
Y nos abandonó.
Pero el ruiseñor volando se fué
Y yo mis desgracias llorando quedé.

10. La Barca.

Vénte, niña, conmigo al mar,
Que en la playa tengo un bajel,
Bogaremos los dos en él,
Que allí sólo se sabe amar,
Por las mañanitas verás
Los rayos del sol salir
Y del mar las ondas rugir
Que el son de ellas te arrullará.
¡Ay! si que la brisa serena
Las horas más plácidas son
¡Ay! el alma de amor se enajena,
¡Ay! es sólo placer ilusión.

11. Solitario.

Solitario en la playa de un río
Le pregunto a mi estrella fatal,
Que se hicieron de amor las caricias
Que allá un tiempo pudimos gozar;
Tal vez ay el objeto adorado
Que cautiva mi fiel corazón
Ni un suspiro me habrá consagrado
Que mitigue mi inmenso dolor.

12. La Roca.

¿No ves aquella roca,
Que negra y escarpada,
Erguida se levanta
Pendiente hacia la mar? —

Bajo esa misma roca
 Te tengo preparada
 De amor una guirnalda,
 Un templo y un altar. —
 Llegamos a la roca
 Que tanto se deseaba;
 La tempestad ya calma
 Su indómito furor. —
 Ay, ven, Elena bella,
 No tiembles, vida mía,
 Apóyate en mis brazos,
 Ya estamos al lugar.

13. El Desamor.

Busco una cosa
 Que yo no sé,
 Ni a quién pedirla,
 Ni a dónde 'sté,
 Dentro del pecho
 Siento un ardor
 Que martiriza
 Mi corazón,
 Tú que no ignoras
 Lo que es amor,
 Dime ¿qué es ésto
 Que siento yo?

14. Canción.

¿Me olvidarás? ¿Verdad que no?,
 ¿Verdad que en tu alma
 Me encuentro yo?
 ¿Verdad que tú erer
 Mi único amor,
 Mi sola creencia,
 Mi adoración?

Mujer divina, yo te amo tanto,
 Tu eres mi dicha,
 Mi dulce encanto.
 Sin tí mi vida
 Sería un dolor,
 No hagas pedazos
 Mi corazón.

15. La Redoma Encantada.

Es mi vida sin la luz de tu amor
Mustia planta sin flores ni color,
Avido tu amor anhelo, célica flor del alma,
Mística y verde palma
De mi felicidad.

¡Ay! sin tu amor la luz de mi corazón
Extinguióse ya y me abandonas tú,
Infiel, sin piedad, y me arrojas cruel
A negro dolor.

16. Diálogo.

El: Díme mi bien, ¿porqué tienes
Tan airados los ojuelos?

Ella: Los azotes que me diste,
¿A caso fueron buñuelos?

El: Yo te prometo, bien mío
El no azotarte otra vez.

Ella: Si, señor, porque en mi casa
No pondrá Ud. más los pies.

El: Pensará la tarasquilla
Que le tengo de rogar.

Ella: Ni yo tengo para qué
Mantener a un haragán.

El: Voy a buscarte dinero
Para tenerte contenta.

Ella: Y mientras Ud. lo busca,
Yo corro por otra cuenta.

El: Eso de por otra cuenta,
A mí no me huele bien.

Ella: Que le agrade ó no agrade,
Mi gusto tengo de hacer.

El: Mujer que pide dinero,
Libera nos domine!

Ella: Y hombre feo y arrancado,
Requiescat in pace, amen.

17. Canción.

Tonaiatiahuitú se fué al palmar,
Tonaiatiahuitú ya no quiere cantar,
Ha visto al hombre blanco tras el Teule estar,
Y al Teule poderoso lo vió temblar.

Tonaiatiahuitú se fué al palmar,
 Ha dicho a Quetzalcoatl: luchar, luchar,
 Los hombres del Oriente van a llegar,
 He visto a nuestro Teule ante él temblar.

Cidlallin se ha ocultado en el palmar,
 Tonaiatiahuitú la vió llegar,
 Dos leones la escoltaban con un jaguar,
 Las palmas se inclinaron al verla entrar.

Los águilas y tigres van a pelear,
 ¿Quién encendió los fuegos en el palmar?
 Si los blancos penetran en nuestro hogar,
 Como prenda sus craneos van a dejar.

Tonaiatiahuitú se fué al palmar, etc..

18.

En una casa sin techo,
 Ni paredes, ni edificio,
 Estaba un loco en su juicio,
 Y un jorobado derecho;
 Por un camino estrecho
 Salían gallinas ladrando
 Y dos niños caducando,
 Un ciego estaba escribiendo
 Lo que un mudo le decía,
 Y el sordo que estaba oyendo
 Ya de risa se moría;
 La tierra un manco sembraba,
 Y un cojo la pisoneaba,
 A la vez que un pobre idiota
 Este cuentito forjaba.

19. *A María.*

Te contemplo, graciosa María,
 Como a un ángel bajado del cielo,
 Son tus ojos brillantes luceros,
 Que han fascinado mi fiel corazón.

Me juraste, inocente criatura,
 En tu pecho un amor sin segundo,
 Y he jurado por siempre en el mundo
 Ser esclavo de tu adoración.

20. Triste despedida.

La ví partir sin accéder al ruego
De un infeliz que de amor rendido.
La vi partir y mi labio enmudecido
Ni un triste adios le pudo dirigir.

Las mil súplicas inútilmente fueron,
Se mostró inexorable a todas ellas,
Se fué, me abandonó, pero sus huellas,
¡Ay! sentí que ansiaba mi corazón seguir.

21. El desdeñado.

Desdeñado y en extraño suelo,
Sin que nadie por mí se interese,
Me acompaña profunda tristeza,
Recordando mi plácido amor.

Moriré sin tener quien derrame
Una lágrima sobre mi fosa,
Ni quien ponga una cruz ó una loza,
Ni una ciprés, ni un recuerdo, ni una flor.

22. Sin amor.

Si tienes corazón, si tienes alma,
¿Porqué dejas que yo sufra tanto?,
Miras correr por mi mejilla el llanto,
Y no te mueves /: y no te mueves :/ a compasión y amor.
Si tienes corazón, ¿porqué no late
Al ver el mío que suspira y llora,
Eres mujer divina y encantadora,
Pero sin alma, /: pero sin alma:/
Oh Dios, y sin amor.¹

23. El Espejo de Amarilis.

(Cuento).

Era una señora administradora de correos que era muy bonita, y tenía un espejo que se llamaba espejo de Amarilis. Todos los días, a la hora de vestirse, le preguntaba al espejo. Le decía estas palabras: "Espejo de Amarilis, ¿habrá otra más bonita que yo?" El espejo le contestaba que

¹ Las canciones núm. 1—18 me fueron comunicadas por la Srta. Mena, las demás (núm. 19—22) por la Sra. Schufftan-Durrá. Expreso mi profundo agradecimiento a las dos señoras por los favores que me han dispensado. Las canciones 5—32 pertenecen, como fácilmente se percibe, al tipo semi-literario, muy difundido en todo el país.

no. Yendo y viniendo días esta señora tuvo una niña. Cuando tuvo esta niña, le preguntaba al espejo: "Espejo de Amarilis, ¿habrá otra más bonita que yo?" — Le contestaba el espejo: "Sí, la que de tu vientre salió." Esta, al saber que su hija era más bonita que ella, la aborreció. La mandó a encerrar en un cuarto oscuro. Esta niña creció en aquel lugar encerrada, sin ver luz ni conocer gente. Como esta señora era administradora de correos, un día salió a unos negocios. Esta niña ya era como de unos diez y ocho años. Siendo grande, abrió una puerta a cortar una rosa. Habiendo en esta vecindad un jóven, se enamoró de ella, y le pregunta a las dueñas de la casa quién era aquella niña, y las dueñas de la casa le cuentan la historia de la manera como se había criado. Este al saber la vida de aquella niña, dice: "Yo la voy a pedir." — Llega la administradora del correo, abre la puerta, y se dirige a ella aquel jóven a pedir la mano de la niña. Viendo esta mujer que le iban a pedir la mano de esta joven, se enoja y le dice al joven: "¿Cómo viene Ud. a pedir una niña que yo nunca he tenido? Ud. sabe que yo guardo mi estado, voy a dar otro paso en delante." Este hombre, antes que ella diera el paso, lo dió él. Mientras tanto esta mujer buscó el criado que tenía, el mozo del correo, y le dice: — Agarra esta niña y te la llevas a una montaña y la matas, y por señas me traes los ojos y la lengua.

Pues esta niña salió del huerto sin conocer ni lugar ni gente ni nada de esto. Con ella se había criado un perrito, y como con ella se había criado, el perrito la siguió. Al llegar esta criatura con el mozo a la montaña, le dice éste: — Tu sabes, niña, lo que te traigo. — Le contestó élla: No. — "Pues, te traigo a matar." — Entonces la niña le decía: "Pues que por eso me has traído, mátame!" Y le dice el mozo: "No. Tu madre me dijo que por señas le llevara los ojos y la lengua. Mataremos el perrito y le saco los ojos y le corto la lengua. Y tú te quedas aquí a aventurar." Mató el perro, le sacó los ojos, le cortó la lengua y se fué a su casa. Llegó y le dice a la administradora de correos: "He cumplido, aquí están sus ojos y su lengua."

La niña se quedó sola en el campo, lamentándose ella. En eso le aparece la Virgen y le dice: "¿Porqué' estás triste?, no tengas cuidado, que yo te acompaño," La llevó al pié de un árbol y le dice: "Aquí te quedas y te fijas cómo le hablan a esta piedra."

Aquí ya era una cueva de ladrones, Esta niña subió a aquel árbol y vió llegar a los ladrones, cuando le dice el capitán a la piedra: "¡Ábrete, rosa clavel!" — Habiéndose fijado la niña como le hablaron los ladrones a la piedra, despues que se fueron, se bajó del árbol y le dice a la piedra: "¡Ábrete, rosa clavel!" — Se abre la piedra y entra ella en una casa muy grande. Y diciendo: "A ver si en aquella casa busco que comer", se va al brasero y hace lumbre, hace de comer y come. Así que ya comió, entra por adentro, ve como estaba y se pone a arreglar todo, pero momentáneamente. Arregló todo, comida y cama, puso mesa y se salió. Y se subió al árbol otra vez. Al llegar los ladrones y al ver

la casa arreglada, la cama hecha y la mesa tendida, todo en orden, les dice el capitán de ellos: "Pues aquí algún ángel ha entrado." Pasó el primer día, haciendo la niña lo mismo en la mañana y en la noche. Habiendo hecho así el segundo día, le dice el capitán de los ladrones a uno de ellos: "Ahora se queda aquí uno, que mañana en la hora de hacer la cama la coja." — Se quedó el primero y no hizo nada. Se quedó el segundo y no hizo nada. se quedó el tercero y tampoco, se quedó el cuarto, se quedó el quinto, se quedó el sexto y entonces dijo el capitán: "Hoy me quedo yo." Se quedó el capitán debajo de la cama, y al tender la cama la niña y al sacudir la sábana, le agarra el capitán el pié. Esta del susto cae privada. Como los ladrones tenían tantas cosas, el capitán inmediatamente corrió al botequín y ella volvió en sí. Y entonces le dice el capitán: "Niña, ¿por qué andas tú aquí?" — Y ella le cuenta que su mamá le había mandado a matar y que el mozo que la había llevado, había matado al perro y la había dejado allí. En esos momentos llegaban los ladrones. Ellos, muy contentos de ver aquella niña ahí, le dicen al capitán: "¿Qué pasó?" — Y les contestó el capitán: "Tenemos una hermana." En esto les dice el capitán: "¡Cada uno píquese una vena!" — Reunieron toda aquella sangre y cada uno fué tomando un trago diciendo: "Somos hermanos todos. Desde este momento ya sabes que todo lo que hay en casa, es tuyo." — Entregaron alhajas, ropa, dinero, vaya, en una palabra todo. Y le vedaron que no comprara nada. —

Esta madre que la mandó a matar, siguió a la mira de preguntarle al espejo: "Espejo de Amarilis, ¿habrá otra más bonita que yo?" — Y el espejo le contestó que sí, que la que de su vientre había salido. Esta madre indignada se valió de una vieja bruja, y le dice: "Házme el favor de vagar por dondequiera a ver si encuentras a mi hija, y si la encuentras máta." Esta vieja trató de prendas y se fué a buscarla.

La niña tenía la costumbre que después que acababa de su trabajo, se sentaba en la puerta. Llega la vieja aquella bruja con una sortija, ofreciéndola que se la comprara, y le dice la niña: "Yo no tengo necesidad de comprar nada, porque todo lo que necesito, lo tengo en casa." La vieja viendo que esta niña no le compraba nada, le dice: "Házme el gusto de medírtela siquiera." Entonces, esta niña por condescender, se midió la sortija. Y al medírsela, cae privada. Y la vieja viendo que se cae privada, se fué y dice: "Ya la maté."

Llegan los hermanos y se encuentran con la hermana y muerta. Se ponen todos a llorar. La cogen, la atienden y le mandan a hacer una urna de cristal, toda engarzada en oro. Mandaron a hacer cuatro velones, la echaron en la urna, todita llena de prendas. La vistieron como una Virgen, agarraron aquella urna y se fueron a un llano. Y en aquel llano pararon la urna, acendieron las velas y se fueron.

Un día se fueron unos príncipes a aquel llano a cazar. Uno vió la urna y le dice al otro: "Mira la vírgen!" y dice: "Yo me la llevo a mi casa." Inmediatamente llega por ahí y apunta a unos hombres que se la cargaron.

Y le dice a su papá: "Papá, yo me he encontrado una vírgen en el campo y quiero que me compongas tu como una pieza como oratorio," Como este rey no tenía más hijos que éste, inmediatamente mandó a componer la pieza como un oratorio. Y ahí la metieron. Aquel niño estaba muy contento con su vírgen. Pero las criadas que no sabían lo que era aquello, estaban desinquietas, porque no sabían lo que el príncipe tenía ahí. Mandan a hacer una llave, y en un paseo que hacía el rey y el príncipe con su familia, abren ellas las puertas, ven a aquella vírgen, y les llamó la atención las alhajas. Abren la urna y le quitan a la vírgen la sortija. Al quitarle la sortija, naturalmente, aquella se paró de la urna, asustada que no era su casa, y se esconde trás la puerta. Las criadas viendo que la vírgen se había parado, se asustan y salen de estampía¹. El príncipe tenía por costumbre, cada vez que salía a la calle, llegar a ver a su vírgen. Y ese día llega y no le encuentra y se pone curioso, y le dice a su papá: "¿Dónde está mi vírgen? ¿Quién me la ha quitado?" — Y el padre le dice: "Pues, nadie, ¿quién te la habrá quitado? Vamos a buscarla." — Y el rey y el príncipe la buscan y al cerrar la puerta, la ven que estaba allí, y le dice el príncipe: "Niña, ¿porqué'stas aquí?" — Y ya ella empieza a contar su historia como y por qué está allí, y le dice el príncipe: "Niña, aquí van a parar tus penas, nos vamos a casar." — Enseguida empezó el rey y la reina a arreglar todo. Por momentos arreglaron el casamiento, y se casaron.

Estando ya casados, se ofrece en la tierra de la madre de ella una guerra, y le dice el príncipe a su papá: "Mire, papá, yo voy a la guerra en lugar de Ud. Unicamente le encargo a Ud. mi esposa, que la vea Ud. como si yo estuviera." — Se va este príncipe a la tierra de donde estaba la mamá de su esposa, y ahí iban las cartas para el príncipe. Pero siempre iban a nombre de la reina. Llegó esta jóven a dar a luz un par de niños, y en esto le escribe la reina al príncipe, dándole noticia que había dado a luz dos niños su esposa. Este, de gusto que le dió de saber esta noticia, no pone la contestación a nombre de la reina, la puso a nombre de la esposa.

Como la madre de su esposa era administradora de correos, al ver el nombre de su hija, se sorprende.² Dice: "¿Cómo es que mi hija es muerta y aquí está viva?" — Abre la carta y se ímpone de ella, y ve todos los halagos que el esposo le hacía. Mas como ella no dejaba de preguntarle al espejo, si había otra mas bonita que ella, el espejo le contestó que sí, que la que salió de su vientre. Esta coge la carta y la rompe, y entonces contesta ella, diciéndole a ella que él no tenía ninguna esposa, que no reconocía ningunos hijos, que le cortaran los brazos y se los colgaran y que le ponían un hijo atrás y uno delante, y que la despacharan al monte, porque se muriera sus hijos, y que el quería llegar a su casa y encontrar las señas de que estuvieran los brazos secos.

¹ estampida.

² se sosprende.

Llega la carta a la casa, la abre la reina, esperando alguna buena noticia, y se encuentra con aquella. Se espanta la reina y le llama al rey, y se espanta el rey y llama a la hija. En ese momento fueron lágrimas por todos. Les dice ella que veía que lloraban todos: “¿Porqué lloran? ¿Por ventura mi esposo ha muerto?” y ninguno le contestó nada. Pusieron la carta sobre un muro con el fin de que ella la cogiera. Coge la carta ella y se compone y le dice a la reina: “Esto dice mi esposo, esto me hace. Estoy conforme a sufrir hasta el morir.” Pero todo aquello pues era un llanto. No hicieron más que agarrarla, le cortaron los brazos, le cargaron los hijos, uno atrás y uno delante, y la sacaron para fuera, llorando todos. Ella se fué, cogió el camino por el monte, lamentándose y muy triste. Anda y anda y anda una distancia, lejos. Empezaron las criaturas a llorar de hambre, y ella lamentándose levantaba sus ojos y lloraba de ver que sus hijos lloraban de hambre y ella no les podía dar nada. Ya había profundizándose mucho al monte, muerta de sed, muerta de hambre, y levanta sus ojos al cielo y le pide a Dios de la manera que ella podía llevar su vida. Llegando a un arroyo, se hinca a ver si podía tomar una poca de agua, porque ya era mucha la sed que tenía. Oye una voz que le dice: “Mete codito y sacarás brazito.” — Oye ella esta voz y dice: “Pero, Dios mio, ¿qué oigo?, esto es de divinidad.” — Vuelve otra vez la voz a decirle: “Mete codito y sacarás brazito.” A la de tres veces se inclina ella al arroyo aquello, mete el codo y le aparece el brazo con su mano. Ella lleva su vista al cielo y le da gracias al Eterno que siquiera un brazo tenía para manejar a sus hijos. Con ese brazo manejó su niño, le dió el pecho, y con esa mano tomó una poca de agua. Estaba bebiendo el agua, cuando oye la voz otra vez que le dice: “Mete codito y sacarás brazito”. — Dice ella: “Dios mio, no soy digna de los dos, pero así me lo das, meto el brazo”, y saca el otro. Ya se bajó la criatura de detrás y le dió de mamar. La reina le había puesto un *tenate*¹ con bastimento, para ver si de alguna manera ella podía comer algo. Ya teniendo ella dos brazos, comía ella y cogió camino a internarse en el monte, donde encontró una cueva que había cama y había trastes de cocina, había ropa y en fin, en aquella casa, había todo lo que una señora podía necesitar. Llegó ella a acostar sus hijos en aquella cama, empezó a sacudir, a barrer, a componer. Llegó la noche y ahí se quedó con sus hijos.

En fin, en aquel lugar permaneció algunos años. El príncipe aquel, su esposo, luego que concluyó la guerra llegó a su casa: deseoso de conocer a sus hijos. Cuando al llegar a su casa, la madre que vivió muy ofendida por eso, le dice: “Hijo, véte de aquí; no eres digno de entrar.” — El se espanta de oír eso que la madre le dice. Y le dice a la madre: “Sí, me voy, pero me llevo mis hijos y mi esposa.” — Y le dice la reina: „Hijo, tu esposa y tus hijos habrán sido presos de los animales. Las señas las tienes ahí, como lo pediste, vé los brazos de tu esposa.” Al ver el príncipe aquel

¹ *tenate* o *tanate* (azt. *tanatlī*), especie de yurrón de espuerta o de cuero.

los brazos ahí, secos, le dice a la madre: "¿Pero qué es esto? ¿Qué ha pasado, qué contienen estos brazos ahí?" Le dice la reina: "¿Qué contienen? — Lo que tu mandaste a decir." — Y le dice él: "Yo no he mandado a decir nada." — Entonces dice la reina: "Mira, aquí está la carta, no es mentira." — Entonces él se hinca delante la reina y le dice que por Dios y lo más sagrado él quiere a su esposa. Le dice la reina: "Tu esposa debe de ser ya muerta, porque tiene tanto tiempo desde esto." Manda él a los vasallos que pusieran carruaje para irse al monte a buscarla. Se fué, anduvo por muchas montañas y no encontró. Entonces este príncipe, viendo que no encontraba a su esposa ni a sus hijos, lloraba sin consuelo, y se sentaba todos los días al pié de la mesa de ellos y se fija que todos los días venía un perrito que brincaba la mesa y se agarraba la torta más grande que encontraba. Y les dice a los vasallos: "Ya saben que mañana me espían este perrito a donde entra." Al otro día los vasallos se pusieron a espigar al perro "pero aquél era mas vivo que ellos y no pudieron ver a dónde entraba. Entonces le dicen los vasallos al príncipe: "Real Magestad, se nos ha perdido el perro." — Y les dice él: "Pues ya saben, si mañana no me lo entregan, cinco balazos a cada uno." Y estos vasallos, al otro día, fueron para sacarle ventaja al perro. Cuando el perro era cogiendo, ya lo habían cogido. Ven a dónde se mete el perro, y le dicen al rey: "Real Magestad, ya sabemos a dónde entra el perro." — Y les dice él: "Pongan el carruaje." — Ponen el carruaje y se van con los vasallos; llegan allí, se baja él, entra a la cueva y ve a su esposa y ve a sus hijos. Ya los hijos estaban cubiertos con su mismo pelo, y la esposa también. Le dice la esposa al príncipe: "Véte, infame verdugo, que me has mandado a matar." — Se hinca él delante de ella y le pide que no fuera ingrata, que él le juraba que no había pensado semejante cosa. Y entonces le dice ella: "¿Me juras que tú no has sido?" — "Sí, te lo juro." — Le pregunta ella en qué tierra ha sido la guerra, y él le da el nombre de la tierra. Y le dice ella: "Pues esa es mi tierra. Si tu no fuistes, tengo seguro que es mi madre." Entonces manda él los vasallos a su casa, para que cojan ropa para ella y para los niños. Llevan ropa, se vistió la princesa y se vistieron los niños. Al llegar al palacio, el rey y la reina muy contentos, le dicen a la esposa del príncipe: "Pues bueno, ¿quién es tu mamá?" — Y les dice ella: "Es la administradora del correo del pueblo del reino donde fué la guerra." Este príncipe, indignado de ello, le dice a ella: "Ahora vas conmigo a tu tierra", y le contesta ella: "No, porque si mi madre me ve, me mata". — Y dice él: "Pues no te mata, porque vas conmigo y yo te llevo. Nada más quiero que la me enseñes." — Dejó a sus niños y cogieron los dos el camino.

Llegaron a su tierra de ella. Fueron a parar a un hotel inmediato a la oficina de correos. Y ya cayendo la noche, se arregló ella y se fué a la calle. Al pasar por la oficina, le dice a su esposa: "Mira, aquí ella está, con la mano en la frente; ésta es mi madre."

Este no hizo más que conocerla y la fué a dejar a su esposa al hotel.

Con la misma salió a ver las autoridades de ahí, las mayores, llevando la carta que había mandado, más el borrador. Y le manifestó al jefe todo y le dice: "Yo quiero que me diga qué castigo merece esta mujer." — Palpando la autoridad la carta, le dice: "Tiene Ud. permiso para matarla."

Llega el príncipe a la oficina y le dice a la administradora de correos: "¿Ud. tiene una hija en tal parte?" — Ella, no acordándose, dice: "No." — "¿Ud. no ha escrito esta carta?" En la mano le pone la carta a que la lea ella. Y ella lo niega que no tenía ninguna hija ni ha escrito ninguna carta. Llega él enfurecido al hotel y le dice a su esposa: "Vamos en este momento." — Ella se resiste y le dice: "No, porque mi madre me mata." — "No te mata, porque yo estoy ahí." — Pues como el esposo le obligaba de salir con él, salió, y al llegar a la oficina le dice: "¿No es ésta, por ventura, a quién Ud. ha mandado esta carta?" — Ella, la madre, a ver a su hija, le dió ira, y brinca sobre de ella a quererla agarrar, y al quererla agarrar, le dispara él y la mata, y no conforme con eso, manda a buscar unas latas de aceite, hace una foguera y ahí la echa y ahí se acabó.

Entra la hija para dentro y le enseña a su esposo el espejo, y para probarle que por el espejo era que la madre sabía que ella vivía, le pregunta ella al espejo: "Espejo de Amarilis, ¿habrá otra más bonita que yo?" — Y le contesta el espejo: "No, mas había la que acaba de morir." —

Ahí recogía ella todas las alhajas, y con la misma se fueron para la tierra del rey. Llegaron allí y hicieron muy buena vida.

Y ese se llama el cuento del espejo de Amarilis.¹

24. La hormiguita averiguadora.

Esta era una hormiguita que volvía a su hormiguero con una gran migaja; cuando resbaló sobre un bloc de nieve y se rompió un piecito, comenzó a lamentarse diciendo: „Nieve que mi pié quebró“, — a lo que contestó la nieve: "Más fuerte es el sol que me derrite." — La hormiguita fué hacia el sol con sus lamentos: „Sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró." — "Más fuerte es la nube que me cubre", — Y fué la hormiguita a la nube y dijo: "Nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró." — "Más fuerte es el viento que me deshace". — Y fué la hormiguita al viento y dijo: "Viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró." — "Más fuerte es la muralla que me ataja." — Y fué la hormiguita a la muralla y dijo: "Muralla que ataja viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró." — "Más fuerte es el ratón que me roe." Y fué la hormiguita al ratón y dijo. "Ratón que roe muralla, muralla que ataja viento, viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró." — "Más fuerte

¹ Este cuento me lo contó la Sra. Concha Molina.

es el gato que me caza.” — Y fué la hormiguita al gato y dijo: “Gato que caza ratón, ratón que roe muralla, muralla que ataja viento, viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró.” — “Más fuerte es el perro que me coge.” — Y fué la hormiguita al perro. “Perro que coge gato, gato que caza ratón, ratón que roe muralla, muralla que ataja viento, viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró.” — “Más fuerte es el hierro que me mata.” — Y fué la hormiguita al hierro y le dijo: “Hierro que mata perro, perro que coge gato, gato que caza ratón, ratón que roe muralla, muralla que ataja viento, viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró.” — “Más fuerte es el herrero que me forja.” — Y fué la hormiguita al herrero, y le dijo: “Herrero que forjas hierro, hierro que mata perro, perro que coge gato, gato que caza ratón, ratón que roe muralla, muralla que ataja viento, viento que deshace nube, nube que cubre sol, sol que derrite nieve, nieve que mi pié quebró.” — Y dijo el herrero: “Hormiguita averiguadora, ¿quién te ha dicho que me has de quitar el tiempo?” — y la mató. Todas las hormigas salieron del hormiguero y se fueron sobre el herrero, y éste mirando que no podía matar tantas, se arrojó en el río para ahogarlas. Y este cuento entró por un callejón dorado y salió por otro plateado.

25. *La viejecita inocente.*

Había una vez una viejecita que barriendo barriendo se encontró medio, y dijo “¿qué compraré con este medio? Si compro pan, se me acaba, si compro vino, se me acaba.” Y compró una colecita que plantó a la puerta de su casa. A los pocos días había crecido tanto la colecita que llegaba hasta el cielo, y la viejecita empezó a subir de penca en penca, de penca en penca hasta que llegó al cielo.

San Pedro la recibió afablemente y le oyó sus cuitas. Al despedirla le regaló una servilletita, diciéndole: “Cada vez que quieras algo, la desdoblas y le dices ‘Componte, servilletita.’” — Bajó la viejecita muy contenta, y despues de reposar un momento, desdobló la servilletita y le dijo las palabras consabidas. Inmediatamente apareció sobre la mesita que tenía enfrente un succulento desayuno que tomó la viejecita con satisfacción, y al acabar todo desapareció dejando la mesita muy limpia.

Tenía la viejecita un vecino muy avaro y muy envidioso que la visitaba con mucha frecuencia. Este, admirado de que la viejecita ya no pasaba trabajos para preparar sus alimentos y siempre los tenía listos, le preguntó como hacía, y la cándida viejecita le contó todo y le prestó la servilletita. Pero el muy pícaro se la robó y le devolvió otra. Cuando la viejecita vió que su servilletita no la obedecía, se entristeció mucho, pero no tuvo ni un mal pensamiento del pícaro hombre y volvió al cielo

para contarle a San Pedro lo que le había sucedido. Este la escuchó atentamente y le preguntó: “¿Y sabe tu vecino que has venido?” — “Sí” contestó la viejecita, “antes de subir le avisé que te venía a visitar.” — “Bien”, replicó San Pedro, “aquí tienes este bastón; cuando se te ofrezca algo, le dirás: Componte, garrote!” — Bajó muy alegre la viejecita, y el vecino ya la estaba esperando. “¿Qué dice San Pedro?” fué su primera pregunta. La viejecita muy alegre le mostró el bastón. Este alargó la mano y no bien lo tuvo, cuando preguntó: “¿Cómo se le dice?” A lo cual contestó la viejecita: “Componte, garrote!” — y al momento el bastón comenzó a descargar bastonazos sobre el picaro que asustado y adolorido devolvió a la viejecita la servilleta robada, y colorín colorado, este cuento está acabado.

26. *Leyenda.*

Existen en la parroquia tres esculturas que representan un santo Cristo, una Inmaculada Concepción y un Señor San José, de las que cuenta la tradición fueron hechas por los ángeles, y es como sigue:

Una persona piadosa obsequió al Señor Cura tres hermosos cedros, y éste los guardó en espera de un escultor, Pasaron varios años, y una mañana se presentaron en el cuarto tres jóvenes viajeros solicitando trabajo de escultura. El Señor Cura les enseñó los cedros y les encomendó el trabajo de las tres imágenes. Los jóvenes trabajaron en la misma pieza en que estaban los cedros, y nadie supo dónde iban a tomar sus alimentos. Pasados muchos días, una tarde llamaron al sacristán de la parroquia y le preguntaron por el señor Cura. Este les contestó que había salido, y ellos le entregaron la llave de la pieza. Cuando el señor Cura llegó, abrió la pieza y quedó admirado de ver la perfección del trabajo, y aunque se valió de muchos medios para investigar algo sobre los jóvenes, nada pudo saber.¹

III. CANCIONES Y CUENTOS ORIGINARIOS DE CUAUHTLÍXCO (MORELOS).

1. *Juan Simón.*

(Romance).

Un sábado por la tarde
Murió la hija de Juan Simón,
Que era el único en el pueblo,
El único enterrador.
El mismo cavó la fosa
Y al sepulcro llevó
A la hija de sus entrañas,
Dueña de su corazón.
Con la mano en el pecho

¹ Los núms. 24—26 me fueron contados por la Srta. Mena.

Y en la otra el azadón,
 Doblabá una rodilla
 Y murmuraba una oración.
 En el pueblo le preguntaban:
 "¿De dónde vienes, Simón?" —
 "Soy enterrador y vengo
 De enterrar mi corazón."

2. El Palo Caído.

No hay quien al caído alevante,
 Ni quien la mano le dé;
 Cuando ven al palo caído,
 Todos le dan con el pié.

El que es roto y encuerado,
 En vano está su esperanza,
 Pues d'él hacen desconfianza
 Y se vé vituperiado.
 Si yo anduviera planchado,
 Fuera el más querido amante,
 El príncipe más costean-
 te De los que adora Cupido,
 Pues como me ven perdido
 No hay quien al caído alevante.

Si voy a una casa, crece
 Y acrecenta más mi pena;
 Luego se ponen a hablar:
 "¡Tengan cuidado con ése!"
 Pues al caso me parece
 Que yo algo les he robado,
 Me salgo, aunque avergonzado
 A discurrir mi talento,
 Y le digo a mi pensamiento:
 Cuando ven al palo caído.

En fin amigos ufanos
 Hasta aquí mi fe declara
 Que en vez de verme la cara,
 Me miran pero las manos,
 Y aunque sean mis hermanos,
 Yo a mi cara no he de ir,
 Si al caso el motivo fué
 Porque adoro una hermosura,
 Yo soy como la basura,
 Todos me dan con el pié.

3. *La Celosa.*

No me vuelvas a mirar
Con esos ojos tan tristes
Porque se me representa
El mal pago que me distes.

Si amor me hubieras tenido
O crecida voluntad,
No hubiera en ti falsedad,
Ni me hubieras ofendido.
La fe con que te he querido,
Es firme, no hay que dudar,
Y así te vengo a avisar
Hoy, a cara descubierta,
Que aunque pase por tu puerta,
No me vuelvas a mirar.

Si volver contigo quiero,
Todos me han de motejar,
Porque en los fueros de amar
El honor es el primero.
Yo bien claro considero,
Que fué pública mi afrenta,
Que te enterré, haré de cuenta,
Porque yo hallo resuelta
El no volver más contigo,
Porque se me representa
El mal pago que me distes.

En fin ya con este adiós,
Ya me despido de tí,
No te engañes como a mí,
Ni le pagues tan atroz,
Esto queda entre los dos,
Pues tú la culpa tuvistes,
Si cubrirte no supistes,
Como te lo haré patente,
Pero si tendrás presente
El mal pago que me distes.

4. *El tecolote.*

(Cuento.)

Una vez tuvo una señora un hijo muy flojo, sumamente. Como la señora se dedicaba a echar tortillas, el muchacho siempre estaba cerca de los *tenamastles*.¹ Como las cenizas se hacían de un lado de aquel

¹ *tenamastles* 'las tres piedras del fogón, sobre las cuales se pone la olla.'

bracero todos los días, el muchacho que sólo usaba camisa, se tapaba todos los días con cenizas. Una vez que la madre entregaba tortillas en la casa del juez, y sabiendo que el juez tenía una hija muy gorda, el muchacho despertó y le dijo a la madre: "Madre, has de pedir la hija al señor juez." La madre muy apenada — ¿cómo no podía serlo del que el muchacho le decía? — comenzó a llorar, y le dice: "José, como quieres que yo vaya a pedir hija al señor juez?" Dice el muchacho: "Ud. no sabe. Vaya Ud. y diga Ud. que yo digo que me quiero casar con hija del señor juez." Pero dice la madre: "¿Cómo quieres casar hija del señor juez?" — "Ud. no sabe, vaya Ud. y diga Ud. qu' yo me quiero casar con hija del señor juez." La madre que tenía que entregar las tortillas, llegó llorando, y la esposa del juez que era la que recibía aquel objeto, le preguntó a la señora: "¿Por qué lloras, María?" ¿No sabes que cuanto a tí se te ofrece, aquí estoy para servirte? Y la pobre mujer le dice: "Ud. no sabe, señora, lo que a mí me pasa. Mi hijo José quiere casar con la hija del señor juez."

Le dijo la esposa del juez: "¿No ves que mi hija mejor se va desbarrancar que casarse con un flojo?" — "'Stá bueno, señora, voy a avisar a José." — Al llegar encontró a José dormido y le dice: "¡José, José!" y lo despierta y le dice José: "¿Qué cosa?" — "Te venía a avisar contestación del señor juez." — "¡Diga Ud.!" — "Dice que mejor se casa con flojo, se va desbarrancar." — "'Stá bueno, ¿y por eso llora Ud.? Vaya Ud. y ponga Ud. cuartilla masa, haya Ud. tortillas y me lo trae Ud. cuartilla *tisatl*,¹ lo necesito."

Como había un árbol en la casa del juez, alto y robusto, una vez que la madre trajo el *tisatl* el muchacho se acostó a dormir. Pero a media noche se levantó y se subió al árbol. Como si fuese animal, meneaba las ramas y decía: "*Tecurúcu*² *quin amo niquista, el para nomunista*.³ Si no me das hija, *miks, miks, miks*."⁴

Una vez, mascando el *tisatl*, y escupiendo al suelo, hacia la semejanza de que el *tecolote*, se ensuciaba. Se bajó y se fué a su lugar acostumbrado. La mañana siguiente, habiéndose levantado la mujer del señor juez, entró y abrazó a su hijo, diciéndole: "Mejor te cases con flojo que no

¹ *tisatl*, yeso'.

² *tecurucu* 'voz del buho'; en Honduras se llama el animal mismo *estiquirín*, y en Costa Rica *estucurú* (*Membreño*, *Hondureñismos*, 3a ed., México 1912, pág. 80). Compárese lo que dice sobre la superstición que se relaciona con el buho (*tecolote*) *Robelo*, *Diccionario de Aztequismos*, México 1904, pag. 677, y un pasaje del "Periquillo Sarmiento" de Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi, I, pág. 350: „a otro pobre, el número 36, que estaba casi agonizando, le pusieron frente de la cama un crucifijo con una vela a los pies“, y en la nota explica el autor: „A esta ceremonia de indolencia y poca caridad llaman en los más hospitales „poner el *tecolote*“.

³ *quin amo niquiza*, como que no salgo', *nomuniza*, me despierta'.

⁴ *miks* = *miquis*, morirá'.

miks." Enseguida la mujer fué al lugar donde estaba su esposo y lo despertó diciendo: "Ven a ver, José debajo del árbol *écuttl*," y sacando a su esposo debajo del árbol, le dijo a su esposo que viera donde se había ensuciado el *tecolote*. El juez contestó: "Mejor se case mi hija con flojo que no se vaya a desbarrancar."

Mandó a tres caciques que fueran en la casa de José el flojo a decirle que estaba dispuesto a casar a su hija con él. La madre de José que recibió el recado, le despertó: "José, José, dice el señor juez que vas a casar con su hija." Y él contestó: "¿Y para qué? ¿No dice el señor juez que mejor se va a desbarrancar su hija? Diga al señor juez que no me caso." — Y habiéndole dado la razón al juez, mandó éste segunda vez y resultó lo mismo. Hasta que por tercera vez fué necesario haberlo traído con silla de manos al palacio para hacer el casamiento.

5. *Ya mero la besa un pobre.*

(Cuento.)

Un pastor que vivía siempre en el campo cuidando chivas y borregas de la propiedad de su padre, un día por la noche, despues de haber caído un fuerte aguacero, se refugió en el agujero de una peña. Despues de la tormenta salió a ver el rebaño en las condiciones que se encontraba, y notó que en medio de los animales andaba otro desconocido, que tenía una luz en la frente. Como el pastor era buen tirador de honda, sacó una piedra de su morral, la puso en la honda, le dió tres vueltas y dió en seguida un golpe mortal al animal. Se acercó, a lo primero que hizo fué quitarle al animal la hermosa piedra que daba una luz azul. En seguida siguió reposando, y ya queriéndose dormir, notó que el animal continuaba entre el rebaño, pero la luz de la frente era morada. Se alevantó con cuidado, se fué despacio y puso otra piedra a su honda; dando las tres vueltas acostumbradas, le dió muerte. Se aproximó a quitarle la piedra que daba luz como al anterior y la depositó en su morral, donde ya tenía dos. Enseguida recogió el animalaje y una vez reunido se puso en camino para su pueblo; pero siempre como era muy temprano, veía que por delante guiaba una luz blanca al dicho rebaño. El creyó ser perseguido de estos animales y puso de nuevo otra piedra a su honda, le dió las tres vueltas y al fin mató a este último animal, quitándole de la frente otra hermosa piedra de luz blanca.

Como empezó la claridad del día, no tardó en llegar a su casa, donde le esperaban con ansia, para que fuera al pueblo a comprar el semanario o a placear. Como cada ocho días él hacía estas compras, dejó lo que traía en la casa menos el morral, donde guardaba las piedras. Tomó sus *chiquihuites*,¹ los puso sobre una bestia aparejada, y se lanzó al pueblo.

Cuando terminó sus compras, en el mercado había hombres que

¹ *Chiquihnite* = azt. *Chiquinilt*, Cesto o canasta'.

veían para el campo muchos ganados, caballadas, como también otro tanto borregas y chivas. Estos animalajes eran vastos en las llanuras. Este individuo se acercó a los hombres para preguntarles qué contenía aquello que se veía; y éstos dijeron que la hija de un rey deseaba contraer matrimonio con el más rico, y para esto era menester presentar los rancheros lo que poseían. Este, sin dar las gracias, se marchó jalando su mula cargada para su casa. Pero en el camino concibió la idea de que “¿por qué un hombre pobre no puede besar a una princesa?”

Llegó a su casa, entregó el mandado y dijo a su padre que le regalara tres chivas para hacer su fortuna, y como su padre se lo concedió, compró tres *mecates*,¹ amarró un animal de los cuernos, pidió a su padre la bendición y se puso en camino al reinado. Al llegar abrió las partidas de animales hasta llegar al portal del castillo, y de una reja amarró las chivas y salió fuera para ser visto por la princesa.

Como la princesa salía a cada momento a ver si ya terminaban de llegar caporales con animales, este aprovechaba la ocasión para enciarle un fuerte chiflido, y cuando ella le veía, le decía: “Mi capital es de tres chivas y tres piedras.” Así le llamó la atención varias veces el pastor.

La princesa fastidiada de tantas piruetas, llamó a su dama y le dijo: “Mira ese hombre que me chifla y me hace unas señales, ¿qué es lo que me quiere decir?” La dama cumplió con la orden, bajó, dijo al pastor lo que decía la princesa, y él le dijo: “Dígale que aquí tengo mi ganado que son tres chivas y tres piedras; éste es mi patrimonio, pues mi deseo es que me acepte también como esposo.” La criada llevó la razón a su ama, y ésta, habiendo escuchado primero, dijo después: “Este está loco; dí al mozo que meta a esas chivas a la caballeriza, y a él que lo encierren en la cochera.” — Ejecutaron el mando, pero en la noche, después de cenar, dijo la princesa a la criada: “Lleva a ese hombre esta cena y esta vela, para que se alumbré.” La criada llevó aquello al individuo y él dijo: “La cena la tomaré, porque tengo hambre; pero la vela no; tengo otra cosa mejor para alumbrarme.” Como la criada era curiosa preguntó: “¿Y podré ver ese objeto?” El contestó: “Sí”, y en seguida mostró la piedra primera. La criada echó a correr para decirle a su ama lo que había visto, y la princesa dijo: “Díle a este hombre que me mande esa piedra por lo que valga.” La criada bajó y dió la razón y el pastor le dijo: “Para la princesa no vale nada, aquí está la piedra.”

Como la cochera estaba oscura, al otro día la criada bajó el desayuno y otra vela. El pastor le dijo: “El desayuno lo tomaré, porque tengo hambre, pero la vela no. “¿Cómo pues, que tiene Ud. otra piedra?” preguntó la criada. “Sí” le contestó el pastor, “mírela Ud.”, y la criada corrió a decirle a su ama lo que había visto. La princesa dijo: “Díle a ese hombre que me mande la piedra por lo que valga.” Como la criada dió la razón, le contestó el pastor: “Diga Ud. a la niña que para ella no vale

¹ *mecate* = azt. *mecatl*, Cuerda, sogá’.

nada, siempre que me encierre en uno de los cuartos junto donde ella habita." La criada dió la razón, y la princesa con tal de tener la segunda piedra se lo concedió.

El pastor suspiraba y decía: "Osa, si ya mero la besa un pobre, no más la pared divide." A las doce le llevó la criada la comida y por tercera vez la vela, y el pobre hombre dijo: "Tomaré la comida menos la vela, pues tengo la última piedra para alumbrarme," y mostrándosela a la criada. Esta corrió inmediatamente a dar parte de lo que había visto a la princesa. La princesa dijo: "Díle que me mande la piedra, por lo que valga." Como la criada le fué a dar la razón, él contestó: "Para ella no vale nada, siempre que me conceda hablar con ella dos palabras." Como la criada llevó la razón, la princesa dijo: "¡Que venga!" Y en seguida el pastor en persona llevó la tercera y última piedra.

Concretándose el pastor a hablar dos palabras, le dijo: "¿Rehusará Ud. el darme su mano?" — Ella contestó: "No." — "¿Rehusará firmar el contrato de nuestro casamiento?" — Ella contestó: "No." —Y en seguida salió el pastor a mandar hacer ropa para hacer el firmado casamiento.

Al siguiente día estaban ya reunidos los más ricos y hacendados, para que la princesa eligiera quién era el afortunado.

El rey mandó llamar a su hija, para decirle que se había llegado el día de que dijera quién era el preferido para su matrimonio, y la hija le contestó: "Con permiso de Ud. voy a dar las gracias a estos señores por su tiempo que han perdido, pues tengo mi palabra comprometida con un hombre que tiene por fortuna tres chivas y tres piedras. De manera", dijo saliendo al balcón, "pueden retirarse."

Al siguiente día, presentando a su padre a su prometido y el regalo que le había hecho, quedó conforme que se efectuara el enlace el rey, y son felices hasta la fecha.

6. *Un bien con un mal se paga.*

Una vez un burro flaco, que había sido abandonado en el campo por inútil, despues de satisfacer su hambre, se fué a un *jagüey*¹ a tomar agua, y notó que faltaba, sólo había un vasto lodazal, donde se rebullía boc'arribá un lagarto por los rayos del sol y falta del agua. El burro compasivo se acercó y dijo al lagarto: "Mira, no quiero que perezcas de sed, échate sobre mis hombros y te llevaré donde haya un arroyo de agua para salvarte." Y en seguida se agazapó el burro y el lagarto se puso a cuestas. Llegaron a un paraje donde corría el agua a torrentes y el burro dijo al lagarto: „He cumplido mi palabra. Mira, aquí está el agua, donde puedes echarte y donde puedes vivir descansadamente." Como debía apearse el lagarto, dijo al burro: "Agúr 'hora deseo comerte, porqué sabrás que un

¹ *jagüey*, depósito de agua, fuente natural' (*Famos i Duarte*, pág. 315).

bien con un mal se paga toda la vida.” — “¿Cómo, me vas a comer?” dijo el burro. — “Sí”, le contestó el lagarto, “si antes no pones tres testigos.”

El burro recordando de sus buenos amigos. le dijo: “Bien, tu quieres que sean el coyote, el venado y el conejo.” — Dijo el lagarto: “Arreglado, ¡que vengan!” No tardó mucho cuando unos tiradores perseguían al coyote por aquel sitio, y al pasar por allí inmediatamente le dice el burro: “Oye, amigo, dí en una palabra, ¿es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?” — Y le contestó el coyote: “Eso toda la vida” y echó a correr. En seguida otro cazador iba en pos de un venado que pasaba por el mismo lugar, y el burro cansado de aquel enorme animal, le hizo también la misma pregunta que al anterior, y como iba de paso, dió la misma resolución. Como ya eran dos los que habían dado su fallo, dijo el lagarto: “Pues, no hay más que proceder a comerte.” — “No”, dijo el burro, “falta uno que es el conejo.” — Como donde estaban, había agua. naturalmente había *zacate*,¹ de donde salió el conejo muy quitado de cuidado. Al rebuznido del burro acudió el conejo, y el burro le preguntó con ansia al conejo: “Responde, amigo. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?” — Y el conejo la contestó: “Eso según y conforme. Para dar mi voto, necesito ver donde estaba este amigo y como estaba, para ver si de veras inspiraba la pasión que le has tenido.” — Se fueron los tres sujetos al jagüey, lugar primitivo donde estaba primeramente el lagarto. Le dijo el conejo al lagarto: “Quiero ver la posición que guardabas, a ver que es para compadecerte y a ver hecho lo que hizo éste contigo.” — El burro entró al lugar donde le había sacado al lagarto, y puesto el lagarto boc’arriba como la primera vez, el burro se fué con el conejo, y le preguntó el conejo al lagarto: “¿Así estabas?” — Y el lagarto contestó: “Así.” — “Bueno”, dijo el conejo, “¡y así quédate!” y dirigiéndose al burro, le dijo: “A estos malagradecidos nunca les hagas un favor, porque ya ves, dicen que un bien con un mal se paga.” — “Hasta la vista.” — Y los dos se fueron y allí dejaron al lagarto.

7. Los tres cuentos de a real.

Una vez un hombre pobre que no tenía fortuna ninguna, mandó a su familia que le hiciera unas tortillas *iclacóyes* para irse a buscar fortuna. Otro día salió y anduvo tanto que ya causado se sentó debajo de un árbol, donde estaba otro individuo también descansando. Y como era hora de comer, los dos sacaron su *itacáte*² para comer. Uno le dijo al otro: “Mire, compañero, aunque son tortillas duras, arrímese Ud.” Y el otro abrió su servilleta y le hizo la misma oferta. Comieron ambos dos y una vez terminado, reposaron un rato. Y el primero qu’ iba de camino, le dice al otro individuo: “¿Amigo, no sabe Ud. cuentos? ¡Que me hiciera

¹ *zacate* = ayt. *zacatl*, césped’.

² *itacate*, provisión de comestibles para un viaje’ (*Robelo*, 584).

el favor de contarme uno!" El señor le contestó: "Sí, pero valen un real." — "No le hace, amigo, cuéntemelo." — "Pues: No agarres camino real por vereda." — Inmediatamente le impidieron el paso. Le dijeron que le llamaba el rey. — "¿Pero yo, qué he hecho, señores?" — "Le llama Ud. el rey." — Habiéndolo presentado al rey, el rey le dijo: "Mi hija desea casarse con Ud." — "Pero yo soy pobre, señor." — "Pero mi hija es rica y tiene dinero." — "Haré lo que su Magestad me dice." — Enseguida hicieron vestidos para él para hacer la boda el día siguiente. Una vez que pasaron los tres días de fiestas reales, el jóven le dijo a la esposa: "Tengo que trabajar. Me voy, porque dice un refrán que hay que comer de su sudor y trabajo." — Este se fué a una mina vestido con *guaraches*¹ y calzones y sombrero de *petate*². Y como era temprano, encontró trabajo. Lo contaron en una mina. Comenzó a trabajar con su hacha, como que era hombre trabajador, y al pasar el dueño de las minas, dijo: "¿Quién fuera el yerno del rey para no trabajar?" — Y él le contestó: "Yo, señor, y sin embarzo, aquí me tiene Ud." — "¿Esto es todo 'amigo?' " — "Si señor, ya se acabó." — "Pues entonces hágame el favor de contarme el otro!" — "A la tierra que fueres haz lo que vieres." — "Siga Ud., amigo." — "Ya se acabó." — "Pues, cuénteme Ud. otro!" — "Comerás de su sudor y trabajo, y a nadie le pedirás nada." — "Está bien, amigo; aquí están los tres reales, y hasta luego."

Entonces tomó su camino, y adelante encontró varios caminos y recordó del primer cuento de aquel individuo, que decía: "No agarres camino real por vereda", y se internó en el camino real. Continuando el camino, llegó cerca del palacio real, donde todos los que pasaban, lazaban animales, caballos, mulas y burros para pasar delante del palacio real, porque el rey había dado esta orden. Como la hija del rey deseaba casarse con un hombre pobre, estaba parada en los balcones esperando que pasara una persona que le simpatizara. Este con su ciñidor lazó un caballo sumamente flaco, y echándole bozal, pasó frente al palacio. Cuando pasó, la princesa arrojó una granada de oro, que era la señal de la persona que había escogido para que fuera su prometido.

El interrumpió en una carcajada burlesca y le dijo: "Conque, ¿Ud. es el yerno del rey? ¿Cuánto vamos apostando que no le traigan un almuerzo mañana?" — "Pues, señor, no tengo más que mi pescuezo. ¿Y Ud. qué apuesta?" — "Mis haciendas y mis minas, queda arreglado, lo he dicho" contestó el patrón. — "Está bien." — Se fué el individuo a la casa del rey y le dijo a su esposa: "Hija, quiero que mañana me lleves un almuerzo al trabajo." Esta llorando fué a decirle a su padre lo que su esposo deseaba. Y el rey le contestó: "Si a la punta del cerro te llama, ahí debes de ir. Quisiste casarte con un pobre, debes de hacer lo que él te pide." — La joven regresó con el esposo y le dijo que iría al lugar que él le dijere.

¹ *guarache*, 'sandalia', palabra torasca, según *Ramos i Duarte*, pág. 283.

² *petate*, 'estera'.

Y comenzaron desde el momento a hacer el *mole*¹ para el día siguiente. Como el yerno del rey le habló personalmente al rey, diciendo que era el último favor que le iba pidiendo, de que deje acompañar a su esposa al lugar de su trabajo, y el rey admitió. Otro día con *guaraches* y calzones y *chiquihuites* se fué al trabajo y comenzó a trabajar con la voluntad de siempre. Una vez que habían dado las ocho y media de la mañana, hora en que el patrón se presentaba en aquella mina, le dijo: "Amigo, es hora, se me afigura que te corto el pescuezo." — "No señor, hemos quedado que a las nueve." El patrón continuó en su mando con los demás peones, no haciendo caso de aquel individuo. Cuando a pocos momentos se oyó música y dianas en la puerta de la mina y hé el rey que ha llegado con su hija y ya hay los coches que llevaban el almuerzo. Y el operario dijo al patrón: "Mi jefe, es hora. Hágame el favor de bajar a mi esposa del carruaje." Y desde luego dió orden a los operarios que dejaran el trabajo para él almorzar. Dirigiéndose él a su esposa, dijo al patrón que le hiciera el favor de tomar el brazo a la princesa. Y tendieron la mesa en el campo y comenzaron a comer. Una vez terminado, le dijo al rey el compromiso que tenía: el patrón apostó sus minas, y él su pescuezo. Para qué fueran a recibir las haciendas y las minas, tomó participación el rey. Y de regreso, le dijo a la esposa: "Hija, no volveré a trabajar más. He hecho uso de los tres cuentos que dicen: No agarres camino real por vereda, no preguntes lo que no te importa, y comerás de tu sudor y de tu trabajo y a nadie le pedirás nada. Desde este momento somos felices y te daré lo que necesites."

8. *Eso es sacar los sesos.*

(Anécdota).

Un ranchero tenía una mujer y un niño. Este ranchero era muy *atamaido*,² ó mejos dicho inútil, porque un día se fué al pueblo a hacer sus compras, llevando un burro y dos *huacales*.³ Todo cuanto compró, los echó en los huacales; pero teniendo en cuenta que le hacían falta a su mujer agujas, compró tres centavos, y siendo caras, le dieron tres. Este las echó sueltas en el huacal; pero también *alvirtió*⁴ que faltaban jarros y ollas, las que compró. Ya para marcharse al rancho, amarrándolas de la cola del burro. Se echó en camino, y cuando llegó, no llevaba ni jarros ni agujas. Su mujer se incomodó mucho por la inutilidad de su marido y dijo: "Este domingo voy yo a la plaza y tú te quedas a ver por la criatura," y así sucedió. Ensilló el burro, puso los *chiquihuites*, y antes de partir al pueblo entró y dijo a su marido: „Ten cuidado con el niño que está enfermo, tengo que traer al médico al regreso," y saliendo se fué al pueblo.

¹ *mole*, guisado condimentado con chile'.

² = taimado.

³ *huacal* o *guacal*, angarillas para trasportar efectos, cargándolas en las espaldás' (Robelo, 575).

⁴ = advirtió.

Como el ranhero era muy impaciente, comenzó a llorar el muchacho a mandíbula abierta, y éste le tentaba por dondequiera a ver si le sentía algo, y sintió que por la cabeza le brincaba la mollera. Entonces dijo: "Aquí está el veneno, con razón esta criatura llora tanto." Tomó un clavo que tenía mucha punta y comenzó a sacarle lo que hacía brincar la mollera, hasta dejarlo muerto.

Al llegar su mujer con el doctor, lo primero que hizo, fué ir a ver a su hijo, y encontró al esposo que le mecía en el *chimociale*¹. Este le dice: "Mujer infame, ¿cómo querías que este niño estuviera contento, pues tenía un tumor en la cabeza? Y se lo he reventado con un clavo, ya que perdí las agujas."

El doctor se acercó, y viendo lo que aquel individuo había hecho, dijo: "¡Esto no es curar, esto es sacar los sesos! El niño está muerto." Y la madre interrumpió en llorar.

9. *Anécdota.*

Una viejita iba todos los días a la iglesia a rezar a Dios porque no le quitara la vida al rey. Una vez el secretario del rey se encontró junto a la viejita y escuchó que la viejita decía: "Dios mío, no le quites la vida al rey." El segundo día volvió el secretario y vió a la viejita a la iglesia, y el tercero día, oyendo el secretario del rey que pedía a Dios con las mismas frases de no quitar la vida al rey, fué al palacio y le dijo al rey: "Señor, ahí 'stá una anciana en la iglesia que todos los días pide para Ud. que Dios no le quite la vida." — "Bueno, me hicieras el favor de mañana traérmela a ver que favores ha recibidos míos para implorar a Dios para mí." — El día siguiente el secretario encontrando a la viejita, la llevó ante el rey, y dejándola sola con él, salió el secretario. Y enseguida le dijo el rey a la viejecita: „Yo sé que tú pides a Dios para mí todos los días. ¿Qué bienes te he hecho?“ — Y ella le dijo: „Señor, soy anciana y he pasado por tres reinados. Conocía a su abuelo de Ud., a su padre y a Ud. Fué su abuelo de Ud. tan malo que murió, enseguida su padre de Ud. fué más malo, y ahora Ud. es mucho más malo, por lo que pido a Dios que a Ud. no quite la vida, porque puede venir otro mucho más malo que Ud.“²

¹ = azt. *ximotlale* 'siéntate', nombre de la hamaca.

² Todos los cuentos y canciones de Cuauhtlixcó, los debo al Sr. D. Ezequiel Salgado.

LOUISIANA SUPERSTITIONS.

COLLECTED BY HILDA ROBERTS.

We are told by those who really know folklore that from their folk-songs, proverbs, and stories one can almost reconstruct a vanished race. Any one with only a general knowledge of folklore, upon reading the following superstitions, would know at once that they are the race heritage of different peoples. Three races are represented — the white, the black, and the red; and of the white race there are three dominant nationalities — the French, the Spanish, and the Anglo-Saxon. These people all lived, and still live, in the little parish of Iberia in southwestern Louisiana, and it is there that all of these superstitions were collected.

Historically, Iberia Parish is a part of the Attakapas district. This is a beautiful body of land in southern Louisiana, famous for its bayous, lakes, and swamps and for its prairies and fertile soil. When the Europeans first came to America it was inhabited by the Attakapas Indians, a fierce, man-eating tribe, against whom other tribes had combined and succeeded in defeating in one great battle. Traces of the Indians may still be found in names, legends, and relics: the Bayou Teche, which flows through the parish, gets its name from an Indian legend, according to which the Indians came one day upon a monstrous snake, twisting and writhing and spitting forth fire; the tribe, with mighty shouts and great war cries, overcame it; this snake was the bayou, and the Indians gave to it the name "Tenche," signifying snake, which has now become Teche; nearby is Lake Catahoula, the Indian lake of sacrifice; Indian arrowheads, pottery, and bones have been dug up in the fields so often that they no longer excite curiosity; and the Indian's knowledge of the field and forest still survives in the folk-medicine of to-day.

During the French dominion in Louisiana the Attakapas district was visited by explorers and hunters, and possibly some few homes were established. In 1775, the Acadians, people of French descent in the province of Acadia, Nova Scotia, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown and were driven from their homes and landed on the coasts further south. Many of them, making their way overland to the Mississippi River, floated down to Louisiana; others came directly by boat; and still others came after several years, making stops on the way. Judge Martin in his "History of Louisiana" says that the Acadians arrived in 1755, but gives no authority for his statement; however, we do know that by February 28, 1765, several Acadian families, to the number of one hundred and ninety-three persons had arrived from Santo Domingo, and that by November 16, 1766, at least three other groups had come, and many of them had been sent to the Attakapas district.

These people were kindly received by both government and individuals, and were given grants of land and the necessities of life until they could provide for themselves.

They were descendants of French people who emigrated from France in the seventeenth century. Their education, principles, and life were provincial rather than French, by reason of their long absence from the mother country. Hence they brought with them ideas and habits formed after the provincial pattern. Being so different in many respects from those inhabitants of Louisiana who came to this country directly from France, they did not mingle with them to any considerable extent, but formed communities of their own and lived a lazy, peaceful, but uneventful life. Partly because of the nature of the country and partly because of the general lack of educational advantages they remained uneducated. Descendants of these people are the Cajans of to-day, who are availing themselves of every opportunity now and are rapidly increasing in wealth and intelligence.

Shortly after the arrival of these Acadians, Louisiana was ceded by France to Spain, and had been in Spanish possession only about twelve years, when, in 1778, Galvez received four hundred and ninety-nine men — one hundred and eleven from the Canary Islands — to recruit his battalion. More than half of them being married, Galvez decided to consider them colonists rather than soldiers, and sent them “under the command of Boulogny to form on Bayou Teche in the Attakapas country a settlement which was called New Iberia. At first they cultivated flax and hemp, but without success, and afterward attended solely to the raising of cattle in the vast praries of the Attakapas.”

Even before the arrival of the Acadians the Attakapas was a famous spot for French emigrés, by whom the town of St. Martinville, on Bayou Teche, was settled and nicknamed “le petit Paris,” the little Paris. Here the best families of the state came every year, attracted by the gaities of the place.

So far the negro, who has had an important part in receiving, and in turn transferring, superstition, has not been mentioned. With the first real settlements of Louisiana he was brought in; the Mississippi Company’s agricultural colonial scheme was based on the West Indian idea of African slave labor, and even as early as 1727, the number of blacks equalled, or exceeded, the number of whites.

And so, when following the Louisiana Purchase the “Americans” came into the Attakapas, they found there the French, the Acadians, the Spanish, and the Negro. Some of these pioneers were of English descent, others Scotch, and still others Irish. Gradually a few Germans drifted in from the German settlements farther east, and in later years a number of Italians have come.

Here, then, the nations of Europe met to overcome the dangers of the wilderness, threatened by contact with two savages races. The Indian has almost entirely disappeared; the negro remains; and from the white

race three distinct groups have evolved — the French, the Creoles or Cajans, who are descendants of French and Spanish ancestry, and the "Americans," who may be either English, Scotch, or Irish. Some effort has been made to distinguish the Cajans, descendants of the Acadians from the Creoles, but in Iberia Parish the terms are used almost synonymously. The term French, as here used, refers to a small group of refined, intelligent French people, who according to some classifications might be called Creoles but who could not possibly be confused with Cajans. That these people, transplanted to a wild new country where conditions were startlingly different from those at home, should retain the proverbs and superstitions of their home land is not to be wondered at. Indeed it seems that the very conditions of the country would tend to make them recall every hint of superstition, and then add to it. If you have ever been alone on a bayou, with woods on both sides of you, and heard the weird screech of an owl, even in the day time, you can easily understand how a simple Cajan or negro, hearing that sound at night, would feel that danger threatened and try to avert it.

Most of the superstitions listed are general. However, some few belong to one group. Of these the most typical, possibly, are the rhymes of the "Americans," which seem to be general throughout the United States. Such superstitions as,

"Sunset red and morning gray
Sends the traveler on his way.
Sunset gray and morning red
Sends the rain down on his head."

or: "A bride should wear,
Something old, something new,
Something borrowed. something blue,
And a bit of silver in the heel of her shoe."

surely are neither negro nor Creole.

The negro is naturally very superstitious and has done a great deal toward keeping alive the superstitions of the whites. Most white people who have had negro nurses have been told hundreds of them which they accepted as "nigger" superstition. However, when these are really studied they are found to be of European origin, and the negro, dragged from the wilds of Africa in a savage and superstitious state, absorbed from his masters the things which most appealed to his imagination, and has given those very things, sometimes with queer little twists, to his master's as well as his own children. Such, for instance, is the dread of a cat. A negro will not kill one; but neither will a great many white persons. A negro knows that he will have bad luck if a black cat crosses his path when he sets out on a journey; but some white people have been known to turn back under similar circumstances. A negro believes in

the remedial powers of a cat's blood; but I have known two cat cures among white people — one in which a child had shingles, and its parents at great inconvenience hunted up a black cat, cut off the tip of its tail, and with the blood made a cross on the child's chest to keep the inflammation from meeting; the other, in which the child nearly dead with diphtheria had the still-warm body of a cat, killed and cut open for that purpose, placed on its throat and left there for several hours.

The negro is often accused of being responsible for the owl superstition. This we know came also from Europe, and while it seems that only the black man would spit on the tongue of his shoe and turn it inside to drive the owl away, still when the white man hears the screech of an owl, a shiver goes down his back, and he is often guilty of quietly turning a shoe over on the window or of tying a knot in the sheet.

The most distinctly negro superstition is the hoodoo. The hoodoo doctors, or "traiteurs," are always old negro men or women who are resorted to for charms and countercharms by people of both colors. These charms consist of the usual bags containing roots, red flannel, graveyard dirt, etc., and of the burning of red candles, of the stacking of nails, and of the sprinkling of salt and pepper. There are certain ways of preventing hoodoo, such as wearing a dime on a string around the ankle, or wearing beads of a certain shade of blue. Feathers play an important part in hoodoo — a ring of feathers in one's pillow indicating beyond a doubt that he is hoodooed, or the use of the longest feather in the tail of a black rooster, by a man to "conjer" his girl. These two superstitions are decidedly negro, but the dread of feathers may have come from the Indians, for it is known that the Indians of the southwest had a great many superstitions respecting feathers of all kinds.

The credulity of negroes is often imposed upon. For instance, a stranger once appeared and told a family that he was in possession of a charm by which he could locate gold nearby, provided he was fed certain food for nine days. And so he feasted for the time, and on the tenth went out to look for the gold. He made certain signs and said certain charms and pointed to the spot where they must dig. And the negroes dug, but of course found nothing. He told them he would try again on the following day, and that he was sure that they would succeed then; and during the night he disappeared.

A few of the whites are afraid of the hoodoo. One of them had his teeth pulled because he thought that he was being hoodooed through them. Even some of the more intelligent whites resort to the "traiteurs" for treatment when they are sick, sometimes having a "traiteur" and a physician at the same time — without the physician's knowledge, of course.

About the snake two kinds of superstition seem to have centered, one treating it as harmful and the other as protective. According to the first, you will have bad luck if a snake crosses your path, or if you dream of snakes; but according to the second, if you wear a string of snake bones

around your ankle, snakes will never bite you. This first kind of superstition is general, and seems to go back to the ancient hostility set forth in Genesis 3:1—5; but the latter kind is practised by blacks only, and is especially interesting when compared with the serpent of brass set up as a cure for serpent bites, Numbers 21:8—9.

The Creoles are practically all Catholic, and some of their superstitions seem to have grown from religious origins; for example those connected with making the sign of the cross, with religious holidays, or with the statue of St. Joseph. Some families make the sign of the cross on a loaf of bread before cutting it, so that they will always have plenty of bread; or they make it over a fire when lighting it, so that it will burn well; and boys dip their hands into the water and make it before they step in when they go swimming, so that they will not drown. Just making a cross, or making a cross and spitting, seems to be a general way of averting ill luck or of the opposite, "grisgris." A Creole will not dig in the ground on Good Friday, for if he does he will see blood; there is always rain on that day, for even the heavens weep on the day of the death of Christ; an egg laid on Good Friday will turn to wax if kept until the next Good Friday; and on that day also the roosters always crow at three o'clock. Cows get down on their knees at midnight on Christmas Eve, and at the same time animals talk to each other. The origin of the St. Joseph superstitions is evident: if a girl wishes to be married let her carry a St. Joseph image for six months and by that time she will have a husband; if you carry St. Joseph bread in your pocketbook you will always have money; or, having asked St. Joseph for anything which you have not received, stand his image on its head or whip it and sprinkle ashes on it, and you will soon secure what you wish.

A number of the superstitious customs connected with funerals seem to be observed most commonly by the Creoles—such as covering or reversing mirrors and stopping clocks. Chief among their folk remedies are salt, black pepper, and *vinegar*. The simple Creoles or Cajuns resort to the negro "traiteurs" as frequently as do their negro brethren for such things as "fallen palate," whooping cough, toothache, or asthma.

One superstition, that if in telling where a boil is on someone else's body you point to that same spot on your own, a boil will appear there, I have heard only among Germans. Another, that it is bad luck to spill olive oil, seems to be Italian.

Included in this collection are certain things that might more properly be called folk-medicine than superstition. And yet, if asked why one thing should be used instead of another, the average person who uses these cures could not answer. Why, for instance, are ivy leaves used as a dressing for wounds? Is it because of some medicinal property, or is it because the leaves are *tri*-foliate? Possibly one, or the other, or possibly both. Mr. Bergen says of folk-medicine, "Medicine is so largely empirical, it is so difficult to be sure whether a given course of treatment has

proved beneficial or not, the 'vis medicatrix naturae' is so great and so obscure a factor in most cases, that there has always been much chance in medical practice for what might be called sincere quackery. Let it once be suggested that a given substance might cure a certain disease, and let its remedial virtues be tried in a few cases. If some of the patients recover, it is sure to be argued, by a similar process of reasoning, that the remedy effected the cure.

"Apparently the possession of a disgusting smell or taste has sufficed to give a substance a reputation for curative properties. It is very evident that anything singular in the aspect of a plant, ... is a strong recommendation for its adoption in the list of remedial herbs. ...

"In folk medicine there is a noticeable tendency to outgrow the use of remedies of animal origin, while the list of herbs credited with medicinal virtues remains a long one."

This will be found true of the folk medicine here.

A great many of these superstitions are believed, or laughed at and still half-believed by people of all classes — some of those who most heartily assert that they are not at all superstitious, not knowing how superstitious they really are.

This list is not nearly complete; yet it is large and varied enough to be fairly representative of all types of superstition and of all groups present.

The arrangement has been made according to the scheme used by Daniel and Lucy Thomas in their collection of Kentucky superstitions. A comparison of these two groups is interesting. Of the 1585 from Louisiana, nearly three hundred are identical with those of Kentucky and others are similar. These two peoples have had no direct contact with each other, and their superstitions have been brought into the country with them. The negro is present in both, but it is generally agreed by students of folk-lore that he brought with him and perpetuated but few superstitions peculiar to himself, except possibly those dealing with the hoodoo, or voodoo. Therefore, we must conclude that the English and Scotch-Irish people, moving into Kentucky from Virginia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, brought with them a certain deep-rooted body of superstition, which in their isolated mountain life, they have retained to the present day; and that the same sort of English and Scotch-Irish people, moving in another direction and coming to Louisiana, brought with them the same superstitions, which in their isolated bayou and swamp life have lived on; and that to these superstitions in Louisiana were added those of the French and Spanish.

If these collections are compared to that of the Pennsylvania Germans as given by Professor Edwin Fogel in his "Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans," it will be found that the three have much in common, and that these superstitions are not of recent origin, but are old survivals of a time when they were accepted by nearly all Europeans.

In the following quotation Professor Thomas might easily have included Louisianians: "As Pennsylvania Germans and Kentuckians are in general probably much more conservative than the average of Americans, inherited beliefs doubtless persist with exceptional strength among them; yet superstitions, it may safely be said, have disappeared entirely from no community in our country."

BIRTH AND CHILD LIFE.

1. A woman is most beautiful just before the birth of her first child.
2. If a pregnant woman eats a twin fruit or vegetable she will give birth to twins.
3. An expectant mother need not have her teeth filled, for the filling will come out in a very short time.
4. If an expectant mother is frightened and places her hand upon her body, the child will have a mark upon its body at the place which she has touched.
5. If a pregnant woman has an *envie* (craves a certain thing to eat), she must be given that particular food or when the baby is born it will be marked with it.
6. It is bad luck for a pregnant woman to weigh herself.
7. Turn the bed around in which the second baby of the family is to be born if you wish its sex to be different from that of the first.
8. A baby's layette should always contain something old.
9. If a birthmark is found upon the body of a newly born baby feed the baby a few drops of whatever caused the mark and it will disappear.
10. Babies are brought by storks.
11. Babies are found in cabbage patches.
12. If a child is born with a caul he will be able to see ghosts and converse with them.
13. A baby's head should not be washed.
14. A midwife should plant a flower for a baby at its birth.
15. If the mole of a baby's head does not beat, the baby will die. (Negroes make plasters of various kinds to cause it to beat.)
16. A newly born baby must have a slight eruption over its nose and cheeks or it will surely die.
17. It is good luck for visitors to place a silver coin in a baby's hand.
18. If a baby's hand closes tightly over anything put into it, it will be stingy when it is grown.
19. If a baby's hand does not close tightly over anything put into it it will be generous.
20. When a baby is moved for the first time, let it be up.
21. A good-looking baby makes an ugly grown person.
22. An ugly baby makes a good-looking grown person.

23. If a baby has a cowlick, it will be beautiful.
24. It is bad luck for the first son or daughter to be named for the father or mother.
25. If a child is named for a deceased member of the family it will not live to be old.
26. If a baby eats dirt it is a sign that his physical condition is such that he needs it.
27. If a baby has colic feed it some of the food which the mother has eaten, and it will be cured.
28. If a baby does not cry when it is being christened it will have a short life.
29. If one of a pair of twins is sick the other will soon be sick also.
30. Twins of the same sex do not live to maturity.
31. A twin never gives birth to twins.
32. It is bad luck to put a man's hat on a baby, for it will make it teethe hard.
33. You will have bad luck if you let a theething baby look into a mirror.
34. Never cut a baby's nails until after it has teethed.
35. If you cut a baby's nails it will be a thief, unless you cut them into an open Bible.
36. Nine joints of a certain wild plant are strung and worn around a baby's neck for easy teething.
37. A baby will teethe easily if allowed to chew on alligator teeth.
38. A sheep bone tied around a baby's neck so that it can chew on it makes it teethe easily.
39. If a baby smiles in its sleep it is talking to angels.
40. When a baby sticks out its tongue it is a sign that it wants something for which its mother craved before its birth. Try feeding it different kinds of foods until the right one is found, and then the baby will no longer put out its tongue.
41. Do not tickle a baby, for it will cause it to stammer.
42. A baby's hair should not be cut, for cutting it will make it teethe hard.
43. If you put a baby's diaper on the floor the baby will have the colic.
44. It is bad luck to hand a baby out of the window.
45. It is bad luck to lay a baby on the table.
46. For a baby to crawl, then walk, then crawl again signifies company.
47. Feed a child who wets the bed fried rat, and you will cure him.
48. The good die young.
49. A child never catches a disease from an old person.
50. If a child picks at its nose it is a sign that it has worms.
51. If a person steps over a child it will not grow anymore unless he steps back.
52. Boys are made of rats and snails and puppy dog tails; girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

53. Before examinations children should sleep with their books under their pillows in order that they may pass.
54. If a child drops a book it is a sign that he will miss that lesson.
55. If a child drops a book it is a sign that he will miss that lesson unless someone else picks up the book for him.
56. If a child hits a person with a book the person hit will soon go to jail.
57. A child must not study a lesson on the way to school, for he will miss it if he does.

WISHES.

58. Make a wish on the new moon, and it will come to pass.
59. Look at the new moon over the left shoulder and make a wish, and it will surely come to pass.
60. When you make a wish do not tell it, for if you do it will not come to pass.
61. If you see an eyelash on a friend's face, tell her to make a wish and make one yourself; then she must choose an eye for herself, and if it be the one from which the lash came her wish will come true, but if not you will get your wish.
62. When you see a white horse make a wish on it, and it will come true.
63. Take a piece of love vine, whirl it over your head three times, and throw it over your left shoulder, making a wish as you do. You must not look at the vine again, and if it grows your wish will come true.
64. Make a wish when you go into a house for the first time, and it will come true.
65. When you see a load of hay make a wish; don't look at the hay again and the wish will come true.
66. If you put your bonnet on wrong side out and someone tells you about it make a wish before you speak and it will come true.
67. If the hem of your skirt is turned up spit on it and make a wish while you are straightening it, and the wish will come true.
68. Make a wish on the bud of a coral vine; try to pop it and if it pops then your wish will come true.
69. When you find a hairpin make a wish on it and hang it on the first nail you see; when it comes off your wish will come true.
70. Make a wish and open the Bible at random. If on the pages opened the words, "And it shall come to pass," are found your wish will come true.
71. If two persons utter the same words at the same time they must (without speaking) lock little fingers, make a wish, and then say "needles," "pins," or each name an author.
72. Make a wish on a rose petal placed on the forefinger and thumb of your closed hand; strike it with the other hand and if it pops your wish will come true.

73. If two people say the same thing at the same time they should pinch each other and make a wish.
74. When two persons say the same thing at the same time they should lock little fingers, make a wish, and cut it.
75. Make three wishes when you first enter a new building, and they will all be granted.
76. Eat the point of the pie last and make a wish on it, and it will come true.
77. Make three wishes when you enter a church for the first time, and they will all be granted.
78. If you look at a clock and find the hands extending in a straight line, make a wish and it will be granted.
79. If you look at a clock and find the hands extending in a straight line, extend your arms at straight angles and make a wish and it will be granted.
80. If you find a pin stick it into your dress on the left shoulder and make a wish. The next person you meet must take the pin and your wish will be granted.
81. Two people may make a wish on the "wishbone" of a chicken. Each takes hold of one end and they pull; the one holding the top when it is broken gets his wish.
82. Make a wish on the first straw hat you see in the spring, and it will come true.
83. Put a ring on a girl's finger, make a wish, and tell her when she may remove the ring. If she does not remove it until that time, the wish will come true.
84. Turn a ring upon another person's finger three times, making a wish as you do so, and the wish will come true.
85. Make a wish and determine upon a certain number of rings which you will turn upon other people's fingers; when you have turned that number of rings your wish will come true.
86. If you drop something pointed and it sticks up make a wish before you pick it up, and it will come true.
87. When you see a number of buzzards flying, pick out one and make a wish on him. If he flaps his wings immediately after you have made your wish it will come true.
88. If you see a single buzzard flying, make a wish on him. If he flaps his wings immediately after you have made your wish it will come true.
89. Make a wish on the first star you see in the evening and it will come true.
90. When you see the first star in the evening make a wish and say,
"Star light, star bright,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight."

91. If you make a wish on the first star you see you must not look at it again nor at any person before you see another star if you wish your wish to come true.
92. Make a wish and count nine stars on nine consecutive nights; on the tenth day your wish will come true.
93. When you see a star "shoot" make a wish while it is still moving or before you speak and it will come true.
94. Pick out any star in the sky and make a wish on it. Your wish will come true if you do not look at it again that night.
95. Make a wish on the first load of hay you see in the fall and it will come true.

DIVINATIONS.

96. If a quilt is thrown over a woman immediately after it is taken out of the frame she will soon be married.
97. If a cook forgets to salt food she is in love.
98. Count nine stars for nine nights and on the ninth night you will dream of the person whom you are to marry.
99. If a girl uses a long thread when she is sewing it is a sign that she is to be boss when she is married.
100. A girl who loves cats will be an old maid.
101. If you step on a cat's tail, it is a sign that you will not be married that year.
102. If a girl is bridesmaid at a wedding where a widower is best man she will never be married.
103. If a new roof is put on an old house there will soon be a wedding there.
104. If you lose a knife it is a sign that you will soon lose your heart.
105. If two knives are placed at a person's plate it is a sign that he will soon attend a wedding.
106. Two forks at a gentleman's plate mean that he will have two wives.
107. If a man gives a girl a knife, it will cut their love.
108. To cross dishes at a table is a sign of a wedding.
109. The accidental placing of two spoons in a cup is a sign of a wedding.
110. To find the first letter in the name of her future husband a girl holds the stem of an apple in one hand and the apple in the other, slowly twisting the apple and repeating the letters of the alphabet as she does so. The letter which she is saying when the apple breaks off is the desired one.
- III. Name an apple for your beau, eat it and count the seeds saying,
 "One, I love; two, I love; three, I love I say;
 Four, I love with all my heart; and five, I cast away;
 Six, he loves; seven, she loves;
 Eight, they both love;
 Nine he comes; ten he tarries;
 Eleven, he courts; and twelve he marries."

112. Place all the apple seeds (in 111) in your mouth, spit them out into your hand, and slap them to your forehead. The number sticking there indicates the number of children you will have.
113. The number of seeds over twelve in 111 indicates the number of children.
114. If you can break an apple in two, it is a sign that you are going to be married; if you cannot it is a sign that you are never to be married.
115. If a lady finds a four-leaf clover and puts it in her left shoe, the first man she crosses a bridge with, is the man whom she is going to marry.
116. If the lines of your hand form the letter M, it is a sign that you are to marry.
117. Close your left hand. The number of ridges at the base of your little finger indicates the number of times you are to be married.
118. If you can make the forefinger and little finger meet over the back of your hand it is a sign that you are going to be married.
119. Let a person draw a straw several times over your forehead, your nose, your upper lip, and your chin, naming a person for each. The one which tickles you most indicates the person who loves you most.
120. Let a friend take one of your eyelashes and, putting her fingers together, thumb against thumb, etc., conceal the lash between one pair of fingers. Then you must name a person of opposite sex for each pair of fingers, and the person whose name falls on that containing the eyelash, loves you.
121. For anyone to step on your heels is a sign that she wants your beau.
122. When you plant a tree or bush name it for some person; if it grows the person loves you.
123. Throw a piece of love vine over your left shoulder so that it will fall upon a tree or bush, at the same time naming it for someone of opposite sex. If it grows that person loves you.
124. To find whether your beau loves you pull out a strand of your hair and draw it between the nails of your thumb and forefinger, If the hair curls as you do this he loves you.
125. Write the names of a boy and girl. Strike out all the common letters and name over the words, "love," "friendship," "courtship," "hatred," "marriage," on the remaining ones; this will indicate the feeling of each toward the other.
126. Close your left hand and put a rose petal between the base of the thumb and the forefinger, naming it for your sweetheart; strike it with your right hand and if it pops he loves you.
127. Name the unopened bud of a coral vine for your sweetheart; if you can pop it, he loves you.
128. If your shoe-string becomes untied it is a sign that your sweetheart is thinking of you.

129. If you are drinking out of a cup or glass that is very full and you spill some of the contents it is a sign that your husband or wife, as the case may be, is untrue to you.
130. Two people break a wish bone by pulling it. The one holding the shorter end when it is broken, will marry first. To find out who her lover is she must place the broken bone over a door, and he is the first man who passes under it.
131. If a briar, branch, etc. catches on to your skirt you have caught a beau; say the letters of the alphabet as you walk and it will fall off as you say the letter which is the initial of his name.
132. If a girl finds a five-leaf clover, it is a sign that she is going to be an old maid.
133. If a girl runs around the block with her mouth full of water the next man's name she hears will be the same as her future husband's.
134. Tickle a girl on the knee and say,
 "Miss . . . , Miss . . . , I tickle your knee,
 If you laugh or you smile Mrs. . . . you 'll be."
135. Count and stamp one hundred straw hats and the next man you see is the one whom you are going to marry.
136. If you find a spider's web with M woven in it you are soon to be married.
137. If in rising from a chair you turn the chair over backward, you will not be married that year.
138. Peel an apple and throw the whole peeling over your left shoulder. If it does not break but forms a letter, that letter is the initial of your beau's name. If it breaks you have no beau.
139. When two girls spend the night in a strange room each names the corners of the room for the beaux of the other. The first corner looked at in the morning bears the name of the real lover.
140. If you look under the bed at night you will be an old maid.
141. Count and stamp one hundred white horses. The first man you see wearing a red tie after you have done this is the one whom you will marry.
142. In the above, one grey mule may be counted as five horses.
143. If a girl sews a piece of her hair into a wedding dress she will be the next person married.
144. "You made a rhyme,
 You'll see your beau before nine."
145. If you accidentally make a rhyme in talking, count the words in the two rhyming lines. The resulting number is the number of the letter of the alphabet forming the initial letter of your destined mate's name.
146. If two people are shaking hands and another couple do the same so as to cross hands with them, a marriage within the year for one of the party is indicated.

147. If you try on a bride's veil you will be an old maid.
148. After the wedding, when the bride's bouquet is thrown to her friends it is caught by the one who will be the next to marry.
149. When you marry if you
 "Change the name and not the letter
 Change for worse and not for better."
150. Old maids run in families. If there is an old maid in one generation there will surely be one in the next.
151. If a girl is sewing and her thread keeps knotting, it is because her beau is thinking about her.
152. If you can hold a match and let it burn every bit of the wood, your beau loves you.
153. The burnt match in 152 will fall in the direction in which he lives.
154. Count the buttons on a woman's dress to see what kind of wedding dress she will have, saying,
 "Silk, satin, calico, rags; silk, . . ."
155. Count the buttons on a woman's dress to see what her husband will be, saying,
 "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,
 Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."
156. If your initials spell a word you will some day be rich.

MARRIAGE.

157. If in rising from a chair you upset it, it, is a sign that you will never marry.
158. If a girl tries on a bride's wedding dress she herself will never be married.
159. Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.
160. You will have bad luck if you take off your engagement ring.
161. You will have bad luck if you lose your engagement ring.
162. A bride-to-be should not try on the wedding ring.
163. It is bad luck to try on any wedding clothes.
164. A married woman will have bad luck if she removes her wedding ring.
165. If you cry at all on your wedding day you will cry a great deal during your married life.
166. A bride should always wear something blue. (Color of the virgin.)
167. A bride should never wear anything black.
168. It is bad luck to shed tears at a wedding.
169. A double wedding brings bad luck.
170. Throw an old shoe after a newly-married couple for luck.
171. Throw rice on a newly-married couple for luck.
172. A bride should have orange blossoms in her bouquet for luck.
173. Don't get married in May — you will have bad luck if you do.

174. A bride should always wear a piece of silver in the heel of her shoe.
(A dime is usually worn.)
175. A bride should wear
 "Something old, something new,
 Something borrowed, something blue,
 And a bit of silver in the heel of her shoe."
176. If you kiss the bride before the groom does, you will have very good luck.
177. "If you marry in red you'll wish yourself dead;
 If you marry in green you're ashamed to be seen;
 If you marry in yellow you're ashamed of your fellow;
 If you marry in white you've chosen all right;
 If you marry in brown you'll live out of town;
 If you marry in blue your love will be true;
 If you marry in black you'll wish yourself back."
178. If it rains at all on your wedding day you are going to cry a lot during your married life.
179. A bride should pass small pieces of wedding cake through her wedding ring for her friends to dream on. Place a piece of this cake under your pillow and sleep on it for seven nights; on the seventh night you will dream of the one whom you are to marry.
180. When a bride and groom come home and eat the first meal in their new home, the number of people at the table indicates the number to be in the family.
181. A man and woman who have stood as best man and bridesmaid at a wedding never marry each other.
182. It is bad luck to postpone a wedding.
183. You will have bad luck if you lose your wedding ring.
184. It is bad luck for anyone to cry at a wedding.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

185. If a sick person asks about the time, it is a sign that he will die soon.
186. If a sick person talks about a dead person, it is a sign that he will die soon.
187. Never let a sick person die on a feather bed, for if you do, he will die hard.
188. You will have bad luck if anything dies in your hand.
189. If a man's hat falls in front of an undertaker's he must not pick it up. He will die soon if he does.
190. If an old person builds a new home he soon dies.
191. When one of an old couple dies the other soon follows.
192. If a shark follows a ship someone on board will soon die.
193. If the ears ring the deathbell it is a sign of death in the family.
194. When a star shoots, someone dies.

195. A family believed that they were warned before the death of any of them by a ball of fire going through the house.
196. Don't have a funeral when you bury a dead pet.
197. Children should not have a play funeral; there will be a real one in the family soon if they do.
198. For a picture of anyone who is dead to fall from the wall is a sign of death.
199. If any picture falls from the wall it is a sign of death,
200. If you wear mourning clothes belonging to anyone else you will soon have to wear some of your own.
201. Never put on a widow's bonnet.
202. It is a sign of death to cut a window or door in an old wall.
203. It is bad luck to comment about anything at a funeral.
204. Don't comment on a coffin — you will die within the year.
205. It is a sign of death in a house for a hearse to stop before it.
206. If a hearse passes you and you see your reflection in its glass windows you will be the next person to ride in it.
207. You will have bad luck if you count the numbers of vehicles in a funeral procession.
208. Do not count the number of carriages in a funeral; if you do you will die in that number of weeks which there were carriages.
209. If a corpse is taken out through a window there will soon be another death in the family.
210. A corpse should always be placed with its feet toward the street.
211. It is bad luck to make a shroud for a person who is not yet dead.
212. If the reflection of a corpse is seen in a mirror another member of the family will soon die.
213. If you see the reflection of a corpse in a mirror, you yourself will soon die.
214. Cover with white cloth all the mirrors in a room where there is a corpse.
215. Cover with black cloth all the mirrors in the room where there is a corpse.
216. Turn to the wall all mirrors in the room where there is a corpse.
217. Never sweep in a house where there is a corpse, for if you do you will sweep another member of the family away.
218. Where there is a death in the family stop all clocks until the corpse is taken away.
219. Close all doors when a funeral passes the house; you will have bad luck if you don't.
220. There will be a death in your family if you cross a funeral.
221. It is unlucky to pass through a funeral.
222. It is bad luck to meet a funeral, especially on a corner.
223. You will have bad luck if you keep funeral notices.

- 224. If there is a funeral on Sunday, before the year is out there will be another in the same family.
- 225. If a grave is left open over Sunday there will be another death in the family before the year is over.
- 226. If there is a funeral in town on Sunday, there will be one every day of that week there.
- 227. If a person dies on Sunday and is buried on Sunday he becomes an angel.
- 228. A grave should be made on the day on which a person is to be buried. It is bad luck for it to be left open all night.
- 229. Bury a body so that it will face the east.
- 230. If a bird sings in the graveyard while a person is being buried, his soul goes to heaven.
- 231. Any trouble, delay, etc., at a funeral indicates another funeral in the family soon.
- 232. If the handle of a spade or shovel cracks when a grave is being dug the person for whom the grave is being made goes to the devil.
- 233. If there are thunder and lightning while a person is being buried his soul goes to the devil.
- 234. If it rains on a coffin while it is being carried out of a church the corpse is blessed.
- 235. It always rains when an old person dies.
- 236. Never step over a grave; if you do you will die soon.
- 237. It is bad luck to open a grave; someone else in the family will die soon if it is done.
- 238. You will have bad luck if you take anything from a grave.
- 239. Do not stand on a grave; you will have bad luck if you do.
- 240. When a sudden shiver runs through you it is a sign that a 'possum jumped over your grave.
- 241. When a sudden shiver runs through your body it is a sign that a rabbit jumped over your grave.

THE HUMAN BODY.

- 242. A long nose is a sign of intelligence.
- 243. If the nose itches it is a sign of a fight — if on the left side with a man if on the right with a woman.
- 244. If the nose itches company is coming.
- 245. If the right side of the nose itches a gentlemen wishes to see you.
- 246. If the left side of the nose itches a lady wishes to see you.
- 247. If your nose itches you will kiss a fool.
- 248. If your right ear burns someone is saying something good about you; if the left, something bad.
- 249. The ear is the only part of the body that does not stop growing until death.

250. If the left ear rings it signifies that someone is saying something good about you; if the right, something bad.
251. Big eyes take beauty. (Said of babies meaning that they will be beautiful.)
252. If your right eye jumps "someone is talking about you bad." Name several people and the one who is mentioned when the eye stops is the one who is doing the talking.
253. If the left eye jumps what is being said is good.
254. If you are making faces by pulling your eyes down and the wind changes while you are doing it, you will go blind.
255. If the right eye jumps you are going to hear good news
256. If the left eye jumps you are going to hear bad news.
257. If your right eye itches it is a sign that you are going to cry.
258. If your left eye itches it is a sign that you are going to hear pleasant news — have a good time.
259. If you meet a cross-eyed person on Monday or Friday it's bad luck for you all the week.
260. It is bad luck to meet a cross-eyed woman, but good luck to meet a cross-eyed man.
261. If you pass a cross-eyed person you must spit or you will have bad luck.
262. If you meet a cross-eyed person in the morning you will have bad luck all day.
263. Never look a crossed-eyed person in the eye for you will have bad luck if you do.
264. When a cross-eyed person looks at you cross your fingers to keep from having bad luck.
265. You will have bad luck if you look at a cross-eyed person.
266. If you meet a cross-eyed person you must spit three times or you will have bad luck.
267. It is very bad luck to meet a cross-eyed person.
268. If a person's eyebrows meet he is of a very mean disposition.
269. If there is a wide space between a person's eyebrows he is intelligent.
270. A dimple in the chin, devil within.
271. A dimple is the mark left by the kiss of an angel.
272. If your lip itches someone wants to kiss you.
273. A person with a big mouth is always good-natured.
274. A fever blister on the lips shows that you have been kissed.
275. If you have a blister on the tongue it shows that you have told a lie.
276. If your tongue is sore it is a sign that you have told a lie.
277. If you bite yourself when you are talking it is a sign that you are telling a lie.
278. If you have a tooth pulled and a pig gets it a pig tooth will grow in your mouth in its place; if a dog gets it a dog tooth will grow.

279. If you have a tooth pulled and do not put your tongue in its place a gold tooth will grow there.
280. To comb the hair at night makes one forgetful.
281. If you brush your hair with a brush in which there is someone else's hair, you will quarrel with that person.
282. A person with a great deal of hair on his body is strong.
283. Always burn the hair from your comb, for if a bird gets it for his nest your hair will turn to feathers.
284. Take a strand of your hair and pull it in little jerks, counting each jerk; the number at which it breaks indicates the number of years you will live.
285. It used to be the custom to keep hair from friends. Any wish made while looking at such a collection will come true.
286. Do not throw your hair away. If you do and birds get it and line their nests with it you will have headaches.
287. It is bad luck to throw combings where birds can get them to build their nests with. The one whose hair is so used will go crazy.
288. A hairy child will become a strong man.
289. In the dark of the moon cut off the end of your hair and bury it. Your hair will then grow long and thick.
290. If you burn the combings from your hair it will fall out.
291. Burn the ends of your hair on the first Friday night after the new moon to make it grow long and thick.
292. Cut your hair on the first Friday after the new moon to make it grow long and thick.
293. Don't comb your hair at night or you will go crazy.
294. Hair and beard grow after death.
295. A hair on the shoulder means that you are going to get a letter.
296. A person's hair may turn white from fright.
297. If you pull out one white hair two will in grow its place.
298. Red hair indicates a quick temper.
299. If a woman likes to wear pretty pins or combs in her hair it is a sign that she will some day wear a crown. (Go to heaven.)
300. If two persons comb the hair of a third the youngest will soon die.
301. Never let your hands rest on your head. You will have bad luck if you do.
302. You will have bad luck if you sleep with your hands above your head.
303. Cold hands, warm heart.
304. Cold hands, warm heart,
Dirty feet, and no sweetheart.
305. If the right hand itches you are going to spend money.
306. If the left hand itches you are going to receive money.
307. If the palm of the left hand itches it is a sign of money. To be sure to receive the money scratch it over a pocket.

308. If the palm of the right hand itches it is a sign that you will shake hands with a stranger.
309. If your right hand itches you will get money.
"Scratch it on wood, come good."
310. If your left hand itches you will get a letter.
311. If a person is in the habit of talking in his sleep and you put the little finger of his left hand in water he will answer any question that you ask him.
312. If when you stiffen out your hand the ends of your fingers turn up, you will be able to play the piano well.
313. Don't stir medicine with the left hand, for it makes it nasty.
314. A left-handed person owes the devil a day's work.
315. Pull each of your fingers. You have told a lie that day for every one that pops.
316. White spots on the nails, commencing with the thumb, mean,
"A friend, a foe,
A present, a beau,
A journey to go."
317. Old darkies do not cut their nails, for they say that their strength is in them.
318. If the shingles meet on a person he will die.
319. If your stomach itches you are soon to go to a feast.
320. If in telling where someone else had a boil you point to some spot on your body you yourself will have one on that spot.
321. If you hug your knees you hug trouble.
322. If a girl kisses her toe she will turn into a boy.
323. If you kiss your elbow you will change your sex.
324. If you are going to someone's house and stub your left foot you are not welcome there.
325. You are going to have a surprise if you stub your right foot.
326. You are going to have a disappointment if you stub your left foot.
327. You will have good luck if you stub your left foot.
328. If you stub your left toe you must "pass it on" or you will be disappointed. (You do this by touching the next person you see.)
329. If your right foot itches you are going where you will be welcome; if the left, where you will not be.
330. If the sole of the right foot itches one will change ground for the better.
331. If the sole of the left foot itches one will change ground for the worse.
332. If the sole of the foot itches you will walk on strange ground.
333. You will have bad luck if you straighten a rug with your foot.
334. Put your right foot down first when you get up in the morning. If you put your left foot down first you will be cross all day.
335. Never cross your feet — it is a very bad sign.

336. If you live in the swamp you will become web-toed.
 337. Do not put your feet higher than your head.
 338. If you step on someone's heel it is a sign that you are trying to take one of his friends away.
 339. Never start anywhere on the left foot, for you will have bad luck if you do. If you notice that you have started on the left foot, go back, sit down, and start over again.
 340. If a girl's second toe is longer than her first it is a sign that she is to be boss when she is married.
 341. If you pull a hair from a mole you will make a cancer of it.
 342. If you pick a mole you make a cancer of it.
 343. "Mole on the neck,
 Money by the peck."
 344. A mole on the neck shows that you will be rich.
 345. A mole on the neck shows that you will be hanged,
 346. A lean horse, a long race.
 347. No man is ever exactly six feet high, for that was the height of Christ.
 348. If you clasp your hands behind your neck you will have trouble.
 349. Do not sleep with your head at the foot of the bed, for you will be sick if you do.
 350. Do not eat standing up. The youngest person in the house will die within a month if you do.
 351. Sit down when you drink coffee, or you will never be rich.
 352. You will have bad luck if someone steps over you.
 353. It is bad luck to crawl over a person in bed.

SALIVA.

354. If your foot is asleep spit on your finger and make a cross on your foot with it and it will soon be all right.
 355. If you see a caterpillar you must spit; you will be disappointed if you don't.
 356. If you see a cross-eyed person spit to avert the bad luck you would have otherwise.
 357. If you want to hold anything firmly spit on your hands before you take it.
 358. Spit on an insect bite to cure it.
 359. When you have lost anything spit in your hand and strike it with the forefinger of your other hand. The direction in which it flies is the one you must take to find the lost object.

SNEEZES.

360. "Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
 Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
 Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;

Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow; — —
Sneeze on Saturday, see your beau tomorrow;
Sneeze on Sunday, hell all the week."

- 361. Sneeze on Saturday, joy for Sunday.
- 362. Sneeze on Sunday, work hard Monday.
- 363. If you sneeze three times a day you are going to be disappointed.
- 364. It is a good sign to sneeze.
- 365. If you sneeze once a day you are going to miss something.
- 366. If you sneeze twice a day you are going to get a kiss.
- 367. If someone sneezes at a table where thirteen people are sitting the oldest or the youngest will die within the year.
- 368. If the oldest or youngest person at a table sneezes it is a sure sign of death for one of them.
- 369. Sneezing at the table is a sign of company for the next meal.
- 370. For anyone to sneeze with his mouth full is a sign of death.
- 371. If someone sneezes while something is being said it is a sign that it is the truth.

CURES AND PREVENTIVES.

- 372. Cobweb will stanch the flow of blood.
- 373. A piece of paper rolled up and placed between the front teeth and upper lip will cure bleeding of the nose.
- 374. Wear a brass ring for bleeding at the nose.
- 375. Wear coral to cure nosebleed.
- 376. Wear string around the little finger for nosebleeding and lift the hand if the nose begins to bleed.
- 377. If the nose is bleeding tie a string around the little finger of the hand on the side which is bleeding and hold that hand up in the air.
- 378. A silver coin, steel scissors, key, knife, etc., pressed on the back of the neck will cure bleeding of the nose.
- 379. To cure a child of asthma stand him up by a post and lay a knife on his head and run it into the post. When the child grows above this knife he will no longer have asthma.
- 380. Negroes cure asthma by taking some of the victim's hair, tying it up in red flannel, and putting it in the crack of the door.
- 381. To cure a child of asthma stand him up against a tree and bore a hole just above his head. Into this hole put some of the child's hair and then stop it up. When the child grows above the hair he will no longer have the asthma.
- 382. To cure a child of croup stand him up against a tree and run a knife through his hair into the tree burying some of his hair. When the child grows above the hair he will no longer have the croup.
- 383. As a cure for croup have the child wear amber beads.

384. A way to keep a child from having croup is to take the print of the child's foot on the south side of a tree. When the child outgrows this footprint he will no longer have croup.
385. A way to cure croup is to bore a hole in the wall behind a door at the height of the child's head. Put some of the child's hair into the hole and cork it up. The child will no longer have croup.
386. Tea made with a pig's toe nails will cure pneumonia.
387. Take a child across running water to cure whooping-cough.
388. To cure whooping-cough race a horse until it is hot and breathing hard; then stop it suddenly and let it breathe into the mouth of the child affected.
389. To keep a child from having whooping-cough take him to a house that is just being built, stand him against the wall, and bore a small hole in it just above his head. Then put some of his hair into it, plug up the hole, and cut the hair off. As he grows above this he will not have the whooping-cough.
390. If a person who has whooping-cough will eat a "red-head" (a woodpecker) he will be cured.
391. Give a child mare's milk as a cure for whooping cough.
392. Mutton suet rubbed on a baby's feet will cure a cold.
393. A child with diphtheria was nearly dead. The neighbors cut off a cat's head, cut the body open, and placed it still warm on the child's throat. The child lived, and the cure was credited to the cat.
394. Use horehound tea or horehound candy for colds.
395. Use tansy tea or tansy in whiskey for cramps.
396. Roast an onion and squeeze the juice into the ear to restore hearing.
397. To cure sun-pain negroes set the victim in the sun, cover a glass of water with a white cloth, and, upsetting it over his head mutter certain words. The pain leaves immediately.
398. For sore throat sleep with a stocking which you have worn on the left foot that day, wrapped around your throat.
399. Drink tea made from elder flowers for the headache.
400. Drink hop tea for neuralgia.
401. Make poultices of hop flowers or leaves for neuralgia.
402. Make poultices of hot ashes for neuralgia.
403. Make poultices of hot salt for neuralgia.
404. To cure headache carry the rattle of a rattlesnake in your pocket.
405. Wear cornbeads to prevent or cure headache.
406. Cross two matches in your hair to cure headache.
407. Use the mother's milk as a cure for a baby's sore eyes.
408. To cure a sty rub it with a wedding ring which has been rubbed until it is warm.
409. To cure a sty rub it with a wedding ring which has been blessed (used in a Catholic wedding ceremony), and which you have just rubbed until it is warm.

410. Apply the milk from fig trees to ringworms to cure them.
411. If a person has been bitten by a mad dog and at any later time the dog goes mad, the person bitten will also go mad.
412. If a mad dog bites a person, and the dog is killed immediately, the person bitten will not go mad.
413. Fan with the wardrobe door to cure chickenpox.
414. If you get something in your eye close the nostril on that side and blow violently through the other. Then whatever is in your eye will come out.
415. Wear brass earrings to cure sore eyes.
416. A healer cures fallen palate by grasping the hair on the top of the head and giving it a sudden jerk.
417. He also replaces the palate with a teaspoon upon which salt has been sprinkled.
418. To remove freckles wash your face with melon rind.
419. Wash the face in May dew for a fine complexion.
420. To cure hiccough frighten the person who has it.
421. To cure hiccough eat sugar and vinegar.
422. Nine sips from a teacup will cure the hiccough.
423. Tell a lie to a person who has the hiccough to cure him.
424. To cure hiccoughs rub the palm of the left hand with the thumb of the right.
425. To cure erysipelas kill a black frizzly chicken, cut it open, and apply it still warm to the inflamed parts.
426. Tea made from the lining of a chicken's gizzard will cure vomiting.
427. Sand and charcoal combined are a cure for dyspepsia.
428. Kiss an injured spot to make it well.
429. In the spring drink sassafras tea to purify the blood.
430. Blood from the tail of a black cat is a sure cure for the shingles.
431. A cross made with the blood from the tail of a black cat was supposed to effect the cure of a sore knee.
432. A piece of bacon applied to a wound made by a rusty nail will prevent blood-poisoning.
433. If a person has stuck a rusty nail into his foot build a fire and when the smoke begins to grow clear hold a joint of cane reed with one end over the fire so as to catch the smoke and the other end just under the wound. In this way smoke the wound and the person will not have lockjaw.
434. To cure night sweats put a pan of water under the bed.
435. To cure rheumatism carry a horse-chesnut in your pocket.
436. Carry an Irish potato in your pocket all the time as a cure for rheumatism.
437. Rub with rattlesnake oil to cure rheumatism. To get this oil, boil a rattlesnake.
438. Rub with alligator fat as a cure for rheumatism.

439. Fry wart toads and use the grease for rheumatism.
440. To cure rheumatism wear a nutmeg on a string tied around your neck.
441. A rattlesnake's skin tied around the ankle is a sure cure for rheumatism.
442. To cure rheumatism wear a ring made of a bent nail.
443. Wear a dime on a string around the ankle to cure rheumatism.
444. Carry a pod of red pepper in your pocket as a cure for rheumatism.
445. To cure rheumatism tie a piece of red flannel around the limb affected.
446. Use prickly ash berries in whiskey as a cure for rheumatism.
447. Use balsam apple skin as a salve or poultice to cure rheumatism.
448. An eel skin tied around a sprained ankle will cure it.
449. Wear a piece of rawhide around your wrist to make it strong.
450. Wear a piece of tarred rope around your wrist to make it strong.
451. A tarred rope worn around the waist next to the skin will cure headache.
452. Wear a piece of rawhide around your wrist to ward off sickness.
453. Get a left-handed person to rub your back with his left hand to cure backache.
454. If you have a stiff neck get a left-handed person to rub it with his left hand, and it will be cured.
455. If you have a stiff neck go to a neighbor's, steal a dishrag, and wrap it around your neck. This will cure you.
456. If your foot is asleep make a cross on it with a little stick (match), and it will soon be all right.
457. To awaken a sleeping part of your body wet your finger in your mouth and make a cross on it.
458. To cure toothache take a new nail that has never been driven into wood, rub it on the tooth, and drive it into the wall.
459. To cure toothache touch the aching tooth with a new nail and drive it into a post.
460. Use the sting of a stingaree for a toothpick and you will never have a toothache again.
461. To cure sore throat rub it nine times.
462. To cure heart disease tie two nutmegs on a string and tie this around the person's neck. When the string breaks and the nutmegs "drap" the trouble will disappear.
463. Willow bark tea will break up fever.
464. Use prickly ash berries as a cure for toothache.
465. If a person is delicate let him put three pieces of hoop iron into a pitcher and draw it full of water. Then during the day he must drink this water. This must be done for several days to bring about the required change.
466. Strong coffee is a preventive for malaria.

467. As a preventive for malaria take capsules of red pepper.
468. Give a child tea made of the green inner lining of pomegranites as a cure for worms.
469. Bake pumpkin seeds and give them to a child as a cure for worms.
470. Eat pumpkin seeds if you wish to get rid of a tapeworm.
471. Ants are good for heart trouble.
472. Roach tea will cure lockjaw.
473. To keep away chills and fever boil bitterweeds and drink a cup of this twice a day and bathe in it at night.
474. "Feed a cold, and starve a fever."
475. Camphor wards off most diseases.
476. A weak sickly person should wear a brass ring to become strong.
477. If a sick person gets up on Sunday he will have a relapse.
478. Assafoetida worn in a small bag around the neck prevents smallpox.
479. An old white woman could cure ringworms by spitting on them.
480. Hair (negro wool) tied in red flannel and stuck in the crack of the door will keep away fever and other infectious diseases.
481. A negro cured a lame horse, which he said was hoodooed, by placing its foot on the ground, drawing the print of the foot with a knife, and then cutting the grass within close to the ground. As the grass grew the horse grew well.
482. When girls are bleaching they sometimes let themselves get very hot in order to sweat out the freckles.
483. The body renews itself every seven years. Therefore, if a child's health is poor it may become better when he reaches the age of seven, fourteen, etc.
484. If an insect stings you rub the spot with seven different kinds of grass and it will stop hurting.
485. Put salt on a wound to make it stop bleeding.
486. To keep from having fever bathe your feet in hot water in which you have put bitterweeds.
487. Bathe weak eyes in salt water to make them strong.
488. Gargle sore throat with salt water.
489. Gargle sore throat with a mixture of salt, black pepper, and vinegar.
490. Use salt to cure an insect bite.
491. Use coal oil and salt to drive away a boil.
492. Wet your finger in your mouth and rub on the spot where-mosquitoes have bitten to take away the sting.
493. Put a chew of tobacco on a bee-sting to relieve the pain.
494. Use ivy leaves as a dressing for wounds.
495. To cure a corn take a potato, cut off all of its eyes, and plant one third of them. When they rot the corn will disappear.
496. To cure a corn rub it with the heart of a chicken which you must then bury under a brick.

497. Make poultices of prickly pear leaves to draw the fire out of burns.
498. Make poultices of move leaves to draw the inflammation from sores.
499. Make poultices of elder leaves to draw the inflammation from sores.
500. Make poultices of peach leaves to draw the inflammation from sores.
501. Put bread soda on a wart to drive it away.
502. To cure warts cut a notch on a fig tree for every wart you have. Tell no one about it and the warts will go away.
503. If there is a wart on your hand take an onion and cut it in half; throw one half away, but rub the other on the wart and then bury it. When the onion rots the wart will disappear.
504. To cure a wart on a horse lead him up to a pecan tree, touch the wart with a nail, and scratch a cross on the tree with the nail. As soon as the cross grows up the wart disappears.
505. To cure a wart, steal a piece of meat, rub it on the wart, and bury it where the rain dripping from the house will fall on it. When it rots the wart will disappear.
506. To cure a wart steal a piece of meat, rub it on the wart, and bury it.
507. To cure warts take as many grains of corn as you have warts, stand on a bayou bridge, and throw them over the left shoulder.
508. To cure warts tie as many knots in a string as you have warts and bury it in a damp spot under a bridge.
509. To cure a wart, steal a piece of meat, rub it on the wart, and throw it where a dog will find and eat it.
510. A way to get rid of a wart is to tie a silk thread around it and stick a hot needle into it.
511. If anyone has a wart and wishes to get rid of it let him take a piece of meat, rub it on the wart, and wrap it up in a piece of paper. Then he must throw it away without looking at it, and the person who finds it will "catch the wart."
512. If you have warts fill your mouth with corn, dig a hole in the ground and bury the corn. Soon your warts will disappear.
513. To cure a wart steal a dish-rag, rub it on the wart, and bury it on a bright moonlight night.
514. Rub warts with the milk from fig trees to make them disappear.
515. Touch a wart and make a cross on a tree and the wart will disappear.
516. Say your prayers over a wart and it will disappear.
517. Say your prayers backward over a wart and it will disappear.
518. Count warts and they will disappear.
519. Count a bud on a neighbor's peach tree for each wart you have, and leave without telling the neighbor goodbye, and the warts will disappear.
520. To cure warts go to the graveyard and "holler" three times like a cat.
521. Sell a wart and it will disappear.

522. To cure a tallow bump or other growth: If the moon is decreasing say,

"The moon increases, it decreases," (3 times)

"The moon decreases, it increases," (3 times)

"The moon increases, it decreases." (3 times)

Each time you say one of these you must make the sign of the cross on the growth. If the moon is increasing you must begin this, "The moon decreases" etc. Be sure to begin with the condition opposite that of the moon.

FIRE.

523. It is bad luck to start a fire with bark. Always use good, clean, small wood.

524. If a girl can start a good bright fire she is going to get a good husband.

525. You will have good luck if the fire pops out and burns your dress.

526. If you are sitting in front of a fire and it pops out on you and burns a hole in your dress it is a sign that you are to get a new one.

527. When you are building a fire make a cross over it and it will burn easily.

528. You will have bad luck if you burn the scraps of an article upon which you are sewing, before it is finished.

529. If the fire suddenly shoots out a great many little sparks with a hissing noise someone sitting before it is being talked about.

530. When a log in the fire breaks apart and a piece rolls out on the hearth it is a sign that there will soon be company.

531. When the fire burns with a hiss it is a sign of north wind or company.

532. If you kindle a fire and it burns easily it is a sign that your beau or sweetheart loves you.

533. Sometimes people name the fire before they start it and so tell how much the named one loves.

534. If you burn the cob from popcorn in the fire over which you are popping it it will pop better.

535. Do not burn food. If you do you will some day be starving and want what you have burned.

536. The smoke from a fire burning in the yard follows a person who has told a lie.

537. You cannot put out a fire caused by lightning.

538. A child that plays with fire will wet its bed.

539. If a guest punches the fire it is a sign that he wants you to add more fuel.

HOUSEHOLD AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

540. If an old person builds a new house he will soon die.
541. If old people return to their childhood home they soon die.
542. If a new roof is put on an old house someone in the house will soon be married.
543. If you shingle an old house someone in it will soon die.
544. If a family moves into a new house there will be either a birth or a death soon.
545. It is bad luck to move into a new house; wait a year.
546. Never move into the third house you have built.
547. When building a new house make a cross on the four corners of the foundations and it will never be destroyed by fire or storm.
548. If an opening is cut in an old house a soul will pass out.
549. If a door or window is cut into a house there will be a death there.
550. If a window is cut down and a door made in its place someone in the family will soon die.
551. Never move back into a house in which you have already lived.
552. If you move out of a house and leave a chair in it you will move back into that house again.
553. If a person comes to a house and stands for a few minutes on the doorstep he is cursing the house.
554. Never move cats from one house to another.
555. If you wish to move a cat from one house to another take it out through the window. You will have very bad luck if you take it out any other way.
556. You will have bad luck if you move a cat. The bad luck may be averted, however, if you first measure the cat's tail with a stick and cut the stick off so that it is exactly the length of the cat's tail. The stick must then be buried.
557. You will have bad luck if you move a cat unless you first cut off a piece of the cat's tail and bury it.
558. To make a cat stay at a new home cut off a piece of its tail and bury it there.
559. You will have bad luck if you sweep a house after your furniture is taken out.
560. Never move a broom from one house to another.
561. Never step over a broom.
562. Do not touch anyone with the broom while you are sweeping. You will have bad luck if you do.
563. If your feet are touched by a broom you will never be rich.
564. If you let a broom fall from your hand you are going to have bad luck.
565. Never buy a broom in August. You will have bad luck if you do.
566. You will have bad luck if you throw a broom out of a window.

- 567. If you step over a broom you will never get married.
- 568. Never hit a child with a broom; it will make him lazy.
- 569. Never hit a child with a broom; it will make him stupid.
- 570. Never stand a broom on its handle.
- 571. If a person comes to your house and you want him to leave, put a broom behind the door.
- 572. If you have company and you want them to leave sweep behind them.
- 573. If someone sweeps over your feet you will go to jail.
- 574. If someone sweeps over your feet you will be lazy.
- 575. If someone sweeps under your feet you will never be married.
- 576. If you sweep under anyone's feet you sweep his luck away.
- 577. Do not sweep under a sick person's bed.
- 578. Never sweep under a chair; you will have bad luck if you do.
- 579. You will sweep out your luck if you sweep after sunset.
- 580. Trash must not be swept out of the house after dark; sweep it aside or pick it up.
- 581. Don't sweep out of the front door; you sweep your fortune away if you do.
- 582. You will have bad luck if you sweep the gallery or steps after dark.
- 583. You will have bad luck if you sweep the gallery in the afternoon.
- 584. Two people should not sweep in the same house at the same time.
- 585. The entire house should be swept well on Christmas Day.
- 586. The entire house should be swept well on New Years Day.
- 587. If you whirl a chair around on one leg you will soon get a whipping.
- 588. To swing a chair around on one leg is a sign of bad luck.
- 589. Never rock a chair if no one is sitting in it.
- 590. If you rock a chair in which no one is sitting the next person who sits there will be sick.
- 591. If the chairs in a room accidently get crowded close together it is a sign of company.
- 592. If an unmarried person in rising from a chair knocks it over backward he will not be married during that year.
- 593. Never set chairs on a table; it brings bad luck for the house if you do.
- 594. To rock an empty rocking chair means a death.
- 595. It is bad luck to rock an empty cradle.
- 596. A dining table should always be placed with the length of the table extending in the same direction as the boards of the floor.
- 597. If you sit on a table you will be disappointed.
- 598. You will be disappointed in love if you sit on a table.
- 599. Never shake a tablecloth out of a window.
- 600. If a clock suddenly strikes after it has not been doing so for a long time it is "a bad omen."
- 601. If a clock suddenly strikes after it has not been doing so for a long time it is a sign of death.

602. It is a sign of death for a watch or clock to stop when it is not run down.
603. For a clock to strike thirteen is a sign of death.
604. It is bad luck to have two clocks running in the same room.
605. Do not let ink fall on the floor or you will have bad luck.
606. It is bad luck to take out ashes after noon.
607. Never shake hands with anyone over a gate; you will quarrel if you do.
608. A smoking chimney means a fussy wife.
609. When a chimney is on fire throw salt into the fire to put it out.
610. Be sure to leave a building through the same door through which you entered it or you will have bad luck.
611. If you go into the house through one door and out through another you are bringing cross company in soon.
612. Always enter and leave the house by the same door.
613. You will have bad luck if you step over a hoe or spade.
614. Never come into a house with a hoe or spade on your shoulder.
615. You will have bad luck if you carry hoes, spades, etc., through the house.
616. Don't give spades, etc., to your neighbors; you will have a fuss if you do.
617. Il ne faut pas entrer dans la maison avec une hache; c'est un signe que quelqu'un va mourir. (Do not enter the house with an ax; it is a sign that someone is going to die.)
618. To make a cow a good milker throw her first milk on her back.
619. To keep a cow from going dry take the very first milk that is milked and make a cross on her back with it.
620. If you stir milk with a knife or fork the cow will go dry.
621. If you tie a knot in a cow's tail she will go dry.
622. If you stir milk with a knife you will make the cow kick.
623. If you stir milk with a knife you will make the cow give bloody milk.
624. When you are milking be careful that you do not milk on the ground for if you milk on the ground the cow will go dry.
625. Thunder will sour milk.
626. Do not iron the tails of men's shirts.
627. If you stand in a door with both of your hands stretched out you will have bad luck.
628. Never hang anything on a doorknob.
629. Never hang a towel on a doorknob.
630. You will have bad luck if you hang anything on a door.
631. Don't stand in a door.
632. Don't sit in a window.
633. Never give anyone anything through a window. You will quarrel if you do.

634. You will have bad luck if you jump out of a window.
635. If you pass through a window you won't grow unless you pass back.
636. Never give anything to a person through a window; you will have bad luck if you do.
637. It is bad luck to hand a baby out of a window.
638. You will have bad luck if you climb out of a window.
639. Never pass a person anything over the fence. The two who do so will "fall out."
640. Never shake hands over the fence. The two who do so will "fall out."
641. You will have bad luck if you shake hands over a fence or through a window.
642. You will have bad luck if you leave your gates open.
643. You will have bad luck if you close a gate which has been left open.
644. It is bad luck for one person to hold a loaf of bread and another to cut or break it.
645. It is bad luck for two people to pass each other on the stairs.
646. If you fall *up* the steps you will have good luck.
647. If you fall *up* the steps you are going to catch a beau.
648. You will have bad luck if you climb into bed over the foot.
649. You will have bad luck if you climb over anyone in bed.
650. Always go to bed on the same side from which you got up in the morning.
651. It is bad luck to have a bed or table crossways in a room.
652. Sleep with the foot of your bed toward the rising sun and you will never be sick.
653. You will have bad luck if you sleep in a bed with its foot towards the door.
654. Two beds in a room should never extend in opposite directions so as to form a cross.
655. You sleep better in a bed that extends north and south.
656. You should never sleep in a bed with its foot towards the street.
657. Never sleep with your head at the foot of the bed.
658. It is very bad luck to put a hat on a bed.
659. Don't look under the bed; you will be an old maid if you do.
660. Prayers said in the dark are said to the devil.
661. Three people should not make up a bed.
662. If you laugh in bed you will soon be sick.
663. If while you are sewing you stick your finger with the needle so that the blood comes, you will live to see the garment which you are making worn out.
664. When you are sewing if you prick your finger so that more than one drop of blood comes the garment will never be finished.
665. If you accidentally stick your finger while you are sewing so that the blood comes you will have a good time while you are wearing or using the article being made.

666. If a woman sticks her finger with a needle while she is working buttonholes in a piece of underclothes it is a sign that she will get a kiss from one of the opposite sex the first time she wears that garment.
667. Never do any sewing at all on a dress when it is on a bride.
668. If you sew up a hole in a garment while it is on someone a lie will be told on that person.
669. Never sew buttons on a garment which is on anyone.
670. You may avert the evil connected with sewing on a garment which is on someone by holding a little piece of wood in your mouth while you sew.
671. If you sew on Sunday you will have to rip out with your nose every stitch which you make before you go to heaven.
672. Never cut out white goods on Sunday. (You will soon have to sew on a shroud if you do.)
673. Never cut out any sewing on Friday.
674. If you begin any sewing on Friday you will never finish it unless you finish it that day.
675. Immediately after a quilt is taken out of the frames if it is thrown over someone or he is rolled in it he will have good luck.
676. You will have bad luck if you sing in bed.
677. You will have bad luck if you sing at the table.
678. If you sing before breakfast you will cry before supper.
679. Sing before seven, cry before eleven.
680. You will have bad luck if you sing before breakfast.
681. It is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
682. Never open an umbrella in the house; you will surely be disappointed if you do.
683. It is a sign of death to open an umbrella in the house.
684. If an umbrella is laid across a bed the next person to sleep in that bed will be sick shortly afterward.
685. An umbrella on the bed drives the beaux away.
686. If you lay an umbrella on a bed you will soon meet with some misfortune.
687. Never put an umbrella on a table.
688. If you open an umbrella in the house the cat dies.
689. Never open an umbrella over your head.
690. You'll have bad luck if an umbrella closes on you.
691. If two people dry their hands on a towel at the same time they will have bad luck.
692. "Wipe together,
Friends forever."
693. "Wash together, friends forever;
Wipe together, fight forever."
694. If a candle burns with a winding sheet it is a sign of death.

695. If you can tap the charred wick of a candle and make it stick to your finger without burning you, you are going to get a present.
696. When a candle burns down on one side company is coming.
697. If a candle burns so that there is a red, charred part of it left in the flame it is a sign of company.
698. If a candle burning in a room where there is a sick person is allowed to burn itself out, very soon after it burns out the person will die.
699. Children burn a holy candle to pass an examination.
700. It is bad luck to have two lighted lamps on a table.
701. It is bad luck to set three lamps in a row.
702. It is bad luck to have three lighted lamps in a room at the same time.
703. For all the lights in a house to be lighted is a sign of a funeral.
704. Never light a cigarette with a match that someone else has just used.
705. If you drop a small spoon a child is coming to the house.
706. Do not open a pocket knife and let someone else close it. You will have bad luck if you do.
707. If you drop a pair of scissors and they stick up you are going to have sharp luck.
708. If a fork or spoon falls from your hand a woman is coming to the house.
709. It is bad luck to stir anything with a knife.
710. The crossing of two knives causes a fuss.
711. If two knives are crossed at a table there will be a family fuss.
712. Two knives at a plate mean a fuss.
713. Two knives or forks at a place at the table indicate that someone is coming who is hungry.
714. If you drop a knife at the table a gentleman will call.
715. Two knives or forks at a place at the table is a sign of a quarrel.
716. If two knives are accidentally placed at a person's place he will soon attend a wedding.
717. If two forks are accidentally placed at a person's place he will soon have a quarrel.
718. It is a sign of good luck to put two teaspoons into a cup accidentally.
719. To stir anything with a fork will give you bad luck.
720. If you stir your coffee with the handle of a spoon you will have bad luck.
721. If you stir milk with a fork the cow will go dry.
722. To stir milk with a fork makes the cow give bloody milk.
723. If you try to open a bottle with a fork and bend the prong of the fork you will have bad luck.
724. The fork bent in this way (723) brings bad luck. You should get rid of it.
725. To drop scissors or a knife and have them stick up is a sign of company.

726. If you give scissors or a knife to your friends as gifts they must in return send you a penny or your friendship will be cut.
727. If you give anyone a pin you will have a falling out unless you first stick her with it.
728. Never give a handkerchief for a gift ; it will break friendship if you do.
729. If you give someone a handkerchief make him pay a penny for it.
730. If you give a handkerchief to your sweetheart you will soon have a quarrel.
731. Do not give a book ; it will break friendship.
732. If you drop a dish-rag it is a sign that you will have company soon.
733. "Dish-rag on the floor,
Company at the door."
734. If a dish-rag that drops is spread out a man is coming.
735. If a dish-rag that drops is rolled up a woman is coming.
736. If you drop a dish-towel rolled up it is a sign that someone is coming hungry.
737. If the dish-towel falls open you are going to have company.
738. If a dish-rag is left in the water and thrown out it is a sign that there will be a death in the family.
739. Do not let olive oil fall to the floor or you will have bad luck.
740. It is bad luck to spill oil, but the bad luck may be averted if you sprinkle salt on it.
741. If you throw peanut shells on the floor you will soon have a quarrel.
742. You will have bad luck if you write on walls.
743. If the telephone rings after midnight the message is to tell of death.
744. It is bad luck to have salt growing in the house.
745. Never return salt that has been borrowed.
746. Never throw away salt ; burn it.
747. If one doesn't want a visitor to come back throw salt on him.
748. If an unwelcome visitor comes to your house throw salt after him when he leaves and he will never come back.
749. If you spill salt you will have a quarrel with a lady.
750. If you spill black pepper you will have a quarrel with a man.
751. Never borrow salt ; if someone borrows from you do not allow its return.
752. Don't hand salt at the table ; slide it along on the table.
753. A woman should never walk over salt.
754. If you spill salt you will have a quarrel unless you pick up some and throw it over your left shoulder.
755. If you spill pepper you will have a dreadful quarrel.
756. If you turn over a salt cellar or a sugar bowl you are going to have a fuss.
757. It is unlucky to spill salt. The bad luck may be avoided, however, if a pinch is thrown over the left shoulder.
758. If you wish to kill a tree bore a hole in the trunk and put salt in it.

- 759. If it is raining and you want it to stop throw salt out of doors.
- 760. Make a cross of little sticks and put salt on it to stop rain.
- 761. If you want it to stop raining make a cross and put salt on it.
- 762. Never throw away onion peelings; you will have bad luck if you do.
- 763. Burn onion peeling; if anyone walks over it it makes him fussy.
- 764. Be careful what you do with onion peelings. If you walk over them it will make you cross.
- 765. You will have bad luck if you walk over onion peelings.
- 766. Burn onion peelings and you will always have money.
- 767. A cut onion left overnight in the kitchen will cause a quarrel.
- 768. Never save part of an onion for later use; it becomes poison.
- 769. Never save part of an onion for later use; stick it on a nail.
- 770. A cut onion in the house causes a quarrel.
- 771. If you cut an onion and do not burn the peel it will cause a quarrel between the husband and wife.
- 772. Bubbles on coffee indicate money. Drink them off quickly.
- 773. If you accidentally spill coffee on yourself you are going to have good luck.
- 774. Bubbles on coffee mean letters.
- 775. Whoever eats the last piece of bread will be an old maid.
- 776. If you stick a fork into a piece of bread you are sticking Christ.
- 777. You will have bad luck if you place a loaf of bread upside down on the table.
- 778. If a loaf of bread is placed upside down on the table the oldest or youngest person there will soon die.
- 779. Never leave a loaf of bread that has been cut into upside down on the table.
- 780. If you make a cross on the loaf of bread before you cut it you will always have plenty of bread.
- 781. If you throw away a piece of bread you will be hungry some day and wish that you had it.
- 782. If you drop a piece of buttered bread and it falls with the buttered side down it is a sign that someone is coming who is hungry.
- 783. A woman who cuts thick slices of bread would make a good step-mother.
- 784. You "take the manners" if you take the last food from a dish.
- 785. Poke berries are poisonous.
- 786. Jerusalem cherries are poisonous.
- 787. If you eat pawpaws you will be beautiful.
- 788. If you sweep crumbs of bread from a table you sweep away your chance of love.
- 789. If a cook forgets to salt food it is a sign that she is in love.
- 790. If you eat carrots they will make you beautiful.
- 791. If you drop anything that you are eating it is a sign that someone else wants it.

792. Whoever takes the last of any food from a dish must "kiss the cook."
793. Chicken gizzards make one beautiful.
794. Apples are food for the brain.
795. Fish are food for the brain.
796. Grounds in the tea denote visitors:
 A long, hard one — a tall man;
 A short, hard one — a short man;
 A long, soft one — a tall woman;
 A short, soft one — a short woman.
797. If you help yourself to the last piece of food on the plate you will be an old maid.
798. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
799. Two people must not stir a cake, for it will not rise if they do.
800. Always "stir with the sun."
801. A watched pot never boils.
802. It is a sign of bad luck for a cake to fall.
803. If a nail is placed in each eye of a pot with a bail in which anything is boiling it will not run over.
804. If a new nail is placed in the pot where chicken is being cooked the chicken will be tender.
805. If you are cooking meat which is tough put a rusty nail into the pot.

DREAMS.

806. It is bad luck to tell a dream before you have washed your face in the morning.
807. Don't tell a dream before drinking or it will surely come true.
808. If you tell a dream before breakfast it will come true.
809. Whatever you dream of on the first Friday of the month will come true.
810. Tuesday night's dream is bound to come true.
811. "Friday night's dream, on Saturday told,
 Is bound to come true, be it ever so old."
812. If you dream of an absent friend or relative you will either see or hear from him soon.
813. To dream of someone who is dead is a sign of rain.
814. If you dream of killing a snake you are going to overcome your enemies.
815. To dream of snakes is a sign that you have enemies.
816. To dream of muddy or troubled water is a sure sign of death.
817. To dream of muddy water is a sign of trouble.
818. To dream of clear water is a sign of good luck.
819. You will have good luck if you dream of shoes.

820. It is bad luck to dream of teeth.
821. If you dream that you lose a tooth you will soon lose a friend.
822. If you dream of your teeth falling out you will soon hear of a death.
823. To dream of money is a sign of sickness.
824. It brings bad luck to dream of money.
825. If you dream of paper money it is the sign of the death of an old person.
826. If you dream of small pieces of money it is the sign of the death of a child.
827. To dream of a death is a sign of a wedding.
828. To dream of a wedding is a sign of a death.
829. To dream of fire is a sign of hasty news.
830. To dream of fire is a sign of sickness.
831. If you dream of a dead person it is a sign that that person needs your prayers.
832. To dream of blood is a sign of a scandal.
833. To dream of blood is a sign of victory.
834. To dream of bed-bugs is a sure sign of sickness.
835. To dream of cattle is a sign of sickness.
836. To dream of white is a sign of death.
837. Dreams go by opposites.

DRESS.

838. If a pin sticks up in your clothes someone is talking about you. Repeat the letters of the alphabet and the one which you are saying when the pin falls out is the initial of the person talking.
839. If you find a pin, pin it in the left shoulder of your dress and make a wish. The wish will come true when the pin comes out.
840. If you find a pin pick it up with the point toward you and you will have good luck.
841. If you have a pin in your dress just about to fall out it is a sign that someone is thinking of you.
842. If you find a pin with the point toward you pick it up and stick it into your clothes upside down; then you will have good luck.
843. If you see a crooked pin do not pick it up; you will have bad luck if you do.
844. If you drop a pin and it sticks into the floor company is coming.
845. If you drop a needle and it sticks into the floor company is coming.
846. To wear a needle in your clothes brings bad luck.
847. If you find a needle you are going to catch a beau.
848. If you find a needle you are going to have a streak of good luck.
849. When you find a hairpin hang it on a rusty nail and make a wish. When it falls off the wish will come true.
850. To find a hair-pin is a sign that you will receive a letter.

851. The dropping of a hairpin from the hair indicates losing a friend.
852. If you find a hairpin hang it on a nail and you will have good luck.
853. If you wear an opal and it is not your birth-stone you will have bad luck.
854. You will shed a tear for every pearl you wear.
855. You will have bad luck if you wear pearls.
856. You will have good luck if you wear your birth-stone.
857. Coral looks pale when the wearer is in poor health, but regains brightness when the wearer recovers health.
858. "Comb on the floor,
Man at the door."
859. If you drop a comb company is coming.
860. If you drop a comb which has hair in it you will have company that is jealous of you.
861. If the hem of your dress is found turned back it is a sign that you will soon have a new one. Spit on it when you straighten it.
862. If the hem of your dress is found turned back spit on it for luck.
863. If you dress a little girl in fine clothes you are raising her for the devil.
864. If you put on any of your clothes with the wrong side out you will have good luck.
865. If your petticoat is longer than your dress it is a sign that your "daddy" thinks more of you than your "mammy."
866. If a woman wears a man's hat she will have bad luck.
867. A woman must never wear a man's hat if she would be successful.
868. If a girl puts on a man's hat it is a sign that she wants a kiss.
869. Do not put shoes on a chair; you will have bad luck if you do.
870. If a girl loses her garter it is a sign that she is going to lose her beau.
871. For your skirt to come lose at the belt signifies bad luck.
872. If you forget your belt it is a sign that you are getting old.
873. Never tie two strings together and use them for a garter.
874. If a "measuring worm" crawls on you it is a sign that you are going to have a new dress.
875. A white string on dark clothes is a sign of good luck for both the person wearing it and the person taking it off.
876. A black string on white clothes is a sign of bad luck.
877. If there is a string on your clothes it indicates that someone is thinking of you. If the string is white or of light color the person is a blond; if dark, he is a brunette.
878. If you find a white thread in your hair and pull it out you will soon get a letter.
879. A white thread on a person means a surprise; a black one, a disappointment.
880. If a man eats with his hat on it is a sign that he is going to be hanged.

881. If you wear a dress with basting threads still in it, it is a sign that it is not paid for.
882. Always wear something new on Easter.
883. To put your petticoat on wrong side out is a sure sign of rain.
884. Do not take off the dress which you intend to wear after it has been fastened.
885. Never wear "dead people's" clothes; you will have very bad luck if you do.
886. You will have bad luck if you try on wedding clothes.
887. If you drop your handkerchief you are soon to receive an introduction.
888. A hole in your stocking means a letter in the postoffice.
889. If a girl's stocking falls it means that her beau is thinking about her.
890. Always take off the left shoe first; you'll have bad luck if you take off the right.
891. Put on your right shoe first if you want good luck.
892. To have good luck put on and take off the left shoe first.
893. If you put on the left shoe first it is a sign that you will be disappointed that day.
894. When you go to bed place your shoes under the bed with the toes pointing outward, so that you will be well enough to wear them away the next morning.
895. Never throw your shoes down at night so that one falls across the other. You will have bad luck if you do.
896. Never put your shoes higher than your head.
897. Burn old shoes to purify the air.
898. It is bad luck to walk with one shoe on.
899. You will have bad luck if you walk with only one shoe on — a year for every step.
900. If you turn your shoe upside down you will have bad luck.
901. If you wear shoes out on the soles it is a sign that you will be poor.
902. If you wear shoes out on the toe it is a sign that you spend as you go.
903. If you wear shoes out on the side you will be a rich man's bride.
904. If you wear shoes out on the vamp you will marry a scamp.
905. When new shoes squeak it is a sign that they have not been paid for.
906. When new shoes squeak they are saying, "Cheap! Cheap!"
907. If a woman gets her dress wet when she is washing it is a sign that she will marry a drunkard.
908. If you put your shirt on wrong-side-out and someone tells you about it before you notice it yourself, you will have good luck.

PORTRAITS AND REFLECTIONS.

909. It brings bad luck to see your reflection in muddy water.
910. If the picture of a living person falls from the wall it is a sign of a visit.

911. When a man joins a certain fraternity his picture is taken. Then, if at any time he renounces this order this picture is turned to the wall and held there by a knife run through it. The man then slowly sickens and dies.
912. For a picture to fall from the wall is a bad luck omen.
913. For a picture of a 'dead person to fall from the wall is a sign of a death in the family.
914. It is bad luck to break a mirror.
915. You will have seven years bad luck if you break a mirror.
916. To break a mirror is a sign of death.
917. If you break a mirror you will have bad luck unless you throw the pieces into running water.
918. If you break a mirror throw it over your left shoulder into the bayou to avert the bad luck you would otherwise have.
919. Never keep a broken mirror in the house. You will have bad luck if you do.
920. Cover mirrors in the room where there is a corpse.
921. During a storm you must cover all mirrors.
922. Do not look into a mirror during a thunderstorm.
923. It is bad luck to look over someone's shoulder into a mirror.
924. If two people look into a mirror at the same time the younger one will soon die.
925. If two people look into a mirror at the same time the younger one one will have bad luck.
926. If someone looks into a mirror over your shoulder you will have bad luck.

MOON, STARS, AND SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

927. If you sleep in the moonlight you will go crazy.
928. Upon first seeing the new moon show it a piece of silver and you will have good luck during the whole quarter.
929. If you will turn silver over when you look at the new moon you will have plenty of money that moon.
930. It is good luck to hold a coin in your hand and look at the new moon over your left shoulder.
931. When you see the new moon for the first time ask it for new clothes, shoes, money, etc. saying, "Moon, moon, give me a new dress," "Moon, moon, give me new shoes," etc., holding out to it dress, shoes, etc.
932. If you see the new moon for the first time through the branches of a tree you will have bad luck.
933. If you see the new moon for the first time through a window you will have bad luck.
934. It is good luck to see the new moon straight ahead of you.
935. Do not look at the new moon over the left shoulder.

936. If you sleep in the moonlight it will draw your face to one side.
937. Cut the ends of your hair the first Friday after new moon and it will grow better.
938. The weather changes when the moon changes.
939. When the moon changes at an odd hour there will be rain the next day most likely at the exact hour at which the moon changed the night before.
940. If you move on a growing moon you will prosper; but if you move on a waning moon you will have poor luck.
941. Seeds of plants which bear their fruit above ground should be planted so that they will come up not long before the full moon; those whose fruit is underground should be planted so that they will come up on "the dark of the moon."
942. Peas planted on the light of the moon run to vines and bear almost no peas.
943. Do not cut grass when the moon is increasing for you will only make it grow fast; cut it when the moon first begins to decrease and you won't have to cut it again for a long time.
944. Kill hogs in the light of the moon; otherwise the meat will shrink.
945. Cattle should be branded just before the full moon.
946. If a person's flesh is cut while the moon is on the increase the scar left will be a large one and will continually grow larger.
947. If a person's flesh is cut while the moon is on the decrease the scar left will be a small one and will in time almost, or totally, disappear.
948. Eggs hatched on the declining moon make weak chickens.
949. Eggs should be set so that they will hatch just before the full moon.
950. Soap made when the moon is increasing or full remains the same size it is when made. That made when the moon is decreasing shrinks.
951. Render lard when the moon is full or increasing for if you do it when the moon is decreasing it will shrink.
952. Never pierce ears except when the sign of the moon indicates that the blood is in the feet.
953. Crabs are fat at the full moon and poor at the new.
954. When a comet appears there will be trouble.
955. If a great many stars shoot there will be trouble.
956. On a night following a very hot day a great many stars may be seen to shoot.
957. You will have bad luck before morning if you try to count the stars at night.
958. Do not point at a star for it may be your star, and if it is you will surely die.
959. When a star falls someone is going to die, but if you can make a wish before it stops there will be no death.

WEATHER.

960. If a cat washes behind its ear, it will rain.
961. When vessels containing water "sweat" it is a sign of rain.
962. When roosters come out in the rain and crow it is a sign that the bad weather is breaking up.
964. If a rooster flies up on anything after a heavy rain and crows it is a sign that it will clear up.
965. When chickens come out after a shower it is a sign that it will soon clear up.
966. If roosters crow before ten o'clock there will be fog the next morning.
967. If roosters crow at midnight it will be foggy the next morning.
968. If roosters crow early in the night it is a sign that they will wake up with wet heads. (That it will rain.)
969. If chickens seek shelter during a rain it is a sign that the rain won't last long.
970. For chickens to come out and walk in the rain is a sign that it will rain all day.
971. Thunder in the winter is a sign of cold weather.
972. If March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb, but if March comes in like a lamb it goes out like a lion.
973. If rheumatism hurts expect rain.
974. If corns hurt expect rain.
975. The first twelve months after Christmas indicate the weather conditions of the months of the coming year.
976. There is always some rain on Good Friday.
977. If it rains on St. Medard's Day (June 8) it will rain for forty days.
978. The sun always shines on Easter Sunday.
979. If it rains on Monday it will rain three days more that week.
980. There is not a Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine.
981. Friday is the fairest or the foulest day of the week.
982. No matter how hard it may rain during the day it always stops for a few minutes at sunset.
983. Sunset red and morning gray,
Sends the traveler on his way;
Sunset gray and evening red,
Sends the rain down on his head.
984. Horses' tails and fishes' scales
Make the sailors spread their sails.
985. Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight.
986. Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning;
Rainbow at night, shepherds' delight.
987. A rainbow in the evening is a sign of clear weather; one in the morning, of a storm.

988. It always clears up after a rainbow appears.
989. Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on.
990. Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.
991. If you kill a toad and turn him over on his back it will bring rain.
992. If you kill a snake and hang it up in a tree it will rain.
993. If you kill a snake and turn it over it will rain.
994. A snake killed and hung upside-down on a wire fence will bring rain.
995. There will always be a storm after the death of an old woman.
996. When an old person dies there is always a change in the weather.
997. If smoke goes straight up there will be clear weather; but if it stays near the ground there will be rain.
998. When a crawfish hole is open it is going to rain soon; if it is closed there will be no rain.
999. If the sun sets clear it is a sign of clear weather for the next day.
1000. A red sunset indicates clear weather for the next day.
1001. When the sunset is red the next day will be windy.
1002. A white sunset means rain the next day.
1003. When a man-of-war (tropical fish-hawk) appears it is a sign of a storm on the Gulf.
1004. When birds fly low it is a sign there will be a storm.
1005. Three white frosts and a rain.
1006. If you put your bonnet on wrong side out it will rain.
1007. To put your petticoat on wrong side out is a sure sign of rain.
1008. If you wear your stocking wrong side out it will rain.
1009. If you wear any clothes wrong side out it will rain.
1010. If there is lightning in the north it will rain.
1011. A "ring around the moon" is a sure sign of rain.
1012. When a great many flies appear around the house expect rain.
1013. If roaches appear and run around the house there will be a storm.
1014. For a dog or cat to eat grass is a sign of rain.
1015. When locusts sing a great deal it is a sign of a change of weather.
1016. When locusts sing it is a sign that there will be hot weather.
1017. When a rain frog croaks expect rain.
1018. When a rain crow croaks expect rain.
1019. When seagulls come inland there is a storm at sea.
1020. If it thunders before seven it will rain before eleven.
1021. If morning fog rises three days in succession it will rain.
1022. Quand le brouillard tombe c'est signe qu'il va pleuvoir; Quand il se lève c'est un signe de beau temps. (When the fog falls it is a sign of rain; when it rises it is a sign of good weather.)
1023. There will be very little rain when the points of the moon turn up, and a great deal when one turns down.
1024. "All signs fail in dry weather."
1025. The wind never goes north from east; it must go all the way around.
1026. If the wind goes north from east the weather will remain unsettled.

1027. Sheet lightning at night is a sign of hot weather.
1028. For hogs to pick up sticks, straw, etc., in their mouths and carry them about is a sign of a storm.
1029. For cattle to run about wildly is a sign of cold weather.
1030. If a great many flies come into the house, it is a sign of rain.
1031. A rainbow after a long rainy spell is a sign that the rain is over and the weather will clear up.
1032. A cold wave always follows a south wind in the winter.
1033. When the telephone wires sing expect cold weather.
1034. A flock of wild geese flying overhead and "hollering" is a sign of cold weather.
1035. There will be very little rain when an Indian brave can hang his powder horn on the moon.
1036. Preparation for rain scares it away.
1037. If the first drops of rain are big ones the rain will be only a shower.
1038. If you want it to stop raining cross two matches and it will do so.
1039. If you want to make it stop raining make a cross and put salt on it.
1040. Make a cross of little sticks and put salt on it to make it stop raining.
1041. If it is raining and you want it to stop throw salt out of doors.
1042. Make a cross of sticks and put it out in the rain to make it stop raining.
1043. If the sun shines while it is raining the devil is beating his wife.
1044. If the sun shines while it is raining there will be rain on the following day.
1045. Do not sit in a draft while there is a thunderstorm.
1046. When there is lightning make the sign of the cross and you will not be struck by it.
1047. If it storms throw salt into the fire to keep the lightning away.
1048. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.
1049. Lightning will not strike you if you sit on a feather bed.
1050. Do not touch even the smallest piece of steel (a needle, for instance,) during a thunderstorm.
1051. When little whirlwinds of dust go down the street there will be no rain for quite a while.
1052. When bumblebees come out in the spring the winter is over.
1053. There will be no more frost after the pecan leaves come out in the spring.
1054. The winter will be mild if animals trapped have thin fur, severe if they have thick.
1055. In the fall when farmers kill hogs they forecast the weather for the winter by the shape of the hog's melt.
1056. When muskrats build high there will be high water.
1057. When masses of fine webs float in the air there will be very bad weather following.
1058. There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
1059. Thunder makes milk sour quickly.

DAYS AND SEASONS.

1060. Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe;
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work hard for a living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath Day
Is happy and bonny and blithe and gay.
1061. Cut nails on Monday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth.
1062. Do not cut your nails at night.
1063. Do not cut your nails on Friday.
1064. If you cut your nails on Monday you will get money; on Saturday
you will have company.
1065. Do not cut your nails on Sunday; you will be made ashamed if
you do.
1066. Never cut your nails on Sunday; you will lose your beau if you do.
1067. If a person dies on Sunday and is buried on Sunday he becomes
an angel.
1068. Never cut white goods on Sunday, for if you do you are cutting
out your shroud.
1069. If you marry on Sunday you will have bad luck.
1070. If you see two funerals on Sunday there will be a death in family
during the year.
1071. If there is a funeral in town on Sunday there will be one every
day in the week.
1072. What you do on Monday indicates what you will do the rest of
the week.
1073. Monday is a good day on which to move.
1074. If you have company on Monday you will have company all
week.
1075. If you visit on Monday you will visit all week.
1076. If a man is the first visitor at the house on Monday and goes through
it there will be a death in the family before Saturday night.
1077. If it rains on Tuesday it is sure to rain the following Friday.
1078. A fig tree planted on Mardi Gras is sure to grow.
1079. Wednesday night is lover's night.
1080. Cut your hair on the first Friday after the new moon to make it
grow thick.
1081. Burn the ends of your hair on the first Friday after the new moon
to make it grow thick.
1082. If you laugh on Friday you will cry on Sunday; and if you cry on
Friday you will laugh on Sunday.

1083. Never begin anything on Friday.
1084. If you cut a dress on Friday you won't live to finish it.
1085. It is bad luck to move on Friday.
1086. If you begin anything on Friday you won't finish it until the next Friday.
1087. Never move into a house on Friday; you will have misfortune during your entire stay there if you do.
1088. When a person dies on Friday he is calling for another member of the family.
1089. It is bad luck to start a journey on Friday.
1090. The most unlucky day possible is Friday. November 13.
1091. If you cut out a dress on Saturday and are kept from finishing it yourself you will never be able to wear it. (You will surely die.)
1092. If you are sick do not get up on Saturday, for you won't be up long if you do.
1093. If you start on a journey or on any kind of new work on Saturday it won't be for long.
1094. If you move on Saturday your stay there will be short.
1095. Eggs set on Saturday hatch pullets; those on Monday roosters.
1096. If you sew on New Year's Day you will sew on a shroud before the year is out.
1097. It is good luck for your first visitor on New Year's Day to be a man.
1098. It is bad luck for your first visitor on New Year's Day to be a woman.
1099. Always wear something new on New Year's Day for good luck during the year.
1100. Go fishing on Good Friday, for fish always bite on that day.
1101. An egg laid on Good Friday will turn to wax if kept until the next Good Friday.
1102. If you dig in the ground on Good Friday you will see blood. (Interpreted by some to mean that you will cut yourself, and by others that the earth is actually bleeding.)
1103. Never dig in the ground planting flowers on Good Friday, for you will see blood before nightfall if you do.
1104. On a picnic on Good Friday someone is always hurt.
1105. Roosters always crow at three o'clock in the afternoon on Good Friday.
1106. Never set a hen in May; for the eggs won't hatch if you do.
1107. If you catch a snail on the first of May and throw it over your left shoulder you will be lucky the rest of the year.
1108. If a child is born in May it will like to play in water.
1109. It never rains at night in June.
1110. You will have good luck if born on Hallowe'en.
1111. November is the most unlucky month of the year.
1112. You will have good luck if you were born on Christmas Day.

- III3. Roosters crow all night before Christmas.
- III4. Animals talk to each other at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve.
- III5. Cows get down on their knees at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve.
- III6. You will have bad luck if you leave your Christmas decorations hanging in your home after Christmas.
- III7. Oysters are not good except in those months which contain the letter R.
- III8. You will have good luck if you wear your birth-stone.
- III9. Never leave for a long journey on the thirteenth of the month.
- III20. "The better the day, the better the deed."

PLANTS AND TREES.

- III21. Never thank a person who gives you a plant; it will not grow if you do.
- III22. When you give a cutting of a plant "with a good heart" it will grow.
- III23. If you *give* a cutting of a plant the plant will die.
- III24. Never give away any kind of seed until you have planted some yourself or you will not have any success with your own.
- III25. Do not carry flowers through the house before planting them; they will not grow if you do.
- III26. If you find a four-leaf clover you will have good luck.
- III27. If you find a four-leaf clover wear it in your left shoe for luck.
- III28. If a girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be an old maid.
- III29. If you find a five-leaf clover you will be sick soon.
- III30. If a pregnant woman plants anything it will surely grow. She should plant for luck.
- III31. Some people have "a planting hand." Anything they plant will grow.
- III32. You will have bad luck if you have a bed of parsley in your yard.
- III33. Never throw out parsley; burn it, for it may have roots that will grow, and you will have bad luck if they do.
- III34. Plant parsley on Good Friday and it will not go to seed.
- III35. Never plant parsley from a cutting.
- III36. Never *plant* parsley; put the seed on a piece of paper and let the wind scatter them.
- III37. Do not transplant parsley. There will be a death in the family if you do.
- III38. If you plant potatoes when the north wind is blowing the bugs will eat them.
- III39. "Where the sunflowers grow
The beaus never go."

- 1140. It is bad luck to find flowers blooming out of season.
- 1141. You will have bad luck if you keep pressed flowers.
- 1142. It is bad luck to dream of flowers out of their proper season.
- 1143. If you get flowers for a dead person you must not smell them, for that would be a sin.
- 1144. If you cut down one plant in your garden two others of the same kind will soon die
- 1145. If mint grows well in a yard it is a sign that the husband there is not hen-pecked.
- 1146. Negroes fill their hats with leaves to prevent sunstroke.
- 1147. Keep holly berries from Christmas decorations for luck throughout the year.
- 1148. It is bad luck to have a vine grow in the house.
- 1149. Keep a piece of mistletoe hanging in your house for luck.
- 1150. Do not keep begonia plants; you will have bad luck if you do.
- 1151. If you let love apples grow in your yard you will have bad luck.
- 1152. A resurrection plant brings bad luck.
- 1153. Do not let a cypress vine grow on your house; you will have bad luck if you do.
- 1154. A night blooming cereus brings bad luck.
- 1155. Never take a flower from a graveyard and plant it. You will have very bad luck if you do.
- 1156. You will have bad luck if you let arbor vitae trees grow in your yard.
- 1157. It is bad luck to have Spanish daggers growing near your house.
- 1158. Everybody who planted a cutting from a certain tree died, and their deaths were attributed to the fact that they had planted these cuttings.
- 1159. Spanish moss growing on a tree near a house brings bad luck.
- 1160. If a woman holds a tree which a man is planting it will not grow.
- 1161. Peaches will not have worms if a nail is driven into the tree.
- 1162. If you point at a green fruit it will fall off the plant before it gets ripe.
- 1163. If you point at a green fruit which is growing on a vine it will fall off before it gets ripe.
- 1164. When you plant a watermelon, cucumber, or muskmelon seed put a corn cob into the hole and pour water over it to insure the necessary moisture for the season.
- 1165. When a Japan plum tree in the yard begins to wither and die expect the death of a member of the family.
- 1166. If you are hurt falling out of a fig tree you will never get well.
- 1167. Never plant a fig tree on ground not yet paid for, for you will never finish paying for it if you do.
- 1168. It is bad luck to plant a cedar tree. You will die soon.
- 1169. A cedar tree growing in the yard takes away prosperity. As it gets older the people get poorer. Its place is in the cemetery.

- 1170. Do not plant a willow tree in your yard, for as soon as it gets large enough to cast a shadow large enough to cover a grave a member of the family will die.
- 1171. Do not let a weeping willow tree grow in your yard. You will have bad luck if you do for they belong in the graveyard.
- 1172. To locate an underground stream of water take a forked branch of a willow tree, and holding a prong in each hand move over the ground. When the point dips you are over the water—the greater the amount the stronger the pull.
- 1173. If you plant a pecan tree you will die in the year in which it first bears.
- 1174. It is bad luck to transplant pecan trees. Each year when the pecans ripen someone dies.
- 1175. If the limb of a pecan tree is struck by lightning the tree never bears again.
- 1176. You will have bad luck if you plant pecan trees.
- 1177. A person with consumption dies when the pecan leaves begin to fall.
- 1178. For a limb to fall off a tree is a sign of death.
- 1179. Sassafras leaves to be made into filé must be picked before sunrise.
- 1180. You can pull up nettles and hold them in your hand and they will not sting you if you hold your breath.

WALKING FORTH, TRAVEL.

- 1181. If two people are walking down the street and a third person passes between them, or they walk on different sides of a post, they will have bad luck.
- 1182. When two people are walking down the street they should never let a third pass between them or they will never be friends again.
- 1183. If you start on a journey and have to return sit down for a while, before you begin again.
- 1184. If you start out and have to turn back you will be disappointed unless you turn around three times.
- 1185. If you meet two nuns but do not see their faces you are going to have a surprise.
- 1186. If you meet two nuns you must cross your fingers or you will be disappointed.
- 1187. If you see three nuns you will be disappointed.
- 1188. If you meet a minister or priest on a train or boat you will have bad luck on that trip.
- 1189. You will have bad luck if you travel on a train or boat which is carrying a corpse.
- 1190. It is good luck to pass a Chinaman and touch him on the arm.
- 1191. If three people are walking together and two walk together and one alone, the one who is walking alone should walk ahead of the other two or he will bring them bad luck.

1192. Never walk under a ladder.
1193. If you walk under a ladder you will lose your sweetheart.
1194. If you are walking with someone do not turn to return in the middle of a block or you will have bad luck. Go to a corner to turn.

COLOR.

1195. If you see a red-headed woman you will have bad luck unless you can also see a white horse.
1196. You will have bad luck if you meet a red-headed negro.
1197. If you wear red near a cow she will hook you.
1198. Red flannel has a special charm. It may be used to drive ants away.
1199. Congo negroes wear a certain shade of blue to prevent hoodoo.
1200. The bite of a blue-gummed negro is poisonous.

NUMBERS.

1201. If you meet a person three times he must treat you.
1202. Try things three times — the third for luck. "Three's a charm."
1203. If there are two fires, two weddings, or two deaths within a short time expect a third.
1204. If three men light their cigars or cigarettes from the same match the last one dies.
1205. It is bad luck to light three cigarettes from the same match.
1206. If three men light their cigarettes from the same match the youngest one will soon have some bad luck.
1207. For three persons to stand near the bedside of a sick person is a sure sign of recovery.
1208. Misfortunes never come singly. It never rains but it pours.
1209. It is unlucky to tell anyone good-bye twice.
1210. Seven is a lucky number.
1211. If thirteen sit at a table the youngest or the oldest will soon die.
1212. If there are thirteen people at a table either the youngest or the one who calls attention to the fact that there are thirteen there will soon die.
1213. If thirteen people sit at a table the last one to be seated will die within the year.
1214. Thirteen people should never sit at a table.
1215. "One is company, two is a crowd,
Three is too many, and four's not allowed."

SPORTS.

1216. It is good luck to catch an eel on a fishing line.
1217. When crabbing change your bait occasionally for luck.
1218. It causes bad luck to cross your lines in fishing.

1219. You will have good luck when fishing if you spit on your bait.
1220. If you talk while you are fishing the fish will not bite.
1221. If anyone steps over a fishing line no fish will be caught on it that day.
1222. Fish do not bite at new moon, for their mouths are sore then.
1223. Children playing marbles "make grisgris" — that is they make a cross and spit before any marbles which they do not want their opponents to hit.
1224. A certain baseball player would not have his uniform washed during the season. Washing would wash away luck.
1225. When you go in swimming first dip your hand into the water and make the sign of the cross and you won't drown.

LUCK AT CARDS.

1226. If you are playing cards do not let anyone stand by your chair for he will be a Jonah and you will not win.
1227. If you are losing in a card game get up and walk around the table. Then return to your chair and you will win.
1228. If you have bad luck playing cards get up and turn your chair completely over.
1229. If you are losing in a card game get up and turn your chair around to change your luck.
1230. It brings bad luck to pick up cards as they are dealt to you.
1231. If you let your opponent cut the cards when you deal you are letting him "cut your luck."
1232. If you drop the cards while you are dealing you will have bad luck and lose that game.
1233. "Lucky at cards unlucky in love."

ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, AND REPTILES.

1234. Never go the same way a black cat does for it will lead you into bad luck.
1235. If a black cat crosses your path from left to right you will have good luck.
1236. If a black cat crosses your path from right to left you will have bad luck.
1237. If a black cat crosses the road in front of you you will have bad luck on the way.
1238. If a black cat crosses the road in front of you take your hat off and turn it completely around to avert the bad luck.
1239. If you see a black cat, you must cross your fingers or you will have bad luck.
1240. It is bad luck for a black cat to cross the road in front of you, but if at the first crossroads you spit three times, the effect will be counteracted.

1241. It is good luck for a black cat to cross the road behind you.
1242. It is good luck to have a pet black cat.
1243. It is bad luck for a cat to cross your path.
1244. It is lucky to have a tortoise-shell cat.
1245. You will have bad luck if you chase the cat away.
1246. If you kill a cat you will have thirteen years' bad luck.
1247. If you kill a cat you will have seven years of trouble.
1248. A cat has nine lives.
1249. If a cat washes behind its ear it will rain.
1250. It is a sign of company for a cat to wash its face, and the company will come to see the first person looked at by the cat.
1251. If a cat comes to your house it is a sign that you will have good luck.
1252. If a cat is moved rub its paws with grease and it will stay in its new home.
1253. For many cats to go to a house where there is sickness is a sign of death.
1254. Cats suck people's breath.
1255. Cats eat dead people.
1256. If you swallow a cat's hair it will give you consumption.
1257. If you swallow a cat's hair it will become a tape-worm.
1258. If a cat or dog eats grass it is a sign that it is sick.
1259. If cattle low a great deal it is a sign that some trouble will come to the neighborhood.
1260. You will have bad luck if you hear a cow moan; there will be a death in the family.
1261. You will have bad luck if you sell dogs.
1262. Dogs draw lightning.
1263. To make a dog stay at home cut off the end of his tail and make a cross with the blood over the door.
1264. If you have a small dog and want it to remain small make it drunk and it won't grow any more.
1265. If you wish a dog to follow you feed it food which you have rubbed under your arm.
1266. If you wish a dog to stay in a new home cut off a piece of its tail and bury it under the doorstep.
1267. For a dog to howl under your window is a sure sign of death.
1268. If a dog stretches he is measuring a grave.
1269. For a dog to lie on his back signifies death.
1270. For a dog to crawl on his belly is a sign of death.
1271. If a dog howls it is a sign of a death or a fire.
1272. If a dog howls and looks down it is a sign of a death; if he looks up, of a fire.
1273. If you see a dog fight it is a sign that your best friend is a traitor.
1274. If a dog barks a great deal he will not bite. "He is all bark and no bite."

- 1275. You will have good luck if a strange dog follows you.
- 1276. If a dog eats rats, hair and all, or chickens, feathers and all, he will soon have lung trouble.
- 1277. For a horse to neigh in front of a house is a sign of death in that house.
- 1278. You will have good luck if you see a bald-faced, blue-eyed horse.
- 1279. Make a wish when you see a gray horse and it will come true.
- 1280. Make a wish when you see a spotted horse and it will come true.
- 1281. Make a wish when you see a paint horse and it will come true.
- 1282. You will have good luck if you see a spotted horse.
- 1283. You will have good luck if you see a white horse and a red-headed person at the same time.
- 1284. You will have good luck if you see a horse with four white feet. (A horse with white feet is sometimes allowed to pass a toll gate without pay.)
- 1285. If a horse follows one person and obeys him only, it is because he is "conjured."
- 1286. If you meet a white horse you will have bad luck.
- 1287. A white mule does not die. (It is changed into another animal.)
- 1288. A jackass does not die; it just disappears.
- 1289. If you wear a ring made from a nail of a horseshoe you will have good luck.
- 1290. Turn the ends of a horseshoe up for luck.
- 1291. If you find a horseshoe do not leave it; take it home and hang it over a door through which you pass very often and you will have good luck.
- 1292. When you find a horseshoe spit on it and throw it over the shoulder for luck.
- 1293. It is good luck to find a horseshoe.
- 1294. Horseshoes keep out bad luck. They are nailed under or over the door.
- 1295. Anything made in the shape of a horseshoe brings good luck.
- 1296. Count and stamp one hundred white horses. The first man you see wearing a red necktie after you have done this is the one you will marry.
- 1297. Count and stamp one hundred white horses and you will have good luck.
- 1298. In the above one gray mule may be counted as five.
- 1299. If a rabbit crosses the road in front of you, you will have bad luck.
- 1300. If you see a rabbit on the side of the road you will have good luck.
- 1301. The bite of a rabbit is poisonous.
- 1302. You cannot kill a graveyard rabbit unless you shoot it with a silver bullet.
- 1303. You cannot kill a graveyard rabbit.
- 1304. Wear a rabbit foot around your neck, and you will always be provided with food and clothes.

1305. The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit brings good luck.
1306. Work your rabbit foot for good luck.
1307. If a man carries a rabbit foot about with him and can touch the palm of his girl's hand with it, she will not be able to refuse him.
1308. Carry the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon, for luck.
1309. Never darn or mend clothes which rats or mice have gnawed.
1310. It is very bad for a rat to bite a person.
1311. If the rats leave a boat when it is leaving the wharf, it is a sure sign that it will sink on that trip.
1312. Do not fuss about rats eating holes in a tablecloth, for they will keep on doing it if you do.
1313. Singe the hair of a rat and turn it loose: all rats in the house will leave.
1314. It is bad luck for a rat to gnaw a hole in your clothes.
1315. Before it will see its own young starve, a pelican will tear open its breast and feed them its blood.
1316. When birds fly low there will be a storm.
1317. For a redbird to fly around near your house is a sure sign of company.
1318. If you see a redbird while you are riding you will soon receive a love letter.
1319. A lone redbird is a sign of company that you have not seen for a long time.
1320. When blackbirds build their nests high in the rushes expect high water.
1321. Do not kill doves.
1322. If you hear a whip-poor-will you will soon lose a member of your family.
1323. It is good luck for a bird to fly through the house.
1324. It is bad luck for any bird to enter the house.
1325. It is a sign of death for any bird to enter the house.
1326. If a small bird comes into the house it is a sign of company.
1327. When a little bird comes into the house you may be sure that an old friend will visit you.
1328. If a black bird flies into the house it is a sign of death.
1329. A single bird near the house is a sure sign of company.
1330. Red-headed woodpeckers adopt red-headed babies.
1331. If you have a peacock get rid of it, or you will have a death in the house.
1332. Do not embroider peacock designs on household linen, for they bring bad luck.
1333. A peacock brings bad luck.
1334. A peacock feather in the house brings bad luck.
1335. For a turkey buzzard to light on your house is a sign of a death in the family.

1336. For a lone buzzard to sit on a chimney is a sign of a death in the family.
1337. If you see a single buzzard it means that you are soon to get a letter; if two, you will go somewhere "with a feller"; if three you will be in a crowd; if four, you will soon have some pleasure,.
1338. When a number of turkey buzzards circle about in the air they are having church.
1339. When a great many buzzards circle about in the air it will soon rain.
1340. If a buzzard flies in a circle over a house and then flies off in the direction of a graveyard someone in the house will die in a few days.
1341. If an owl hoots in the day time it will rain that night.
1342. For an owl to hoot when the moon is shining is a sign of death.
1343. If an owl hoots three times it means a death in the family of the person who hears it.
1344. If an owl hoots in a tree near your house someone is going to die soon.
1345. For a screech owl to come into the house and light on a bed is a sure sign of death.
1346. For a screech owl to screech near your window is a sure sign of death.
1347. If a screech owl hoots near your window it is a sign of a death or a move.
1348. If an owl hoots turn the tongue of your shoe inside and spit between the first two fingers of your right hand, and the owl will not harm you.
1349. When an owl hoots at night cross two knives and this will make him stop.
1350. If an owl hoots around your house take off one of your shoes and put it on the front door sill; then the owl will go away.
1351. To make a screech owl stop screeching at night turn your left shoe upside down.
1352. To make a screech owl leave tie a knot in the corner of your apron.
1353. To make a screech owl leave take off both shoes and cross them.
1354. To make a screech owl stop screeching take off your coat and turn one sleeve wrong side out.
1355. To make a screech owl leave take off your left shoe and turn it over twice.
1356. Put your left shoe upside down on the window nearest a screech owl to make him leave.
1357. To make a screech owl stop screeching spit on the tongue of your shoe and turn it inside out.
1358. To make a screech owl leave tie a knot in the sheet.
1359. To make a screech owl leave turn your pocket inside out.
1360. To make a screech owl leave throw salt in the fire.
1361. Old maids turn to screech owls.

- 1362. It is bad luck to kill a screech owl.
- 1363. If you touch a bird's nest the bird will not come back.
- 1364. Carry eggs to a nest in a man's hat and the chickens will all be pullets.
- 1365. When you are setting eggs be careful not to put them into the nest with your hand or they will not hatch well. Put them into a man's hat and roll them out from it into the nest.
- 1366. If you carry eggs which you set to the nest in a man's hat all the chickens will be roosters.
- 1367. When you are setting eggs put them into a hat and let them roll gently into the nest, and the chickens will all hatch at the same time.
- 1368. When you are setting eggs if you will roll them all into the nest at the same time they will all hatch at the same time.
- 1369. When you are setting a hen put the eggs into the nest with the left hand if you want pullets. If you put them into the nest with the right hand they will be roosters.
- 1370. When you set eggs put a nail into the nest and then if it thunders the eggs will not be hurt.
- 1371. If it thunders while eggs are setting they will not hatch.
- 1372. Never set a hen in May for the eggs will not hatch.
- 1373. If you set eggs on the thirteenth they won't hatch.
- 1374. If you set eggs on Friday they won't hatch.
- 1375. Set eggs so that they will hatch just before the full moon. The chickens will be weak if they hatch while the moon is decreasing.
- 1376. If you expect to set chicken eggs do not sell or give away any of them until after you have set your own. You will not succeed unless yours are set first.
- 1377. It is useless to set eggs just after a thunderstorm for they will not hatch.
- 1378. If you are setting eggs put them under the hen at sundown for them to be pullets. If you set them at any other time most of the chickens hatched will be roosters.
- 1379. If you carry eggs to the nest in a woman's apron all of the chickens will be pullets.
- 1380. Long eggs hatch roosters and short ones pullets.
- 1381. It is bad luck to have eggs that have been blown in the house.
- 1382. You will have sickness and trouble if you keep eggs that have blown in the house.
- 1383. Feed chickens dried out egg shells to make them lay better.
- 1384. Save the eggshells from which chickens are hatched until the chickens are grown, for if you destroy the shells the chickens will be weak and will die.
- 1385. Roosters roosting on a tree limb always roost with their heads pointing in the direction in which the wind will blow the next morning.

1386. For a rooster to crow with his tail pointing to the table is a sign of death.
1387. If a rooster crows near the door company is coming.
1388. If roosters crow around a house it is a sign that someone is dead.
1389. For a rooster to crow on a gallery after sunset is a sign of a death in a family.
1390. If roosters crow at midnight it will be foggy the next morning.
1391. If a hen crows it is a sign of death.
1392. If you have a hen that crows kill her at once or you will have a death in the family.
1393. Quand une poule chante coq, le pere ou la mere va mourir tout de suite. (When a hen crows like a rooster the father or the mother is going to die.)
1394. If two hens fight it is a sure sign of company, and the company will wear clothes the color of the fighting hens.
1395. When roosters crow early the day will be unlucky.
1396. If a rooster crows on a doorstep it is a sure sign of company.
1397. After a rooster crows on a roost he sits with his head in the direction in which the wind will blow the next morning.
1398. A rooster crowing on the gallery is a sure sign of company.
1399. For chickens to crow at daybreak is a sign of disease.
1400. Never borrow eggs; if someone borrows from you do not allow return.
1401. Never put eggs on a mantel; you will meet with some misfortune if you do.
1402. Never put eggs on a bed; you will have a big racket if you do.
1403. To throw a rotten egg on someone's house signifies a quarrel.
1404. Negroes will not eat a frizzly chicken.
1405. If you keep a frizzly chicken in your yard no one will be able to hoodoo you.
1406. You will have bad luck if you kill a frizzly chicken.
1407. When you are cooking chicken put a nail in the pot to make it tender.
1408. When you kill a chicken draw a circle around it and it will not hop out of it.
1409. "A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end."
1410. May dew kills little chickens.
1411. When you find a very small egg in the yard throw it over the barn.
1412. A very long egg with two yolks is a rooster egg.
1413. Set turkey eggs in a box on the ground. When they hatch turn the box over and let the little turkeys walk out. If they are touched by hands to take them out of the nest they will die.
1414. For a bat to come into your house is a sign of bad luck.
1415. If a bat touches your hair it will tangle it so that it can never be untangled, but will have to be cut off.

1416. If you put the root of a blue lily into your hive the bees will never leave.
1417. Bees leave a house when someone in it dies.
1418. A bee dies shortly after it stings a person.
1419. If a yellow honey bee flies around you will soon receive good news; if a black one bad.
1420. When bees are swarming make a dreadful noise by beating on pans, ringing bells, etc., and they will settle on a tree nearby.
1421. You will have good luck if a swarm of bees comes to your house.
1422. A bee in the house denotes pleasant company.
1423. If two bees come near you let them stay for they mean good news or good luck.
1424. If one bee comes near you and tries to stay kill it, for it means bad luck.
1425. You will have bad luck if you kill the cricket on the hearth.
1426. If a cricket comes into your house you will have good luck.
1427. A cricket chirping on a hearth is a sure sign of death.
1428. A mud-dauber seldoms bites, but when it does it is extremely poisonous.
1429. The bite of a devils race horse is deadly poisonous.
1430. When you see a lizard say, "Lizard, lizard, show me your money-bags," and it will immediately do so.
1431. When a child catches a grasshopper he says, "Chew tobacco, chew tobacco, spit, spit, spit," and the grasshopper will then spit.
1432. To rid your house of ants throw coffee grounds under the kitchen steps.
1433. If you are troubled with ants pick up four or five, roll them in a leaf, and carry them to your enemy's house where you must leave them. Then all the ants will leave your house and go to his.
1434. The first louse found on a child's head should be cracked on the Bible. Then the child will not be a liar.
1435. Lice indicate wealth.
1436. When a lightning bug comes into the house be sure that an old friend will visit you.
1437. If a fly bothers you it is a sign that someone wants to see you.
1438. If a fly flies around you continually it is a sign that someone wants to see you. Kill the fly and you will see the person.
1439. For a great many flies to come into the house is a sign of sickness.
1440. When a child finds a red beetle he places it in his hand and says,
"Lady bug, Lady bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your children will burn,"
and it immediately flies home.
1441. It is a sign of good luck for a white butterfly to come into the house.
1442. It is a sign of bad luck for a dark butterfly to come into the house.

- 1443. It is a sign of good luck for a white butterfly to fly around you.
- 1444. It is a sign of bad luck for a dark butterfly to fly around you.
- 1445. If you catch a butterfly and bite off its head and throw the body over your shoulder you will get a new dress the color of the butterfly.
- 1446. If a butterfly flies around you you will soon get a letter.
- 1447. A death tick in the wall is a sign of death.
- 1448. No matter how or when you kill a snake it does not really die until sunset.
- 1449. The bite of a green snake is not poisonous.
- 1450. You will have bad luck if you kill kingsnake.
- 1451. If you eat snakeberries you will turn to a snake.
- 1452. Snakeberries are poisonous.
- 1453. It is bad luck for a snake to cross the road in front of you.
- 1454. Sometimes when a snake has been chopped in two and the pieces left near each other it will grow together.
- 1455. If you kill a snake you will be forgiven seven mortal sins for doing it.
- 1456. If you are on a journey and a snake crosses the road in front of you you will not succeed.
- 1457. Make a string of beads from snake bones and wear it around your wrist if you have hard work to do, or around your ankle if you have to walk far, and neither will swell.
- 1458. Make a string of beads of snake bones and wear this around your ankle and snakes will never bite you.
- 1459. Sometimes snakes live with babies and even nurse with them. If a snake of this kind is killed the baby with whom it has lived will die.
- 1460. Sometimes babies live only because of association with snakes of this kind. If the snake had not come the baby would have died.
- 1461. If a rattlesnake bites a tree the tree soon dies.
- 1462. If you strike at a snake's head with a stick and the snake bites the stick you will be poisoned just as if the snake had bitten you.
- 1463. Every rattlesnake has a small pilot snake.
- 1464. Kill the first snake you see in the spring and you will conquer your enemies.
- 1465. For a spider to fall on you is a sign that you will get a new dress.
- 1466. It is good luck to have a spider fall on you after dark.
- 1467. Any brightly colored spider or snake is poisonous.
- 1468. If a small spider runs over you it is a sign that you will receive money.
- 1469. A spider web in the house brings bad luck.
- 1470. If you find a spider web with a "M" woven in it you are soon to be married.
- 1471. If you see a spider crawling near you in the morning you will have lots of sorrow.

1472. It is said of seeing spiders,
 "Le matin chagrin, midi plaisir, le soir esperance."
1473. If you kill a spider before twelve o'clock you will have bad luck.
1474. It is unlucky to see a spider in the morning, but lucky in the afternoon.
1475. It is good luck to see a spider in the morning; bad luck to see one in the evening.
1476. If a small, or "luck" spider runs over you do not knock him off if you want to have good luck.
1477. Spider webs are used to stop bleeding of a wound.
1478. If a turtle bites you it will not let go until it thunders.
1479. Some crabs have pictures on them.
1480. If you handle frogs you will have warts.
1481. If after a relative or close friend has died an animal, such as a dog or cat, comes to you and is very friendly, keep it for it may be that person returned in that shape.

HOODOOS.

1482. Write the name of an enemy eleven times on a piece of paper. Place a lighted candle on it; when the candle burns down and the paper begins to burn his trouble begins.
1483. A person who is hoodooed usually has some peculiar mark appear on his body.
1484. If a hoodoo bag is thrown into running water the bad luck falls on the person placing the bag.
1485. If a person who has been hoodooed crosses running water the hoodoo loses its effect.
1486. A hoodoo bag contains certain weeds, brick, dirt, red flannel, etc. It is most effective when the weeds, brick, and dirt come from a grave.
1487. Some evidences of hoodoo are: cards stacked over the door, nails stacked on a window, and a bag on the teaster of a bed.
1488. If a horse is hoodooed, place his foot on the ground, then cut the grass in the space so covered, and when the grass grows level again the horse will be all right.
1489. To become a hoodoo you must sell your soul to the devil. To do this on the darkest night of the month go out alone into a field and wait for him to appear. He will do this exactly at midnight in the form of a black bird or shadow. After you have made your agreement with him he is your master, but he will help you to accomplish anything within his power.
1490. A snake bone in the pillow is a sign of hoodoo.
1491. A hoodoo is sometimes prepared of feathers, snakebone, and horsehair.

1492. Black pepper and salt sprinkled on the steps are a sign of hoodoo.
1493. Knots in a feather pillow are a sign of hoodoo.
1494. Do not burn red candles, for it is a sign of hoodoo. (You may be hoodooed by doing so.)
1495. Sometimes people visiting sick persons make "bad mouth" — that is they say that they wish the sick person to recover, etc., but they are really there to do him evil. If you wish to test a visitor: just after he has left, melt some lead and then let it cool. If it is smooth when cool his visit was all right, but if it is rough he was there with evil purpose.
1496. Wear a silver coin around the ankle to prevent hoodoo.
1497. Warnings of hoodoo may come in three messages: First warning —; second, a loaf of bread covered with pitch on the doorstep; and third, a tiny coffin left on the doorstep. After the third the victim will die.
1498. You may be hoodooed through your teeth. Have them pulled to break the hoodoo.
1499. If a person's illness can be cured in no other way he is hoodooed.
1500. Do not sleep on a feather pillow or mattress, for a common means of hoodoo is through feathers.
1501. The harness fell off of a horse every time an old woman drove over a ditch in front of an old witch's place. The old witch had some kind of hoodoo on the spot.
1502. If you sleep on a bed which has feather wreaths in it you will be hoodooed. The wreaths are placed there by someone wishing to hoodoo you.
1503. When a horse's mane, tail, or forelock are full of queer little knots it is a sign that the witches have been riding him the night before.
1504. You can "conjer" a horse — that is make him obedient to your will — if you carry an ear of corn under your arm and then feed it to him.
1505. If a woman is hoodooed and made physically weak as a result of it, let her take three pieces of hoop iron, place them in a pitcher, and draw water over them. Then she must drink this water, which will counteract the effect of the hoodoo.
1506. An old crippled negro, who had a lump in her leg, claimed that it was a frog put there by a hoodoo. She died as a result of the trouble.
1507. Negroes' wrists "open." They "close" them by tying little pieces of red flannel around them. (They sometimes "open" when they are doing even such light work as washing dishes.)
1508. A negro cook will sometimes put a rusty nail in the bail of a pot to keep the contents from boiling over. She hoodooes it.
1509. Fold back the thumb to prevent the effects of the evil eye.
1510. If you will take the main feather from a black rooster's tail, hold it in your hand, and draw it through your sweetheart's hand she will accept your suit.

1511. If a married woman ties a strong string around her waist her husband will be faithful to her as long as she does not remove it or it does not come off.
1512. If you wish to harm anyone steal something from him, such as a handkerchief, say a certain charm, and burn a red candle.

TOKEN.

1513. A healer who cures by faith must have a handkerchief as a token from the person to be cured.
1514. If you find a white button wear it in your shoe for luck.
1515. If a girl carries a St. Joseph medal for six months, she will get married. She should then pass it on to someone else.
1516. If you carry a piece of St. Joseph bread in your purse you will always have money.
1517. Carry something made by a blind person who has never seen and you will have good luck.
1518. If you carry a buckeye in your pocket you will have good luck.
1519. Wear a swastika for good luck.
1520. If you find a four-leaf clover wear it in your shoe for good luck.
1521. A scapular or scapular medal preserves the wearer from danger.
1522. A certain baseball player carried a woman's hairpin in his pocket for luck.
1523. It is bad luck to carry a two-dollar bill.
1524. You will have bad luck if you carry a two-dollar bill unless you tear off one corner.
1525. If you find money wear it in your shoe for luck.
1526. If you find money carry it for luck. If you give it away or spend it you are giving away "your luck."
1527. Carry a piece of money coined in the year you were born "for luck."
1528. Wear eel skins on wrists to prevent drowning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1529. It is good luck to kick a rusty nail accidentally.
1530. For a woman to whistle is a sign that she wants to be kissed.
1531. Two people anxious to receive a message from the spirit world sat holding each other by the wrist, one with a pencil in hand. After a time the hand holding the pencil was seized and a message was written rapidly backward.
1532. If you speak to a ghost he must answer or leave.
1533. If your "mind tells you something, go by it."
1534. Ask a St. Joseph for something; if he doesn't give it to you stand him on his head; if he still doesn't give it to you put him in hot ashes. By doing this you will secure what you wish.
1535. It is bad luck to let a lady put her hand in your pocket.

- 1536. If you put a seashell to your ear you can hear the roaring of the sea.
- 1537. To locate a drowned body put a loaf of bread into the water. It will float and come to rest just above the body.
- 1538. Throw the hat last worn by a person who has been drowned, and it will float out and come to rest just above the body.
- 1539. To locate the body of a drowned person light a candle and stick it fast to a small board. Put it into the water and let it float. It will float to the spot above the body and rest there.
- 1540. If you go near running water wash your hands in it for luck.
- 1541. If you count a group of men one of them dies soon.
- 1542. In the spring count and stamp one hundred straw hats for luck.
- 1543. If you have the hiccoughs it is a sign that you are still growing.
- 1544. If you are drowning and accidentally cross your hands you will come to the surface and float. You are saved by the form of the cross.
- 1545. If you cross your fingers when you tell a lie it will not be counted as a sin.
- 1546. You will have bad luck if you have a ring cut to be made larger or smaller.
- 1547. You will have bad luck if you let another person take a ring off your finger.
- 1548. Suspend a plain gold wedding ring over a glass of water by a hair. The ring will begin to vibrate and will strike the glass once for every year of the age of the person whose hair is used.
- 1549. Some old negroes are able to tell fortunes by the dregs left in a cup of tea. Without knowing who drank from the cup they are able to tell the sex of the person.
- 1550. It is bad luck for old people to sing.
- 1551. Sleep before nine is beauty sleep.
- 1552. If you start to tell something but forget it, it is a lie.
- 1553. If two people say the same thing at the same time it is a sign that a soul is coming out of purgatory.
- 1554. If two people speak at the same time and one reaches over and pinches the other, he will live longer than the one pinched.
- 1555. Do not eat blood of animals, for blood is life.
- 1556. A tub partly full of water may have a fish of any size placed in it and the tub, water, and fish will weigh no more than the tub and water alone did.
- 1557. Some believe that certain spots are bad luck spots.
- 1558. Every one who lives in a house which has been cursed or hoodooed will have bad luck.
- 1559. Negroes claim that if they leave their plows sticking into the ground they will not be able to sleep.
- 1560. The luck of a lousy calf — live through the winter and die in the spring. (Sick cattle or people believed to die at the turn of the season.)

1561. "A fool for luck."
1562. Touch wood after expressing satisfaction over good luck or good health or it will not last.
1563. When little whirlwinds of dust go down the street it is a sign that the old devil is glad.
1564. If there is a sudden pause in the conversation it is because an angel has passed through the room.
1565. If an angel should pass while you are making an ugly face or crossing your eyes you will stay that way.
1566. If you speak of an angel you will hear the flutter of its wings.
1567. If you speak of a devil one of its imps will appear.
1568. In talking to someone if you call him by someone else's name the person named is talking of you.
1569. Human vitality is lowest at three o'clock in the morning.
1570. If a person is sick and dying his life goes out with the tide.
1571. A person who has consumption dies in the fall or spring of the year.
1572. If a very sick person wants to be moved it is a sign that he will die very soon.
1573. If letters cross they bring good luck.
1574. No news is good news.
1575. You will not take cold if you wear silk.
1576. Every time you sigh you are driving a nail into your coffin.
1577. You will have bad luck in business if you keep empty shells in the house.
1578. You will have bad luck if you bring an empty bird's nest into the house.
1579. You will have good luck if you wear coral next to your skin.
1580. Parching coffee purifies the air in a house.
1581. If you drink water from the Bayou Teche no matter how far away you go you will some day return.
1582. The Mississippi River always gives up what it takes.
1583. If you confuse your words while talking you are soon to have a good time.
1584. A thread on your clothes indicates that someone is thinking of you. If it is a white or light colored one the person is a blond; if a black or dark colored one, a brunette.
1585. If you gape or yawn early in the evening you will stay up late.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on December 29, 1926 at 9:30 A.M. in Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., with Dr. P. E. Goddard in the chair.

Because of the absence of the Secretary in Europe, no Secretary's report was read.

The report of the Treasurer was read as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

General Fund.

Income.

From General Members, dues for 1926.....	\$ 285.57	
" " " " " 1925.....	\$ 16.84	
" " " " " 1924.....	\$ 8.00	
" " " " " 1923.....	\$ 4.00	
" " " " " 1922.....	\$ 4.00	\$ 318.41
From Branch Societies.....	550.50	
From Joint dues of MLS members	186.00	
From Subscriptions from Germanistic Society	24.00	
Interest on bank balance	39.04	
Income from permanent fund	115.50	
		<u>\$ 1383.45</u>
Balance from 1925	1495.94	
		<u>\$ 2888.64</u>

Expenditures.

Journal (1924)	\$ 941.03	
Editor's Expenses (1926)	\$ 328.00	
Postage (Boston Branch)	3.00	
Journal (1924) mailing	92.12	
Secretary's Expenses	2.75	
Treasurer's Expenses	9.97	
Cartage (Old numbers of Memoirs and Journals)	6.00	
		<u>\$ 1394.33</u>
Balance in bank	1494.31	
		<u>\$ 2888.64</u>

Publication Fund.

Income: Donations	\$ 53.25	
Balance from 1925	804.93	
		<u>858.18</u>

Permanent Fund.

2 bonds, Mortgage Bond Company of New York, of \$ 1000.00 each,
paying 5 ½ %

1 bond, Mortgage Bond Company of New York, of \$ 100.00, paying 5 ½ %
(See General Fund Income for receipts of these).

P. E. GODDARD, Treasurer.

The report of the Treasurer was accepted.

The Treasurer's accounts have been audited and found correct.

(Signed) FRANZ BOAS.

GLADYS A. REICHARD.

The Editor reported as follows:

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

It has been necessary for financial reasons to continue the publication of the Journal in France with Protat Frères. At the beginning of the year they had in press the 1924 volume and two memoirs, The Folklore of Maryland, and Tewa Tales. The 1924 volume has been issued, and the two Memoirs are in page proof. Volume XVIII of the Memoirs, The Folklore of Maryland, by Annie Weston Whitney and Caroline Canfield Bullock, will be issued immediately. We note with deep regret the recent death of Mrs. Bullock, through whose interest the material for this Memoir was collected and through whose generosity the volume is being printed. Volume XIX of the Memoirs, Tewa Tales, by Elsie Clews Parsons, will be somewhat further delayed. Another Memoir, Lambda Folk-Lore, by Clement M. Doke, a collection of West African Tales, has been placed with a German press through the generosity of Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons.

The following officers were elected for 1927:

PRESIDENT, Alfred M. Tozzer.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, J. R. Swanton.

SECRETARY, Pliny Earl Goddard.

EDITOR, Ruth Benedict.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, Franz Boas, George L. Kittredge, C.-Marius Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons, Gladys A. Reichard.

COUNCILLORS: for three years: J. Frank Dobie, Edward Sapir, Frank G. Speck.

Other Councillors elected are: for two years: A. L. Kroeber, Phillips Barry, Diamond Jenness; for one year: J. R. Swanton, E. K. Putnam, Stith Thompson.

The following papers were read:

John M. Cooper, *The Waswanipi*.

Pliny E. Goddard, *Relationship between Navajo and Apache*.

A. Irving Hallowell, *Recent Changes in the Kinship Terminology of the St. Francis Abenaki*.

Robert H. Lowie, *The Origin of the State in Primitive Societies*.

Thomas R. Garth, *The Will-Temperament of Full-Blood Indians*.

Walter Hough, *Dolls and Anthropomorphic Images*.

Margaret Mead, *Etiquette and Taboo in Samoa*.

Gladys Tantaquidgeon, *Notes on Mohegan Folk-Lore*.

Joseph McGoldrick, *The Phallic Sheath among the Parentintin Indians of South America*.

T. Michelson, E. Sapir and J. A. Mason, *Symposium on the question of derivatives from Polynesia, Melanesia and Australia in various American Languages*.

D. S. Davidson, *The Problem of the Family Hunting Territory Complex among the World's Marginal Peoples*.

F. G. Speck, *Iroquois and Wabenaki Culture Relationships*.

Frederick Johnson, *Note on Snowshoes of Eastern Massachusetts*.

RUTH BENEDICT,
Secretary pro tem.

BOOK REVIEW

A CROSS SECTION OF MEXICAN LIFE.

MEXICAN FOLKWAYS, Vols. 1—3, 1925—1927. Published bi-monthly in Mexico City. Present price in America \$ 2 a year.

Under date of June-July 1925, appeared a small bright periodical named MEXICAN FOLKWAYS. The Editor, Frances Toor, states the purpose of the journal as aiming to record the customs of the Mexicans which are slowly dying out through the superposition of white culture and its attendant assimilation. There is no limit to the type of material which subsequent numbers of the paper have treated. All articles are brief and written in Spanish and English. They include titles relating to archaeology and history. In the field of religion we find information on witchcraft, legends of Holy Saints, and ceremonials with their curious modern and primitive ingredients. Old Indian tales are printed; among them are several animal stories of the favorite North American type with Coyote as protagonist. Poetry, song and drama are not neglected.

Besides contributions to the imaginative arts, one of the main purposes of the journal is to call attention to achievements and trends in the graphic arts. The art criticisms are profusely illustrated with drawings or photographs. Beginning with the second volume these illustrations have been much improved. The format of the periodical was changed with the first number of Volume 3 (February—March, 1927) and the more ample pages give greater freedom for the choice and printing of pictures. The technique of reproduction grows constantly better.

This periodical, because of its interest in all things Mexican, should appeal to all who have even the slightest interest in Mexican affairs. For some time the Mexican government has hoped that by recognizing and making a conscious effort to assimilate the ancient primitive customs a happier adjustment of peoples might be made. Most nations proceed on the policy that to govern is to crush all that is indigenous. For this reason the Mexican experiment is being sympathetically watched by those who believe that every primitive society has some rights to the culture it has developed. He who is interested primarily in cultural assimilation will find this journal a rich mine, for MEXICAN FOLKWAYS presents a cross section of Mexican life with its traditions and conservatism, its deep reliance on religious formalities, and its love of leisurely recreation.

The Editor, in her Foreword, makes the suggestion that the journal might be of use to University and high school students. To this purpose the printing in two languages, the brevity and spiciness of the articles, and the many illustrations should be admirably suited. It is to be regretted that there are so many typographical errors, but these are perhaps to be expected when workers are using several languages, one of which is not native. The publication, by its quaintness and sympathy with the Mexican natives does much to obliterate the rancid smell of oil which has lately accompanied our notions of Mexico gained from our own periodicals which treat of political matters.

GLADYS A. REICHARD.

Barnard College, New York City.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. 40. — JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1927 — No. 157.

NEGRO FOLK TALES FROM THE SOUTH. (*ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, LOUISIANA*)

BY ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET.

INTRODUCTION.

There can be no question about the fact that Negroes are not as conversant with the folklore generally ascribed to them as they were a few decades ago. They have been no exception to the rule that as civilization creeps in, old habits and customs disappear. One may believe a Negro even in the South who says that he does not know any of the old animal stories and does not remember hearing them. However, such a case is exceptional indeed. As a rule, the southern Negro is well informed about the habits and pranks of B'rer Rabbit, and it is not a difficult task to start a group of these folk on a nearly endless chain of such stories.

Left to himself, however, the Negro is more apt to relate a story about Pat and Mike, or about the village preacher. It is curious to hear a native-born southern Negro, nearly full-blooded, telling a story about Pat and Mike with all the spirit and even the inflection of voice that one might expect of an Irishman. That old spontaneity out of which formerly there gushed an outpouring of the kind of stories which made Joel Chandler Harris famous seems to be lacking. There is a reticence and apology about telling stories of Rabbit and Fox which suggest sophistication and even shame. Only among children do these stories develop freely.

Nevertheless, it is no uncommon experience to hear of men and women of various ages spending the evening in a recital of B'rer Rabbit's capers, interlarded with a still larger variety of other stories and tales. Of the former, Tar Baby, Mock Plea, and the story of the disappearing lard or butter are most frequently told. I daresay there is not a Negro in the far south who has not heard at least one of these tales and who cannot give some kind of version of one of them. It is very interesting to note

how even in this late day the Negroes will laugh and chuckle at each fresh recital of the old tale as if it were entirely new.

Frequently there is a rather formal beginning and ending to the stories. The beginning may be "Ol' rabbit played another trick," or "Y'know, Rabbit is the trickiest of all the animals," or "Rabbit made a proposition." There is often a suggestion of the trick which Rabbit is about to play. The endings are even more definite. This one is frequently heard:

I stepped on a piece of tin,
The tin bended,
My story ended.

Or,

I stepped on a piece of tin,
The tin bent,
That's how my story went.

Another follows this general pattern: "He was putting on that shoe, then I left."

The stories recorded in this collection were made during the summer of 1925 in the states of Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, with a few from Tennessee.

I am indebted in this collection to Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, whose great interest in these folk contributions was the cause of the investigation, and who in many ways has contributed helpful suggestions and much needed assistance.

I. ANIMAL TALES.

I. T'APPIN'S MAGIC DIPPER AND WHIP.¹

It was famine time an' T'appin had six chillun. Eagle hide behin' cloud an' he went crossed de ocean an' go gittin' de palm oil; got de seed to feed his chillun wid it. T'appin see it, say, "Hol' on, it har' time. I got six chillun, can't you show me wha' you git all dat food?" Eagle say, "No, I had to fly 'cross de ocean to git dat." T'appin say, "Well, gimme some o' you wings an' I'll go wid you." Eagle say, "A' right. When shall we go?" T'appin say, "'Morrow mornin' by de firs' cock crow." So 'morrow came but T'appin come in from' Eagle's house say, "Cuckoo-cuckoo-coo." Eagle say, "Oh, you go home. Lay down. 'Tain't day yit." But he kep' on, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, coo," an' bless de Lor', Eagle got out, say, "Wha' you do now?" T'appin say, "You put t'ree

¹ Informant, Cudjo Lewis. Born in Dahome, West Africa, about 85 years ago. Claims to have landed with a party of slaves in Mobile 1859. The last of a group of pure blooded Africans who lived in Plateau, Alabama, for many years until their death, and whose pure African blood is to be found in a number of the present inhabitants of that settlement.

wings on this side an' t'ree on udda side." Eagle pull out six feathers an' put t'ree on one side an' t'ree on de udda. Say, "Fly, le's see." So T'appin commence to fly. One o' de wings fall out. But T'appin said, "Da's all right, I got de udda wings. Le's go." So dey flew an' flew; but when dey got over de ocean all de eagle wings fell out. T'appin about to fall in de water. Eagle went out an' ketch him. Put him under his wings. T'appin say, "I don' like dis." Eagle say, "Why so?" T'appin say, "Gee, it stink here." Eagle let him drop in ocean. So he went down, down, down, to de underworl'. De king o' de underworl' meet him. He say, "Why you come here? Wha' you doin' here?" T'appin say, "King, we in te'bul condition on de earth. We can't git nothin' to eat. I got six chillun' an' I can't git nothin' to eat for dem. Eagle he on'y got t'ree an' he go 'cross de ocean an' git all de food he need. Please gimme sumpin' so I kin feed my chillun." King say, "A' right, a' right," so he go an' give T'appin a dipper. He say to T'appin, "Take dis dipper. When you want food for your chillun say:

Bakon coleh
Bakon cawbey
Bakon cawhubo' lebe lebe.

So T'appin carry it home an' go to de chillun. He say to dem, "Come here." When dey all come he say:

Bakon coleh
Bakon cawbey
Bakon cawhubo' lebe lebe.

Gravy, meat, biscuit, ever't'ing in de dipper. Chillun got plenty now. So one time he say to de chillun, "Come here. Dis will make my fortune. I'll sell dis to de king." So he showed de dipper to de king. He say:

Bakon coleh
Bakon cawbey
Bakon cawhubo' lebe lebe.

Dey got somet'ing. He feed ev'ryboda. Pretty soon ev'ryboda eatin'. So dey ate an' ate, ev'ryt'ing, meats, fruits, an' all like dat. So he took his dipper an' went back home. He say, "Come, chillun." He try to feed his chillun; nothin' came. (You got a pencil dere, ain't you? when it's out it's out.) So T'appin say, "Aw right, I'm going back to de king an' git him to fixa dis up." So he went down to de underworl' an' say to de king, "King, wha' de matter? I can't feeda my chillun no mora." So de king say to him, "You take dis cow hide an' when you want somepin' you say:

Sheet n oun
n-jacko
nou-o quaako.

So T'appin went off an' he came to cross roads. Den he said de magic:

Sheet n oun
n-jacko
nou o quaako.

De cowhide commence to beat um. It beat, beat. Cowhide said, "Drop, drop." So T'appin drop an' de cowhide stop beatin'. So he went home. He called his chillun in. He gim um de cowhide an' tell dem what to say, den he went out. De chillun say:

Sheet n-oun
n-jacko
nou o quaako.

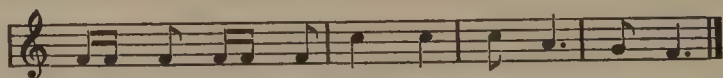
De cowhide beat de chillun. It say, "Drop, drop." Two chillun dead an' de others sick. So T'appin say, "I will go to de king." He calls de king, he call all de people. All de people came. So before he have de cowhide beat, he has a mortar made an' gets in dere an' gets all covered up. Den de king say:

Sheet n oun
n-jacko
nou o quaako.

So de cowhide beat, beat. It beat everyboda, beat de king too. Dat cowhide beat, beat, beat right t'roo de mortar wha' was T'appin an' beat marks on his back, an' da's why you never fin' T'appin in a clean place, on'y under leaves or a log.

2. RABBIT FOOLS BUZZARD.¹

Once upon a time B'rer Rabbit an' Brer Buzzard. Buzzard say he gonna shut up Rabbit five days until he starve to death. So he put him in a hole an' cover him up. Every day he come to him an' sing:



Diddledum-diddledum-day-day Young man, I'm here.

B'rer Rabbit he sing it after him. Did that five days. Every day Rabbit gittin' lower an' lower. B'rer Buzzard came 'round an' sing louder an' louder:

Diddledum-diddledum-day-day
Young man, I'm here.

¹ From Plateau, Ala.

De las' day Buzzard sing louder still; but B'rer Rabbit he very faint.
He kin jes' barely say:



Didd-le-dum-didd-le-dum d - - a - - a - - d - - a - - a

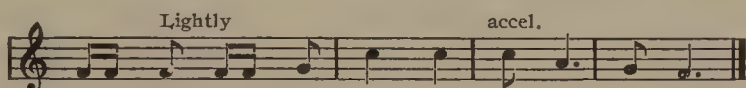
So Buzzard decide it is time to take Rabbit home to his little ones.
As he was carryin' Rabbit to his little ones he said:

Diddledum-diddledum-day-day
Young man, here he.

All come 'round de table. Dey meant to eat him. Had knives an' ever'-
thing, an' were jes' gonna cut him up when de father said:

Diddledum-diddledum-day-day
Young man, let's eat.

But jes' den ol' B'rer Rabbit jumped up from de table an' said:



Diddledum-diddledum-day-day Young man, I'm gone.

Stepped on a pin
Hit bent
That's the way he went.

3. WHERE THEY THROW AWAY THE ORANGES.¹

I.

Rabbit wanted to git even wid de buzzard. Said he couldn't beat the
buzzard; time he was. So ole Rabbit he got out on the river on a chunk.
So he started his song. So Buzzard he was hungry an' de Rabbit sung
to him:

I'm goin' down de river
Wha dey th'o away de apples
An' pitch the oranges too.

So pretty soon Brother Buzzard come along an' Brer Rabbit started
singin':

I'm goin' down de river
Wha dey th'o away de apples
An' pitch the oranges too.

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss.

Brother Buzzard say, "What you say, Mr. Rabbit?" He sang it over:

I'm goin' down de river
Wha dey th'o away de apples
An' pitch the oranges too.

Brother Buzzard say, "Will you take me wit yuh?" Rabbit say, "Sure, come along." So he went taken him wid him down de river. So he went with him, but when they got way down, Rabbit th'oo Brother Buzzard overboard. So de Buzzard tol' ol' Rabbit, "You're about to th'o away poor little me."

II.¹

Rabbit found Buzzard, he was wounded. He was floating down the stream on a chunk. So Buzzard called to Rabbit to help him off the chunk. Rabbit let the chunk go down the river with the buzzard. Buzzard died on the chunk.

III.¹

Once upon a time there was a buzzard; he got hungry. He said, "I have a good idea." He went flyin' all 'roun' Brother Rabbit singing and shoutin', "I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges, I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges, I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges." Brother Rabbit say, "Mr. Buzzard, let me go wit you." So Brother Rabbit say, "All right, you kin come on go." So Buzzard flew way up in the air an' Rabbit commenced gittin' kind o' chilly. So Brother Buzzard kept sayin', "I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges, I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges, I'm goin' where they th'ow away oranges." So he flew a hundred more miles. Then Brother Buzzard said, "Brother Rabbit, how you feel?" Brother Rabbit said, "Well, I feel chilly. I want to go back." So Buzzard flew away till Brother Rabbit could barely speak. He found out he couldn't talk, so Buzzard turn him loose an' let him fall to the ground. So afterwards Buzzard came down an' made a step towards Brother Rabbit. He said, "Oh Brother Rabbit, is you dead?" Brother Rabbit didn't say nothin'. Then he made another step, and said, "Oh Brother Rabbit, is you dead?" Brother Rabbit didn't answer. Then he got up to ol' Rabbit an' started to his eyeballs, an' then he went on sayin', "I'm goin' wha' they th'ow it on you, th'ow it on you, th'ow it on you."

4. BUZZARD TRAPS RABBIT IN A HOLLOW STUMP.²

He made a proposition for Bear an' Lion. So he made that proposition. He said, "I know some nice rich land where the finest produce you ever

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss.

² Informant, "Pappy" Jackson. New Orleans. Railroad porter. Very dark but claims to be real Creole. Born St. James Parish, 60 miles from New Orleans. Age about 60.

did see." So he told them they ought to plant sweet potatoes, turnips, peanuts, all kind that grows in the ground. So they decided on what part of the crops they would take. Rabbit was the first man. He said, "Bein's I am alone I'll take the bottoms." So the others took the top and the middle. So when the crops finished, all sweet potatoes, peanuts, turnips, celery, man he had a world o' stuff. He got an extra big sale. They went to the market with all their tops an' got nothin'. So they said to themselves, "Well, well, if dis Rabbit didn't beat us right good." So they made a proposition with Buzzard. They said, "Brother Buzzard, next time you see Rabbit, drive down after him like a hawk." So Buzzard said, "All right." So Rabbit lights out an' hides in a stump. Buzzard went an' stopped him up. So Buzzard said, "I bet you I'll suck your bones in nine days. I bet you I'll suck your bones in nine days." Rabbit said, "I bet you wont." Nine days, my God, he went there every mornin', said, "Hello, Rabbit, I bet you I'll suck your bones." Rabbit say, "I bet you wont." So the third day the same thing happened. The next day Buzzard went there an' said, "I bet you I'll suck your bones." Rabbit said, "I lay you won't." But this time he was pretty weak. So the fourth day Buzzard came an' said, "Hello, Rabbit, I bet you I'll suck your bones." Rabbit said, "I lay you won't." But he was pretty weak. So the fifth day Buzzard come along an' said, "I bet you I'll suck your bones." Rabbit said, "I lay you won't." But he was very weak. The sixth day Buzzard went to Rabbit an' said, "Hello, Rabbit, I bet you I'll suck your bones." Rabbit could just barely whisper, "I lay you won't." So the seventh day, by God he hollered at Rabbit an' Rabbit couldn't say nothin'. So Buzzard went to the animals an' got the reward. He eat him too. By God he's the only one got away with the rabbit.

5. MOCK-BEHEADING.

I.¹

Once Mr. an' Mrs. Rabbit was married an' dey lived in a hut together an' Mr. an' Mrs. Turkey Gobbler lived 'cross de way. So one morning Mr. Rabbit got up an' taken his bucket to go to Mr. Turkey Gobbler's house to get some milk for breakfast. He met Mr. Turkey Gobbler an' he had his head up under his wings. So Mr. Rabbit asked him where was his head. Mr. Turkey Gobbler told him he cut it off an' left it home for his wife to make biscuits. Mr. Rabbit was crazy about turnips, thought he'd go home git his wife to cut his head off an' season a nice pot o' turnips for dinner. So when he got home he told his wife about what wise Turkey Gobbler said. He told her he wanted his head cut off like wise Turkey Gobbler. His wife did not want to do it. She said, "Oh no, I'm afraid to do that. It will kill you." But Mr. Rabbit said, "Oh no,

¹ From Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Turkey Gobbler got his head cut off an' he's not dead." So Mr. Rabbit got de choppin' block an' put his head on it. Mrs. Rabbit chopped his head off an' he just hopped around till he died. Y'know, Rabbit always been a wise critter but yet an' still somebody gits away wid him some time.

II.

Ol' Rabbit passed the guinea one day. He could only see his body but he couldn't find his head. Ol' Rabbit walked up to him and looked and looked. He looked some more and didn't find any guinea there. So he looked and looked but he couldn't find Guinea. Next day he saw Guinea on the road. He decided to ask him. Then he said, "Mr. Guinea, where was your head yesterday?" Guinea said, "Oh, I left it home an' left the ol' lady lick it." So Rabbit said to his wife, "Ol' lady, I want you to cut off my head an' lick it for me while I go out." So the ol' lady thought he was crazy an' wouldn't do it, but Rabbit kept on insisting. She didn't want to cut his head off but she wanted to do what he wanted. So she chopped it off. He just bumped around until he died. That's the way Rabbit was fooled.

III.¹

There was a guinea used to hide his head under the green. Rabbit meet him an' ast him where was his head. He say he leave his head at home to have his wife pick the lice out of it. Rabbit said he was gonna try. An' when the rabbit went home he tol' his wife to cut his head off, he wanted to leave it at home so she could pick the lice out of it. When his wife cut his head off his brother walked in an' said, "Oh, what a pity, what a pity for a damn fool!"

6. NO TRACKS COMING BACK.²

You know Brer Rabbit said to be the wisest animal in the forest. So Brer Rabbit was walkin' along one day when Brer Fox come along. "Say, Brer Rabbit," Brer Fox says, "ain't you goin' to de big meetin'? Everybody goin'." "Zat so," says Brer Rabbit, "sure I'm goin'." So Brer Fox went off an' Brer Rabbit he take an' look aroun'. Pretty soon he see hundreds o' footprints n' all goin' in de sam direction. Den he see dey all rabbit tracks. "M-m-m," says Brer Rabbit, "all dem tracks goin' dat way, n' not a single one comin' dis way. Dat ain't no place fo' me."

7. T'APPIN FOOLED BY BILLY GOAT'S EYES.³

T'appin, you understand, lost his mother-in-law. Now he wanted the pigeon to go wit him over to the funeral. After they git there T'appin

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

² From Kowaliga, Ala. and Natchez, Miss.

³ Same informant as tale no. 1, group I.

fool the pigeon. Say, "Don't call your name, Pigeon, you just came here. Me, I'm already here. Come a long time, want to come home. They say ought to give you horsey to ride horse." Took Billy Goat, tied a big rope to him an' a little one to horsey. T'appin gits goat, Pigeon horse. They come home. T'appin gits angry an' kill Billy Goat. Pigeon buries it in ground, eyes up. T'appin come along an' see. Say, "Well sir, I never know the ground got eye." So he goes out, gets all the town folk. Tells them to come out in road. Pigeon took the head up and make the ground smooth. So the people come to the city to see the ground that has eye. They do not see. They say to T'appin, "Come on, show us the eyes in the earth. Come on, show us the eyes in the earth. You lie, you can't tell us there are any eyes in the earth." So they took out their swords an' cut him on back. That how come he got a mark on his back.

8. LION HUNT.¹

One day lion is king o' de beast. Now what did Africa call it? You got to be mighty smaht to catch lion. One day hunter went off. He see lion an' shoot at him. Lion fell. He was so glad he start tellin' de rest bout dis lion he kill. He want to go right up to it. But the other hunters said, "Nyowole! Maybe he fall so you come up an' he kin git you." They say, "Now here, we got to go an' see." When de lion lay down he got one eye on de man who shot him; he not badly hurt. Hunter say, "I kill him." They say, "Ade! Nyowole! Beo kuo. I jabularo." This mean, "Hunter, be careful. Is he dead? Bad fellow-fool you." The hunter he went dere. Dey all yell, "O-we! Yehe!" This mean, "I tell you! I done tol' you." Hunter went dere, he feel-a dat way, look at, he say, "Yes, Lord, he done dead. He can't do me any harm now, because I give him dead shot."

9. RABBIT GETS HUNG.

I.²

Once it was a rabbit an' it was a little girl, she was at her mother's house. An' Rabbit used to come knockin' on de door for to come in. "Baby," mother say "don't let Rabbit in the garden dis evenin'." Rabbit came along, knocked on the door and said, "Let me in your garden." So she said, "No," but some how he git in there, an' he eat greens dat evenin'. So one evenin' de mother caught Rabbit an' she hung him up. Every now an' then Rabbit say:

"Big ball up town, an' twenty five dollars to
swing dere big fat gals,
Big ball up town, an' twenty five dollars to
swing dere big fat gals."

That time I stepped on a big piece o' tin an' slid it to the end.

¹ Same informant as tale no. 1, group I.

² From Vicksburg, Miss.

II.¹

Was a ball one time, an' a rabbit an' fox. Dis fox stole pigs f'um de rabbit. So says, "Let's give a ball tonight." So Mr. Bear an' Mr. Fox play music for dem. So Bear says to fin' out if Fox stole the pigs. He said to Fox, "Uh-h-h, did you, did you, did you?" Fox said, "Yes, I did." So Bear said, "Uh-h-h, did you steal dat fatten' pig?" Fox said, "Uh-h-h, yes I did." So dey took Brother Fox an' strung him up to hang him. So Brother Fox he was struttin' up an' down de flo' sayin', "I wonder who gonna stay wid me in dis big lonesome house." So de devil says, "Me." So Fox said again, "I wonder who gonna stay wid me in dis big, lonesome house." Devil says, "Me." At that time de devil hung him. Den I stepped on a piece o' tin an' went to Memphis.

IO. RABBIT TIES FOX'S TAIL TO THE DEAD HORSE.²

Once Fox an' Rabbit had a crop together. So Rabbit wanted all the crop an' Fox wanted all of it too. So Rabbit went out somewhere to study a plan to git all the crop. He was walkin' along the road an' he found a horse. So he ran over to Fox an' said, "Guess what I found, — a dead horse! Come on with me an' we'll carry him off somewhere." So Fox went with Rabbit to the horse. So Rabbit said, "I'm gonna plait your tail to de horse's tail, an' you will pull while I push." So Rabbit had the whip. When he plaited the tails he whipped the horse an' the horse wasn't dead. When Rabbit beat him he ran aroun' pullin' poor Fox all over de fiel'. Fox cried out, "Neber min', Brer Rabbit, I'll git you!" Br'er Rabbit say, "Git me now, git me now!"

II. PROMISED FEAST.

I.³

Fox an' Rabbit. Fox comes up on Br'er Rabbit in a hollow log. Rabbit in there with little ones, so he said, "Br'er Fox, if you let me an' my little ones alone I'll show you a nice place where there s a sow an' the nicest little pigs." So he said, "See that hollow log settin' over there yonder? Well, there's a sow with a lot o' pigs in there." So Fox went over an' instead of a sow an' pigs it was a hound an' pups. So the hound chased Fox an' he had to fly as fast as he could. He saw Goose come along with little ones, an' he ran in his house. The gander ran up a tree. But the hound pressed him so close he couldn't stop. So Fox said, "Never mind, Mr. Goose, I'll pay you." So the Gander cried down from the tree, "Pay me now, pay me now, pay me now!"

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss.

² From Jackson, Miss.

³ From Natchez, Miss.

II.

Ol' Fox caught Rabbit one time, wouldn't leave him out. He decided he was gonna have a feast. Now Br'er Fox is pow'fully fond o' geese. Fox, y'know, is crazy about geese. So Rabbit said to him, "Br'er Fox, wait a minute, please. Turn me loose. I know a log just full o' nothin' 'cept geese." Fox said, "Aw, you're just tryin' to fool me." Rabbit said, "No, sir, no, sir, I wouldn't fool you for nothin'." So Fox let him carry him along to the place. Pretty soon they got there. Rabbit said, "Well, here's the place. Turn me loose an' go in there." So Fox poked his head in the log. They was a lot of white things in there look just like geese; but it was a dog an' her pups. So the dog lit out after Fox. Rabbit ran off an' shouted, "Ha, ha, ha! Dog caught him. Didn't I fool him!" So Rabbit got away. "Doggone, I done sot this world on fire," he said, an' before he got it all done I lit.

III.¹

Fox wanted to eat de Rabbit. So he had him dis day. Br'er Rabbit say, "Oh Br'er Fox, don't eat me. If you don't eat me I'll take you to a place where goose an' billies are. Please don't eat me." So Fox say, "All right, show me." So he takes him wha' he say the geese is. Fox runs an' jumps in on em an' it was a dog n' her pups. They jus' lit atter Br'er Fox an' he had to run fas' as he can. He pass Br'er Rabbit an' say, "I pay you, Br'er Rabbit, I pay you, Br'er Rabbit." Br'er Rabbit say, "Pay me now, pay me now!" Well, after he got away f'um dem dogs dat son of a gun whipped roun' an' chased Br'er Rabbit. Rabbit tried to git in a hollow log but Br'er Fox caught him by de tail. Br'er Rabbit say, "Y'aint got me tail, you got hold to a root." Br'er Fox le' go de tail an' grab a root. Rabbit run an say, "I knew I had you at de go!"

12. RABBIT RIDES ELEPHANT ACROSS THE STREAM.²

Rabbit once complained he was sick. Him and Elephant was traveling together. Well, they got to a stream of water. Rabbit said, "Please carry me across, I'm sick." So the elephant give him a seat in his ear. So Rabbit commenced gruntin', "Um-um." Elephant says, "Don't grunt, I'll be to shore soon with you." So in the middle of the stream the elephant said, "How do you feel now?" Rabbit said, "I feel very well." But when they got near the shore Rabbit said, "Your year smells worse than a dead horse." Then he jumped ashore an' ran away. Then after this Elephant went aroun' an' tol' Possum, Coon, an' Wolf to set a plan for him to get his hands on Rabbit. So finally one day Rabbit went to the stream to drink. So Elephant went there appearing to be dead. So these animals come to Br'er Rabbit an' says Elephant is dead

¹ From Jackson, Miss.² From Natchez, Miss.

an' wanted him to help move him. So after he git down there all the other animals git behind to lift Elephant. They tell Rabbit to git at the head. That was for to ketch Rabbit. But Rabbit said, "No, I want to stay at his tail." So he went back to the tail an' start pullin' it, sayin', "He, boy, he!" So they tol' him, "We 'roun' here, you git up there at the head." Rabbit say, "No. Damn small man stay in a damn small place. He, boy, he." So the elephant started running around. Mr. Rabbit ran away, cryin', "You're a liar an' a fool too!" an' out he was gone. Dey didn't git him.

13. RABBIT COUNTS ALLIGATOR'S FAMILY.¹

Once upon a time Rabbit try to go somewhere when he comes upon a swamp. Rabbit is not able to swim. So he met over there Alligator. Rabbit wants to go across to get something to eat. He say he will get Alligator to take him across. He says to Alligator, "Alligator, you have very few people in your family." Alligator says, "No, you are mistaken. There are a thousand thousand in my family." So Rabbit say, "Call 'em, I will count them." Alligator calls them. Rabbit says, "Well in order to count 'em, please stand them one by one across the swamp." So Alligator did this and then told Rabbit he should call the rabbits together so he could count them and see which family contained the greatest number. Rabbit say, "I'm gonna count your family first." So Rabbit got all the alligators in a line across the swamp, then he started to walk across on their backs. He got across to the last alligator. That one bit his tail, and that's why Rabbit has a short tail to this day.

14. RABBIT KILLS BEAR'S CHILD FOR LAND.²

Once there was a bear lived in a house with his wife an' chillun. Rabbit lived across the fiel', he had a well. He was anxious to git hol' o' one o' Bear's chillun an' kill it, then stew it an' make lard out o' him. At last one time one o' Bear's chillun come over, and so Rabbit took him an' killed him an' made lard out o' him. He said, "Uh, uh, Brother Bear told me I could have you all dis time." An' so Brother Bear heard it, an' he came over to Rabbit's house lookin' for his chile. Brother Rabbit say, "Oh, it ain't here, it ain't here." So he hid de lard behind de do'. He say to Brother Bear, "Please don't go behind de do." Every time Brother Bear get close to de lard Brother Rabbit run to de do'. So when Bear got to de grease Rabbit got to de do', tol' Bear he could have all de grease an' de chillun too.

¹ Informant, Daniel Mkato. Student at Tuskegee Institute, Ala. Born in Kampola-Mengo, Uganda Protectorate, British East Africa. Member of Baganda Tribe. Age about 25.

² From Jackson, Miss.

15. RABBIT TEACHES BEAR A SONG.¹

Br'er Rabbit.... This rabbit an' Bear goin' to see a Miss Reyford's daughter. N' Br'er Rabbit been killin' Miss Reyford's hogs. Miss Reyford didn't know he was killin' her hogs. She said to him, "If you tell me who been killin' my hogs I'll give you my daughter." N' so he said he'd go an' find out. He went to Mr. Bear an' said, "They's some ladies down here an' they're givin' a social." Y'know, you have a wonderful voice, an' they want you to sing a bass solo." So Bear he felt real proud an' he said, "All right." So Rabbit said, "I'm gonna try to train your voice." Now you just listen to me an' do everything I tell you." So Bear said, "All right." So Rabbit said, "Now I'm gonna sing a song. Listen to me. When I say these lines:

"Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs,
Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs?"

you just sing back:

"Nobody but me."

So Brer Rabbit started singing:

"Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs,
Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs?"

Then Bear answered back;

"Nobody but me."

Rabbit said, "That's right, Br'er Bear, that's fine. My, but you got one fine voice." So ol' Bear he felt real good, 'cause Rabbit kept flatterin' him, tellin' him that his voice was such a wonderful one. So they went up there to Miss Reyford's party an' pretty soon Rabbit an' Bear commence to sing. Rabbit sang:

"Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs,
Who killed Mr. Reyford's hogs?"

an' Bear sang out:

"Nobody but me."

So Mr. Reyford shot Bear. Then Rabbit said to Miss Reyford, "I told you Mr. Bear killed your hogs." Bear said to Rabbit, "All right, I'll git you." Ol' Rabbit jes' grin. So later Bear caught him n' tol' him he was gonna kill him. So Rabbit said, "Please don't kill me, please don't kill me." So Rabbit said he'd show him some honey. So Rabbit carried Bear to some honey. He said, "Here's the honey." The bees started on Bear an' Bear started hollerin', but Rabbit he yelled, "Taint nothin' but the briars, 'taint nothin' but the briars." So Bear got killed by the bees.

¹ Informant, Allan Coates. Born in Reidville, N. C. Veteran of World War. Inmate of Government Hospital, Tuskegee, Alabama. Age about 28.

16. RABBIT SHAMED BEFORE LADIES.¹

Once upon a time there was a rabbit and a fox was gone to see a girl to dance that night. Br'er Rabbit had borrowed Br'er Fox's clothes' n' they were dancin' with the girls. Br'er Fox got jealous of Br'er Rabbit and wanted to show him up before the girls. So pretty soon he said, "I want, I want —." The girls wondered what was the matter and said, "What do you want?" Br'er Fox said, "I want my coat." The girls asked who got his coat n' Br'er Fox said Br'er Rabbit. Pretty soon Br'er Fox said, "I want, I want —." The girls wondered what was the matter an' said, "What do you want?" Br'er Fox said, "I want my shirt." The girls all said, "Gi'm his shirt, Br'er Rabbit." So Br'er Fox keep on sayin', "I want, I want —". So the girls said, "What do you want this time, Br'er Fox?" He said, "My trousers." So they tol' Br'er Rabbit to give him his trousers. So Br'er Fox kep' that up till he got Br'er Rabbit naked right in front of his girls.

17. RABBIT AT THE PARTY.²

Every evenin' in the old times the rabbit come out on the headland an' they have a dance. One be playin' the fiddle, one callin' the figures, "Swing yo' pahdner all the way out," an' like that. The others were dancin'. There was one rabbit he was the bully. He'd say, "Swing them young girls all the way roun', an' swing them close, close by me." Every time they'd swing the girls he'd steal a kiss. He there with a tough big white hat. So finally one of the other dancers said, "Say, Sam, I don't like the way Jim hollers them figures. He always says, 'swing them young girls all the way roun', an' swing them close, close by me.'" So Sam said, "Aw right, suppose we call him out an' have a talk wid him." So they called him out an' said, "Can't you call better than that?" Rabbit said, "What you mean?" Sam said, "Tell him." So they told him to stop sayin' 'swing them close, close by me.' So they all went back an' Rabbit commenced callin' the figures. He said, "Swing them young girls all the way roun', an' swing them close, close by me." So they called him out again an' give him a good beatin'. So Rabbit went in once more an' called the figures. This time he said, "Swing them young girls all the way roun', but swing them 'way, 'way from me."

18. FOX BOILS RABBIT IN THE POT.³

Fox an' Rabbit went out huntin', an' they got hungry. They come 'cross man's pea patch. They decided to cook 'um some peas but they didn't have no meat an' the rabbit said, "Well, Brer Fox, I'm pretty fat an' you're pretty fat; we'll each get in an' boil awhile." They picked

¹ From Tuskegee, Ala.

² Same informant as group I, no. 4.

³ From, Natchez, Miss.

the peas an' shelled 'em They wanted to know what they was gonna cook 'em in. Woman had a washpot down there where she had been washing, an' they found a piece o' tin. They built a fire an' toted water in their hats to put the peas on in their wash pot. So the first one was to boil awhile was Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox got in the water while it was cold an' said to Rabbit, "When I say 'pam, pam', you let me out." The rabbit was pickin' up chunks to build the fire an' the water begin to get hot, an' the fox said, "Pam, pam'." And the rabbit said, "All right, wait a minute." The rabbit hist his tail an' come runnin'. He pulled the top off the fox an' let him out. An' Fox said, "Now, Brer Rabbit, it's your trip." Rabbit he hops in, he puts in one foot. He says, "Oo-o-o-o, it's too hot!!" Fox said, "Oh man, dat ain't hot. It was hot like dat when I got in." "Let me try it again," said the rabbit. He stuck in another foot. He pulled that one out an' claimed that the water was too hot. So the fox said, "Oh man, jump right in!" The rabbit hopped right in. The fox slammed the top over the pot an' ran away. An' the rabbit just kep' hollerin', "Pam, pam, pam, pam!!" Fox said, "I'll be there in a minute." Rabbit kep' hollerin', "Pam, pam, pam!!" Fox said, "Wait awhile, ol' man, you ain't boiled none." So Rabbit said, "Pam, pam." But this time he said it very weakly. The fox put on more wood. The fox said, "Pam, pam, pam, pam, well I'll be damned, I'll have Rabbit an' peas for dinner!"

IQ. IN THE WELL.¹

They had a spring. Rabbit muddied it playin' in it. They knew it was Br'er Rabbit. Fox studied how to ketch Br'er Rabbit. So he say, "Let's us dig a well, den he fall in." So they went to work an' dug a deep well. They dug it in the spring, then they put a swing over it. Rabbit come along see the swing. He just swingin' an' swingin'. All at once he heard a stick. Now when Br'er Rabbit hear a thing once, he ups wid his ears. But de second time he makes no mistake an' away he flies. So he hear a stick. He up wid his ears. So he hear dis stick crack again. He trust no mistake. He jumped an fell right in de well. So pretty soon Wolf come along an' find Br'er Rabbit in the well. He say, "What you doin' here?" Br'er Rabbit say, "I don' know, Br'er Wolf, I jes' swingin' here, n' all sudden in de hole I fell." So he plead an' plead, an' plead, an' plead. So Fox said, "We'll git Brother Wolf, see what he do." So he got Brother Wolf. They couldn't study up no idea how to git him out. So Br'er Rabbit say, "You get in de bucket, den you go down an' I come up." So Br'er Fox he wouldn't git in. Brer Wolf he git in. Wolf got half way. Br'er Rabbit he jump up an' down all like he was scared to death. So dey git mos' to top. Den Br'er Rabbit give one jump an' laugh. He say, "Ha, ha, I'm done an' gone!"

¹ From Greenwood, Ala.

20. TAR BABY.

I.¹

Brother Rabbit went fishin' an' the bear had a house on the lake an, Brother Rabbit went in the bear's house an' started tearin' up things tryin' to find something to eat. An' when the bear come home he seen the rabbit tracks. When he seen the rabbit tracks he made a tar baby. He set it out in the weeds. Brother Rabbit came an' spoke to the tar baby. Tar Baby said nothin'. Brother Rabbit said, "How come you won't speak to me?" Tar Baby didn't speak. Brother Rabbit said, "I got a right foot here an' will slap you with it if you don't speak to me." The tar baby didn't speak. Brother Rabbit struck at him with his right foot and it stuck fast. So Brother Rabbit said, "You better turn me loose or I'll strike you wid my left foot. Turn me loose!" But the foot stuck to the tar baby and Brother Rabbit struck him with his left. So the left foot stuck fast. Brother Rabbit said, "If you don't turn my two foots loose I got two hind feet back here an' I will kick you wit it." So he kicked the tar baby wid one of his hind foots. Brother Rabbit said, "Turn my three foots loose, yeh, turn 'em loose, 'cause I got another hind foot." But the third foot stuck fast an' so he kicked with the last foot. That stuck. Brother Rabbit said, "If you don't let me loose I'll butt you wit my head." So he butt the tar baby an' his head stuck fast. Then Brother Rabbit said, "Turn me loose or I'll take my tail an' whip you wit it." But the tar baby didn't turn him loose an' so Brother Rabbit whipped him wit his tail. Jus' then Bear comes along. He sees Brother Rabbit stickin' to the tar baby an' says, "I gotcha now." He started gittin' some big pieces of wood fur to make a fire. Then he put Brother Rabbit in the fire. By this time Brother Rabbit's right foot had done got loose. Bear put more sticks on it. Left foot done got loose, then the head and' the hind foots, then the tail. Oi' Brother Rabbit he got away. He ran far off an' then he commence laughin'. "Ha, ha, --he have a big rabbit f' dinner, won't he!"

II.²

Rabbit goes roun' an' makes another proposition. He says to himself, "Gee, it's gittin' dry here; can't git any mo' water. Git a little in the mornin' but that ain't enough." So he goes along an' gits the gang to dig a well. So the Fox goes roun' an' calls all the animals together to dig this well. He gits Possum, Coon, Bear, an' all the animals an' they start to dig the well. So they come to Rabbit to help. Rabbit he sick. They say, "Come on, Brother Rabbit, help dig this well; we all need water." Rabbit say, "Oh the devil, I don't need no water; I kin drink dew." So he wouldn't go. So when the well was done Rabbit he was the first one to git some of the water. He went there at night an' git de water in

¹ From Jackson, Miss.² Same informant as group I, no. 4.

jugs. The other animals see Rabbit's tracks from gittin' water in jugs. So all the animals git together an' see what they goin' to do about Brother Rabbit. So Bear say, "I tell you, I'll lay here an' watch for it. I'll ketch that Rabbit." So Bear watched but Rabbit was too fast for him. So Fox said, "I tell you, let's study a plan to git Brother Rabbit." So they all sit together an' study a plan. So they made a tar baby an' put it up by the well. So Brother Rabbit come along to git some water. He see the tar baby an' think it is Brother Bear. He say, "Can't git any water tonight; there's Brother Bear layin' for me." He looked some more, then he said. "No, that ain't Brother Bear, he's too little for Brother Bear." So he goes up to the tar baby an' say, "Whoo-oo-oo-oo." Tar Baby didn't move. So Rabbit got skeered. He sneaked up to it an' said, "Boo!" Tar Baby didn't move. Then Rabbit run all aroun' an' stood still to see did he move. But Tar Baby kept still. Then he moved his claw at him. Tar Baby stood still. Rabbit said, "That must be a chunk o' wood." He went up to see if it was a man. He said, "Hello, old man, hello, old man, what you doin' here?" The man didn't answer. He said again, "Hello, old man, hello, old man, what you doin' here?" The man didn't answer. Rabbit said, "Don't you hear me talkin' to you? I'll slap you in the face." The man ain't said nothin'. So Rabbit hauled off sure enough an' his paw stuck. Rabbit said, "Turn me loose, turn me loose!" Man ain't said nothin'. Rabbit said, "Turn me loose, turn me loose or I'll hit you with the other paw." Rabbit ain't said nothin'. So Rabbit hauled off with his other paw an' that one stuck too. Rabbit said, "You better turn me loose, I'll kick you if you don't turn me loose." Tar Baby didn't say anything. "Bup!" Rabbit kicked Tar Baby an' his paw stuck. So he hit him with the other an' that one got stuck. Rabbit said, "I know the things got blowed up now; I know if I butt you I'll kill you." So all the animals were hidin' in the grass watchin' all this. They all ran out an' hollered, "Aha, we knowed we was gonna ketch you, we knowed we was gonna ketch you." So Rabbit said, "Oh, I'm so sick." So the animals said, "Whut we gonna do?" So they has a great meetin' to see what they gonna do. So someone said, "Throw him in the fire." But the others said, "No, that's too good; can't let him off that easy." So Rabbit pleaded an' pleaded, "Oh, please, please throw me into the fire." So someone said, "Hang him." They all said, "He's too light, he wouldn't break his own neck." So a resolution was drawed up to burn him up. So they all went to Brother Rabbit an' said, "Well, today you die. We gonna set you on fire." So Rabbit said, "Aw, you couldn't give me anything better." So they all say, "We better throw him in the briar patch." Rabbit cry out right away, "Oh, for God's sake, don't do dat. They tear me feet all up; they tear me behind all up; they tear me eyes out." So they pick him up an' throw him in the briar patch. Rabbit run off an' cry, "Whup-pee, my God, you couldn't throw me in a better place! There where my mammy born me, in the briar patch."

III.¹

Once upon a time there was a rabbit. Rabbit always did know a plenty tricks. He lived in a big forest. At last the forest got so there wasn't no water in it or nothin', an' the animals got so they couldn't git nothin' to drink. They got arguin' aroun' there one day. So Rabbit he acted like he wasn't worryin' or nothin'. Finally one o' the beasts ax him, "How's all us worried 'n' everything, an' Brother Rabbit he lookin' so fat an' fine?" So Rabbit says, "Aw, pshaw, I gits plenty water off the dew every mornin'." They all said, "That's a good idea." So they all planned to do that. Then next mornin' they got up early an' they didn't git no dew hardly, not enough to do 'em no good. So de nex' mornin' dey all met in de woods an Br'er Rabbit didn't seem like to be 'roun'. So dey all plan to watch Br'er Rabbit dat night, see what he did. So they stay up all night watchin' fo' Mr. Rabbit. They all got behin' a tree. Seen Mr. Rabbit, he went to a little spring, he had bushes fixed up all around it 'cause he didn't want them to see it. He pushed the bushes away an' got him a good jar of water. So when Brother Rabbit went away they all got 'em a good drink of water. So they decided they would fix Brother Rabbit. They made a Tar Wolf at the spring. Br'er Rabbit went there next mornin', he saw this Tar Wolf. He said, "What you doin' there at my spring, Mr. Tar Wolf?" Wolf wouldn't say nothin', just sot up there. Rabbit said, "You better answer me 'fore I slap you with my paw." Tar Wolf ain't said nothin'. Br'er Rabbit hauled back an' slapped the Tar Wolf with his right paw. His paw stuck. Then Rabbit said, "Mr. Wolf, Mr. Wolf, turn me loose. Y'know, I got a left paw here. If you don't turn me loose I'll slap you wid it." Tar Wolf didn't say nothin', so Br'er Rabbit hauled off an' hit him with his left paw. Then both paws were stuck. Br'er Rabbit cried, "Mr. Wolf, turn me loose, please turn me loose." They were all sittin' there watchin' him all this time. So Br'er Rabbit said, "Br'er Wolf, you better turn me loose, 'cause if I kick you wid me other right paw you gone up you better turn me loose." So he slapped him with his right paw an' that stuck. Br'er Rabbit said, "All right, I got a left one back here. If I hit you wit dat you sure will die. Tar Wolf didn't answer him a word. So Br'er Rabbit slapped him with his left paw an' that stuck. Just then all the animals come walkin' down. They said, "Ah, Brother Rabbit, we co't yuh, we co't yuh." So they planned to break his neck. Rabbit said, "That's all right, that's all right. Break my neck, a better one will grow back." Then they said, "No, le's not break his neck, le's cut his years off." Br'er Rabbit said, "Yeh, cut my years off, I'll git some new ones much better than these." So they said, "No let's not cut his ears off. Tell you what we'll do, we'll th'ow him in de berry patch." Br'er Rabbit say, "Please don't th'ow me in the berry patch, please don't th'ow me in the berry patch." He jes' beggin',

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss.

"Please don't th'ow me in the berry patch. Th'ow me in water or in fiah, any place, but don't th'ow me in de berry patch." So the harder he beg the faster they walk to git him to the berry patch. So they th'ew him in the berry patch. Br'er Rabbit jus' run off an' say, "Good-bye to you all. Dis is wha' I bred an' born in de berry patch."

21. HUNTING MUSCADINES.¹

I met Mr. Rabbit in the pea vine,
I ast him, "Wha you gwine?"
He haist his tail on his back an' said,
"Ain't got time to tell you now,
Got to hunt dose muscadine."

22. MAGIC FORMULA: THE COTTON HOE.²

Once Rabbit an' Fox was farming. They was neighbors, pretty good frien's. Fox's crops seemed to be better than Rabbit's. Rabbit wanted to think up a plan to spoil Fox's crops. Rabbit had a patting hoe that he worked his patch with an' he tried to cut up his patch. But Fox's cotton patch was gittin' 'long nice. He tried to git skips in the cotton. Just then Fox's wife got sick, so Fox got behind in his crops. His cotton was full o' grass. So he was sick a long time an' the cotton got worse an' worse. One day Br'er Rabbit meet Br'er Fox. He say, "Sakes alive, Br'er Fox, your cotton's mighty poor." "Well, y'see, I been sick," Br'er Fox say. Br'er Rabbit say, "Why don't you use my pattin' hoe, that'll jus' make your cotton come up fine." Fox say, "Yes? Well, where is your cotton hoe? I'll use it." Br'er Rabbit say, "All right, ask my wife to give you my pattin' hoe. But lissen, let me tell you how to use my pattin' hoe. When you want dis hoe to work say, 'Cotton to chop,' an' when you done an' want it to stop say, 'Demon.' But Mr. Fox, whatever you do, don't you curse dat hoe cause den it sure will ruin your cotton." (Br'er Rabbit knew Br'er Fox like to curse.) So Br'er Fox used Br'er Rabbit's pattin' hoe an' it work so fine he forget an' start cursin'. When he cursed it it got to cuttin' up de cotton. Den Br'er Fox try to stop de pattin' hoe, but he forget de word. Rabbit layin' down dere dyin' a laughin', hid'en in de bushes. After the hoe almos' ruined Brer Fox's cotton he come out an say, "What's de matter, Br'er Fox?" Br'er Fox say, "I can't stop dat hoe." Br'er Rabbit say, "Well, why don't you do as I tol' you." Br'er Fox say, "I forgot de word." Br'er Rabbit say, "I told you to say 'Demon'." "Well den, 'Demon' by God," say Br'er Fox, and de hoe cut cotton all up.

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

² From Jackson, Miss.

23. B'ERER RABBIT'S LAUGHING PLACE.¹

Once upon a time Br'er Rabbit was talkin' to all his friends. He said he had a laughin' place. His friends all said, "Where?" Br'er Rabbit said he couldn't take all the people at a time; he'd take one. So they asked him to choose one. So they talked and wanted Br'er Fox to go. So Br'er Fox didn't want to go right away. He said he'd go later. So about five hours before Br'er Rabbit was ready the next morning Br'er Fox came 'round to go. They walked an' walked an' Br'er Fox got tired an' said, "Is this the place?" Br'er Rabbit said, "No." Br'er Fox said, "I don't feel like goin' any farther." Br'er Rabbit said, "Aw, come on, we're pretty near there." So pretty soon they came to a hornet's nest. Br'er Rabbit said to Br'er Fox, "Just run through there, then come back, then run through again and come back. I'll show you my laughin' place." So he ran through the hornet's nest, an' all aroun' the briars an' bushes. He didn't notice that it was a hornet's nest so he ran through again and this time the hornets got him an' he ran aroun' hollerin', squallin', bawlin', an' kickin'. When he came out he saw Br'er Rabbit laughin'. Br'er Fox said, "What you laughin' at?" Br'er Rabbit didn't pay him any mind. Br'er Fox said, "I thought you were goin' to show me your laughin' place." Br'er Rabbit said, "I didn't say I was goin' to show you our laughin' place. I said *mine*."

24. RABBIT PLAYS POSSUM.²

Ol' Rabbit. Fox invited him to go fishin'. He wouldn't agree. Fox rowed out an' caught a wagon-load of fish. Rabbit too sick to ketch any. Just as he come back to carry the fish Rabbit lay down in the road. He play dead. Fox gets down, picks up the rabbit an' say, "I guess I'll throw him in the wagon." He goes further. Rabbit jumps out o' the wagon an' runs on ahead. Then he play dead again. Fox say, "This is two rabbits. Believe I'll pick him up, put him in the wagon an' hunt the other rabbit." So he hunts an' hunts, but didn't find the other rabbit. So Rabbit runs off. He took the fish, goes out an' went an' buried 'em. Fox returned an' found his wagon way in the field an' no fish in it. So Rabbit come along. He say, "Br'er Fox, where your fish?" Fox said, "I had some but they all gone. I don't know what become of 'em." So Rabbit said, "Come on with me, I'll take you to a place near my home where dey's plenty fish." So Fox had to go in the mud hole an' git the fish that day. Rabbit said, "See, I had a place right close to hand. You went out fishin'; here I had 'em."

¹ Greenwood, Ala.

² Same informant as group I, no. 4.

25. THE WATCHER BLINDED.¹

I.

"Say Fox, you fond of chickens, aint you?" Fox say, "Yes, I sure am." Rabbit say, "Go down to that hollow stump, there's a hen an' five half-grown chickens down there." So Fox ran down, ll-ll-ll-ll, on down he ran till he come to the hollow log. So it wasn't a hen an' her chicks, but it was a dog an' her pups. The ol' hound lit out after him an' the little ones ran after her. They yell, "Yanny-go, yanny go, yanny-go, yanny-go." Fox run past Rabbit. Rabbit say, "Run, Fox, run!" Ol' Br'er Fox said, "Aw right, that's a dirty trick. You wait, I'll pay you back." So Rabbit said, "Pay me now, I aint got time." So one day he run up on Rabbit, got him where there was a mud-hole. So Rabbit made into a hollow. There was a small hole, so he gets in that. Just then Toad came along. Fox said, "You watch him, Toad. I gonna git ax an' chop him out." So he left Toad. Toad sits up, looks up. So Rabbit is a great tobacco chewer Rabbit took a big plug o' tobacco an' chewed it up right good. He got plenty o' juice into it. Toad jumped on the stump, lookin' straight up at the rabbit, his eyes wide open. A big load of spit went b-r-r-r right into Toad's eyes. Toad got busy then because all this stuff was burning his eyes. Rabbit run, b-le-le-le-le-le. When he got away Fox come back, ketch him wipin' his eyes. When Toad saw him comin' he jump sidewise. Fox said, "Toad, is he in there?" So Toad said, "Yes." So he commenced choppin'. Each chop Toad would take a hop sidewise. So Fox see Toad goin' through the mud-hole an' threw the ax at him. The toad jumped an' before he jumped he said, "Shit!" That's why every time you run on a toad but before he jumps in water he says, "Shit!" an' in the water he goes.

II.²

Once upon a time there was a rabbit an' a wolf, an' the rabbit an' the wolf was workin' for a man. They were drivin' oxens. So the wolf an' rabbit decided to steal one. The wolf had children an' the rabbit didn't. So they stole the ox an' they killed it. They skinned it an' they cleaned it. Then they cut it into four parts; that was to get it out of the way quick. So when they got it killed Rabbit asked Wolf what would he do if some ladies came an' asked him for some meat. Wolf said he wouldn't do anything, he'd just give the ladies some. Old Rabbit told Wolf to stay till he came back. The rabbit borrowed four suits an' the rabbit come back all dressed up as a lady an' asked the wolf would he sell her a piece of meat. The wolf said, "Oh no, lady, I'll give you a piece," as he gave her a hind quarter. The rabbit went back an' dressed again an' when he come back he asked for another hind quarter. But the wolf didn't know she carried

¹ Same informant as group I, no 4.

² From Natchez, Miss.

that on her back. Rabbit came back. He asked the wolf to sell some meat. He give the rabbit a full quarter. He went back home an' dressed again and asked to sell some meat for her supper. Then he went back home an' stored it all. He came back as a man from work. He said to Wolf, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, where's all the meat?" Wolf said, "Oh, man, some ladies called to buy an' I give them the meat an' there is nothin' left but the head an' the guts. You take the head an' I'll take the guts." So the next day Wolf goes by the rabbit's house. Rabbit saw him comin' an' got his fiddle an' began to play:

Folly-rolly day,
You eat the meat an' I eat the guts,
Folly-rolly day,
You eat the meat an' I eat the guts,
Folly-rolly day.

An' the wolf asked Rabbit to play it again. Wolf began to run the rabbit. He runned him till he reached a hollow tree. When they reached the tree Rabbit run into the hollow part. The wolf couldn't git him out. He saw a frog an' asked the frog to watch the tree till he come back. Frog said, "What for?" He told him the rabbit was up there an' if he get the rabbit he kill him an' give him one half. He went home an' got his ax. He cut the tree down; limb by limb he split it. The rabbit was up in the hollow tree. He pretend as if he was eatin'. The frog heard him. The frog asked him what was he eating. Rabbit said, "Oh, man, good t'ing!" He asked him did he want some of it. He says, "Yes." The rabbit told him to look up de tree. He filled the frog's eyes full of pepper an' the frog began to git the pepper from his eyes. Rabbit got away. When the wolf couldn't git the rabbit he asked the frog had he been away. The frog told him no he hadn't closed his eyes an' neither been away. Frog began to get close to the water, an' when the frog began to leap the wolf cut the frog's tail off, an' the frog been bumpin' ever since and hasn't had no tail.

26. FROG SUITOR.¹

Br'er Fox an' Toad. Frog was callin' on same girl as Rabbit. So Rabbit would lay down an' go to sleep, but Frog he kept right on. So Rabbit always went to sleep. So one time he found Toad Frog settin' on the girl's knee. He said, "The race is not to the swiftest but to the one who endures to the end."

27. FIRE CATCHES RABBIT.²

Rabbit an' Partridge they got foolin' around. So Partridge said, "Come on out in the straw field." So they went out to the straw field and Partridge said, "I got to go get some dinner. You stay here till I get back."

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

² From Kowaliga, Ala.

So Rabbit say, "Yes sir." So Partridge flew up and fired all around. So Mr. Partridge cried out, "Oh, Mr. Rabbit, what's that?" Rabbit said, "Oh, nothin' but the wind blowin'." So the fire commence to gittin', close. Partridge said, "Mr. Rabbit, what we gonna do?" Rabbit said "Oh, run out of it." So the partridge fly. Rabbit he starts to run an' he meets fire everywhere. Rabbit was caught. Just about that time I lit me a cigar and left him burning myself.

28. PLAYING GODFATHER.

I.¹

Ol' Rabbit fooled the deer. They had a lot o' stuff t' eat, butter an' so on, an' they had certain place to eat it. So they all had left the tent where they were livin' an' out in de fiel' workin'. Rabbit he claimin' to be a midwife an' all of a sudden he say, "Nam." Then he turn to the rest an' say, "Somebody wants me. Guess I'll have to go." He come back. Pretty soon he say, "I declare, they're callin' me again." So this time he went; goin' wha de grub was. Come near 'bout time to go where de crowd was. Someone said, "Well, what kin' o' baby was it?" He say, "Boy." Pretty soon Rabbit say, "Nam," again. Den he turn to the crowd an' say, "Look-a here, I wish dese folks would quit botherin' me." So the other animals said, "Guess you better go." So pretty soon he comes back. They say, "Well, what is it this time?" Rabbit says, "Two twin girls. I tell you they're just bringin' them in." So he set there again. Pretty soon Rabbit make a noise, "G-r-r-r-r." He says, "I tell you, I'm gittin' tired o' this job. I 'clare I wish they'd stop callin' on me all the time." But the other animals say, "Guess you better go on." So he come back an' they ask him 'bout the baby. "Boy this time," says Rabbit. "We named him." The other animals said, "What you name him?" Rabbit say, "All one." So when the animals come back they foun' out he done et up all de butter. Rabbit was fust to find it. He say, "Who done et up all de butter?" Dey say, "No one else been here but you." He say, "Wha' dat? I been tendin' my business. I ain't had no time to eat dat grub." So dey make up a plan to ketch him. So Deer was close by. He started to chase Rabbit. Rabbit an' Deer dey had it. So dey came to a fence. Little switch cane growin' dere. So Rabbit run right through the crack o' the fence an' Deer caught him by de leg. Deer say, "Now I got you." Rabbit say, "No, you got hol' o' the cane." So Deer let go his foot an' grabbed de cane. Den Rabbit run away. "Bye-bye," he tol' him, "I fool you dat time, You got hol' de cane!" So what de Rabbit doin' in de briars. All de animals hol' a meetin' 'bout what dey gonna do wid Rabbit. Well, one o' dem say, "Put him in de fire." Some o' dem said, "Cut his throat." Somebody said, "I tell you, if I had my way I'd th'ow

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

him in er briar patch an' tear his skin all up." Rabbit say, "Oh for God's sake, please neither you put me in de briar patch nor cut me throat. That won't hurt me a bit. Fiah won't burn me, an' if you cut me th'roat I git another head anyway." So they say they will th'ow him in de briar. Rabbit say, "Please don't th'ow me in dat. I wouldn't live no time in dat." So dey th'ow him in de briar. Rabbit say, "Ha, ha, you fool, da's wha I bred an' born at. Chi-up, chi-up, I'm at home now!"

II.¹

Once there was a rabbit an' a fox an' a bear an' a possum. They was goin' to build a home an' they had fixed it all except covering it. An' when they was coverin' it they had a can of cheese. Ol' Br'er Rabbit was sharp an' he acted like he had a wife. He would kneel a while an' whistle. Br'er Possum said, "What you whistlin' for?" Br'er Rabbit said, "I hear my wife callin' me." Then he went away an' eat the cheese. When he came back Br'er Possum said, "What did your wife want wid you?" Rabbit said, "She wanted me to name the baby." "What name did you give it?" Br'er Rabbit said, "Just Started." So a little while later he kneeled down an' started to whistle. He said he wasn't goin' no mo'. So he went up dah n' et out the cheese. So when he returned they asked him, "What did she want this time?" He said, "Oh, I had to christen another baby." They said, "What name did you give to this one?" He said, "Half Gone." So he went back kneelin' again. He heard his wife callin'. He said, "I aint' goin' no mo'." But he went just the same an' finished all the cheese. So when he came back they said, "What did your wife want wid you this time?" He said, "Had to christen another baby." They said, "What name you give this one?" He said, "All Gone." Then he went back kneelin' again. He said, "I hear my wife callin'. I'm goin' this time but no mo'." So he went up to the house an' licked the bottom of the dish. So when he came back they asked him the name of the baby. He said, "Lick the Bottom." So twelve o'clock came an' it was time to quit for lunch. Br'er Possum said, "Er-er-er, somebody done et the cheese." Br'er Bear said, "I know whut we do. We will make fire an' put some bodies across the fire an' grease will come out o' the one who et it." So they made a fire n' laid down across it. So they was sleepy. So Br'er Rabbit slipped the grease bowl under Br'er Fox. Pretty soon Br'er Rabbit jumped up cryin', "Eh, heh, Br'er Fox done it, Br'er Fox done it."

III.²

Once Rabbit and Fox was workin' together. One day they bought 'em a bucket o' lard for dinner. So Rabbit makes a noise, "Wh-o-o-o-o," just like some one calling. Rabbit runs off, eats part of the lard. Fox says, "Who's that?" Rabbit says, "That's ol' Mr. Littlebit." So they

¹ From Greenwood, Ala.

² From Kowaliga, Ala.

work on again. Pretty soon, "Who-o-o-o-o-o-o." So Rabbit goes off an' eats some more of the lard. Fox says, "Who's that?" Rabbit says, "That was ol' man Halfgone." Fox says, "Yeh?" So they went on workin'. Pretty soon hear, "Who-o-o-o." So Rabbit goes off an' eats more lard. Fox says, "Who's that?" Rabbit says, "That was ol' Mr. Lickbottom." Ol' Rabbit done eat up all the lard. Went on in, there wasn't a bit.

IV.¹

Rabbit an' Fox make a proposition once to start farmin', Dey bought lot of groceries for the year, butter, coffee, everything you could mention. So the butter was the most important. So they all went out in the field to work. Rabbit studied a plan to leave Possum an' Fox in the field an' make 'believe that some one was callin' him away. So he let on some one callin' him, "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo!" So Fox an' Possum said, "What's that?" Rabbit said, "Aw, I can't work here for bein' bothered by these people. I'm goin' this time but I won't go no more." So Rabbit goes to the house an' sees the bucket o' butter. He ate some of the butter. Pretty soon he come back. Pretty soon somebody callin', "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo!" So they all said, "What's the matter, Brother Rabbit?" Rabbit said, "Aw, they want me to christen another baby. These people are botherin' me too much. I'm not goin'." So they all said, "You better go ahead. Hurry on." So he went an' got another stomach full o' butter. So when he come back they said, "Well, what did you name the baby?" He said, "Just begun." So pretty soon they heard somebody callin', "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo." So they all said, "What's the matter, Brother Rabbit?" Rabbit said, "Aw, those people just won't let me alone. They want me to christen another child. I'm not goin' this time, tho, deed I'm not." But they all said, "You better go ahead." So he went an' got some more butter. So he come back an' they asked him what name the baby had. He said, "Pretty Well On The Way." He comes back an' works a little while an' somebody yells, "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo." They all said, "What's that?" So Rabbit said, "Aw, it's them same people want me to come christen another baby. I'm not goin', I tell you." They said, "You better go ahead." So he went off an' eat some more butter. When he come back they asked him what the baby's name was. He said, "About Quarter Gone." So he went on workin' some more an' somebody yelled, "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo." They said, "What's that." He said, "It's those same people again. I tell you I just won't go an' christen any more of their children." But they said, "You better go on ahead." So he went off an' eat some more of the butter. When he returned they asked him what was the child's name. He said, "Half Gone." So he went on back to work. This time somebody yelled, "Y-hoo-y-hoo-y-hoo." So they all said, "What's that." He said, "Doggone the luck, you know that's rotten. A fellow can't work here for

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

those people callin' on you to christen their children." So they all said, "You better go on ahead." He went on an' eat some more of the butter. When he come back he said, "Well I christened another child." They said, "What you name him?" He said, "Quarter Left." So he come on back, work awhile, an' pretty soon somebody cry, "Heh-h-h-h-h-h-h." Rabbit say, "Doggone the luck. I aint goin' this time. By God they want to run a fellow to death." So they all said, "You better go on ahead." So he went this time an' eat all the butter. When he come back they said, "What happened this time?" He said, "I had another child to christen." They said, "What did you name him?" He said "All Gone." Well about the middle o' June they was gonna open the keg of butter. The crops were half grown. So when they got there the butter was all gone. They all said, "Who stole the butter?" Rabbit didn't know; Fox didn't know; Possum didn't know. So Rabbit say, "I tell you, Possum, he been layin' around dat house all time. I believe he must o' done it." So he said, "Let's build a big fire. Then all three of us will lay aroun' the fire, an' whoever et the butter the grease will come out o' his stomach." So they made a big fire an' everybody went to sleep but Rabbit. So he peeped. Everybody sound asleep. So Rabbit say, "All right, I got him now." So he took his tail an' greased it an' his belly right good. He oiled Fox up too. So pretty soon Fox woke up. He spied Possum an' cried, "Dah, dah, I tol' you, Possum done it!" Possum woke up an' looked aroun'. He say, "Hey there, Fox, you had some too; look at your belly." Fox made for Rabbit but Rabbit got away. So Fox struck Possum a lick an' Possum went through the blaze of fire. That's why his tail is bare of hair today.

V.¹

A man caught Rabbit in his potatoes. He wanted to throw him in de well. An' he told the man he'd work it out. An' they were workin' partnership. An' they had a keg of butter. The rabbit had a sick wife at home an' he was a lazy man an' every time he would hoe out a row of potatoes he would have to go home, an' when he went home he would lick that keg of butter. So he would let on he was gone to christen a baby. So they said, "What you name that one?" Rabbit said, "First Round." So he went back an' ate some more of the butter. Two rows back. They said, "What you name that one?" He said, "Half way." So he went back an' ate two rows back again. So they asked him, "What you name this one?" He said, "Third Round" So he went back an' ate two more rows back. They said, "What you name this one?" He said, "Lick Bottom." He et all the butter out. They went home. They went to eat supper. All the butter gone. So they decided to have a test to see who et the butter. The first test was the first one who go to sleep. They

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

all laid down. The rabbit was the fust one went to sleep. When they waked up an' found Rabbit asleep part of the butter run out of Rabbit's mouth. So Rabbit said he didn't eat that butter. So they had the second test. They build a fire an' a hole. All run an' jump into it. The first that fell into it was the one who et the butter. All jumped over an' the rabbit was last. His foot slipped an' his hair got scorched. So they had the third test. They built a fire an' put before it. They slept all night that night. They all turned their tails to the fire. The elephant said, "The first one's tail grease run out o' that's the one et the butter." So didn't no butter run out no one's tail but the rabbit.

29. ROOSTER AND FOX.

Ol' Fox came along, Fox wanted to ketch Rooster, but he didn't know how to get up an' do it. So he commenced his tricks. So he thinks what he kin do. He decides to stand on one leg. So he was standin' on one leg an' he yelled out to the rooster, "You can't do that." Rooster said, "That's easy. "So Rooster stood on one leg. Fox couldn't get up to him. So Fox said, "Shut one eye an' stand on one leg." So Rooster shut the eye that was away from Fox and stood on one leg. Rooster was sort o' on to Fox but he was not wise enough. So Fox said, "Shut both eyes and stand on one leg an' crow." So Rooster did that, an' while he was standing there Fox grab him by the neck an' tore up to run with him. Rooster was almost dead. He just could croak. Rooster's wife sees his plight an' says, "He's mine!" Fox starts to yell back, "He's mine!" and just then he drops Rooster, an' Rooster flew up a tree. So Fox said to Rooster, "Come on down now, I'm not gonna bother you. I got something to tell you your girl said." Rooster said, "U-u-u-u, coo-coo-coo-coo, I'll take your word for it." So then Fox had to leave.

30. BR'ER DEER MARRIES SUN'S DAUGHTER.¹

Once upon a time Br'er Deer was wantin' to marry the sun's daughter. She was good-lookin' too; so Br'er Deer was just down by the river just thinkin' 'bout her. So Br'er Rabbit came hoppin' along. He said, "What's the matter, Br'er Deer?" Br'er Deer said, "I want to marry the sun's daughter." So he had a letter he wanted Br'er Rabbit to give her. Br'er Rabbit give it to Br'er Bull Frog n' told him to give it to the sun's daughter. "Don't get it wet," he said. So Br'er Bull Frog put it in his mouth, n' when the girl came down to get water Br'er Bull Frog jumped in the bucket. She didn't see him. So the girl was just thinkin' about Br'er Deer asshe went home. She put the bucket on the table. Br'er Bull Frog slipped the note on the table. The girl saw the note an' wondered where it came from. She read it and told her father. So she wrote a note and

¹ From Greenwood, Ala.

put it on the table. Br'er Bull Frog took it an' put it in his mouth. Then he jumped in the bucket n' when the girl took the bucket to the pool he jumped in. Br'er Rabbit came to get the letter n' gave it to Br'er Deer. Then they were married the next day.

31. PICKING PEACHES: DOWN THE CHIMNEY INTO THE BOILING POT.¹

Once they had a old fox. He was so sly that he had a rabbit every mornin' for breakfast. One day he went to Rabbit's house an' tol' ol' Rabbit he know where to get some fine peaches. So Rabbit said, "Wha' at, sly ol' Fox?" So Fox said, "Meet me tomorrow mornin' at four o'clock." So Mr. Rabbit say, "All right, Mr. Fox, I'll meet you at four o'clock." Next mornin' instead of Mr. Rabbit wakin' up at four he woke up at three to go an' get the peaches. After he had received the peaches from the field he went home. By that time Mr. Fox was on his way to come an' git Mr. Rabbit. When Mr. Fox reached the home of Mr. Rabbit he knocked on the door an' he say, "Mr. Rabbit are you ready?" Mr. Rabbit say, "Ha, ha, Mr. Fox. I been up since three o'clock to git dem peaches." So Mr. Fox said, "Aw right, tomorrow mornin' wake up at three an' I know where to git some fine plums right across the field where you got dem peaches." Next mornin' instead of Mr. Rabbit wakin' up at three he woke up at two an' went to git de plums. After he finished pickin' the plums it was about time for Mr. Fox to come along an' git him. So Fox came an hollered, "Are you ready to go an' git de plums?" So Mr. Rabbit said, "Ha, ha, Mr. Fox, I been up since two o'clock to git dem plums." This made Mr. Fox very angry an' he tol' Mr. Rabbit to open de do' an' let him in. Mr. Rabbit tol' Mr. Fox he can't let him in as he will eat him up. So Mr. Fox clamb on top o' de roof. Mr. Rabbit had a huge pot o' boilin' water. When Mr. Fox came th'oo de chimney he fell in de pot o' water. Mr. Rabbit laughed, "Ha, ha, Mr. Fox. Not all rabbits is so foolish as you think, Mr. Fox, but I have you this time!"

32. WHY ALLIGATOR CAN'T TALK.²

Alligator don't like a dog on account of the alligator used to whistle, talk, bark an' all like a dog in olden times. The dogs they give a barbecue one time. Dogs couldn't talk. This dog an' Alligator were good friends. So the dog fooled the alligator. This dog wanted to talk at the barbecue an' make a big name for himself. So he went to Alligator an' said, "Brother Alligator, loan me your tongue tomorrow, I want make a big hit at the barbecue." Alligator said, "Aw right," an' lent Dog his tongue. So he went to the party an' he was the only dog who could talk an' bark. But after the party Dog never returned to Alligator. After that Alligator

¹ From Creoletown, La.

² Same informant as group I, no. 4.

could only say, "Wuh-h-h-h-h," like a bull. That's why Alligator don't like a dog, an' any time Alligator is way down the bottom of the river if a dog come in the river Alligator come up to see wha' is that dog.

33. WHY DOGS JUMP ON EACH OTHER'S HEADS.¹

There was a dog. You see one walk up to the other, first go up to his head an' go, "Uh-uh-uh," then go to his tail an' go, "uh-uh-uh," then jump back on his head. Well the dogs was givin' a big barbecue once. They had all the seasoning they wanted 'cept black pepper. So they gave five dollars to one o' the dogs to go git some black pepper. He went out an' got some whiskey an' got drunk; he never did come back. So the dogs started wonderin' 'bout him. They said, "He must o' bought the black pepper an' et it all up." So they all gonna kill him. But how they gonna tell whether he had the pepper? So they all had a meetin'. They said the first time they hopped on that dog they gonna kill him. They said, "If his hind parts smell o' pepper we'll jump on his head." Sure enough it do. That's the reason why one dog always jumps on the other dog's head.

34. TRY HIM! TRY HIM!

I.²

Was an ol' mule once layin' out in a big pasture. A buzzard come by an' thought that mule was dead. While the mule was layin' there in the pasture an' the buzzard flyin' all around them, n' a crow was settin' up high in a tree. While he was settin' up there in a high tree Ol' Buzzard was walkin' roun' an' roun' the mule. So the crow commenced telling Buzzard to try him, to see was he dead or alive. He yelled down to Buzzard, "Try him, try him." So Ol' Buzzard walked off from the mule, then he come back an' went to pick him in the eye. The crow said, "Don't, don't! Dont pick him in the eye, that ain't no place to try him." So the mule was layin' there with his tail layin' straight out. So Buzzard got round to his tail. So Crow cry out, "Try him! Try him! Now try him!" So Buzzard thought he would try him by his tail. Ol' Mule clamped him with his tail. Then the crow came down an' cried out to Buzzard, "Pull! Pull! Pull!" The mule started running off, carrying Buzzard with him. Buzzard yelled back, "How the devil can I pull when they's so many feet touchin' the ground!"

II.³

One day there was a mule just had been workin' an' so the mule thought he'd cool off, an' he laid up under a tree with his tail haist. An' a buzzard went down there, an' a crow said, "Try him, try him!" So the

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

² From Tuskegee, Ala.

³ From Plateau, Ala.

buzzard he got there. He stuck his long bill into the mule's rump an' the mule got up an' started a-runnin' with his tail pressin' down on the buzzard. Fast as the mule run the buzzard was tryin' to hold him. The crow hollered, "Hold him, hold him!" The buzzard said, "You come help me hold him."

35. IN THE COW'S BELLY.¹

A man had a cow one day. Bookee an' La Pain used to go eat the inside o' dat cow. So de man fin' his cow gittin' skinny. So he wanted know why his cow gittin' skinny all the time. So every day Bookee eat de cow. So Bookee tell La Pain not to eat the heart because they be in a devil of a fix. So they kep' on eatin' a little every day. So one day La Pain say, "I wonder why I can't eat the heart." He took a grab at it. So when he bit the heart the cow dropped. Bookee say, "We're in a devil of a fix; now we can't git out o' here." So the man came there. He saw his cow dead. He say, "I wonder who killed my cow." He cut him open. So Bookee an' La Pain hoid that an' they decided what they would do. Finally they thought of something. Bookee said, "You git in the pee bag an' I'll git in the shit bag." So the man came an' open the cow up. When he looked at the inside he found the pee bag. He t'row de bag away. La Pain cry out, "Look out dere, mister, you're t'rowin' water on me." Man say, "Excuse me, excuse me." So he took a stick an' looked in de other bag to see what de cow been eatin'. He fin' Bookee. So de man say, "You're the one been eatin' my cow, eh?" Bookee say, "Oh, that was La Pain, not me, oh, that was La Pain, not me!!" So the man tie Bookee to a post an' put seven hot irons in his ass.

36. LA PAIN'S MOTHER SOLD AS CODFISH.¹

One day Bookee an' La Pain livin' in a little cottage out in the woods. So their mother was sick. So Bookee told La Pain to watch his mother. Tol' him about every t'ree hours put a hot towel on her face. So afterwards La Pain took a hot hot hot towel, put it on ma's face, an' ma's face was scalded so bad she died. An' so La Pain didn't know what to do. So a man come along with cod fish. La Pain sold his ma for a cod fish. So when Bookee came back home that night he said, "Where's mama?" La Pain said, "Oh, she's dead." So they went to an undertaker to see if his mother was dead. He found her there an' had La Pain arrested.

37. LA PAIN AND THE TURTLE.¹

One time Bookee an' La Pain was livin' in a little cottage an' one day dey was cookin' toidle an' so Bookee tol' La Pain not to eat that toidle cause he might not be dead yet. So La Pain wanted to taste that toidle

¹ From Creoletown, La.

by all means. He was prayin' for Bookee to go, an' after Bookee left he went by the pot an' he touched a little gravy with his finger. It tasted good, so he took a little more. Tasted good. So finally he took an' put his head down there. He drunk all this gravy. The toidle bit his tongue an' did not leave go. He was 'squealin' just like a pig. He didn't know what to do, he was like crazy. So he went to de river an' stuck his head in de water an' de toidle swum away. So Bookee came back an' La Pain told him about de toidle, an' they didn't have no toidle dinner that day.

38. ARE YOU MAN?¹

An old lion lied over on his death bed. He told his son, "Son, meet everything on earth but man. You'll be all right so long as you meet everything on earth but man." So the son listened to the words of his father for a while. So the older he got the more ambitious he became. He runs up on Rabbit one day an' said to him, "Are you man?" Rabbit was scared out o' his wits an' said, "I'm nothin' but a poor cottontail; by God, dogs, cats, everything runs me." So Lion ran off. He met a donkey. He run up on Donkey an' knocked him down. He said to him, "Are you man?" Donkey said, "No, I'm not man. Children n' everything comes along an' knocks me about." So Lion runs up on 'nother rabbit. He wanted know from him was he man. Rabbit said, "No, I ain't nothin' but a rabbit. But I can show you man; you want to see man?" Lion says, "Yes." Rabbit says, "Well, 'bout an' hour from now you will see him." So Lion says, "All right." So Rabbit ran off an' met a man. He said, "There's a bad animal out here to meet you. He's the king of the world. He wants to see who is man, he is so great." So the man was layin' behind a big oak tree. He had a double barrel rifle. He said to Rabbit, "Now let's see if he is around." Rabbit said, "Yes, he's just aroun' the corner. Don't fail to sting him." So he went an' called Lion. The man fired a shot at him an' he fell. He got up an' the man fired another shot; he fell again. He got up again an' the man fired another shot. This time the lion fell an' did not get up. He said, "Ah, Rabbit, you're the one who led me to my slaughter. By God, you did me nothin'. I promised I pay you. It's painin' now. . . . Ah, it's a bad thing to be disobedient. If I had listened to my father I would still be living and happy."

II. FAIRY TALES.

I. CATSKIN.¹

There was a man had a daughter an' a wife. His wife died. The daughter was the picture of his wife. So his wife say, "If you marry again I don't want you to marry anyone but some one who resembles me." So he roamed the world through but he couldn't find no one but his

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

daughter who looked like his wife. So he went to his daughter finally an' said, "I want to git married, but your mother said I should not marry anybody who didn't look like her; so I'm compelled to marry you." So she went to her godmother an' said, "Oh, mother, what shall I do? My father wants to marry me." So her godmother said, "You tell him you will marry him but he must git you a speakin' lookin' glass." So she went back to her father an' told him. He found a speakin' lookin' glass an' came to marry her. So she went to her godmother an' said, "Oh, mother, what shall I do? My father wants to marry me." So she said, "He must kill dis Jack, take the hide, an' have you a dress made out of it." So he had the Jack killed an' taken his hide an' made a dress out of it for his daughter. Oh, she got all to pieces. She went an' tol' her godmother an' she said, "Now you tell him to find you a ring that will fit the finest bird that flies in the air." So the father found the ring. So the girl got disgusted, an' she went an' tol' her godmother. Her godmother said, "Now I tell you what you do. You 'point the weddin', the day that you gonna git married. Now his room is upstairs, so you dress downstairs an' let the lookin' glass be down stairs." So she locked the room up an' put the lookin' glass in it; let on she was in there dressin'. So pretty soon the father called down, "Are you ready yet?" The lookin' glass said, "Not quite." Every time he call again the lookin' glass say, "Not quite." She was about five hours dressin'. So finally the father got mad an' he broke down the door an' rushed in the room. He smashed the glass an' started after her. She struck a king's palace. She had a beautiful face, but then she had a Jackskin suit on. She walked up an' axed the king's wife to give her a job. At that time the king's son, he was a sport — walked in. All the rest was lookin' at her clothes, he looked at her beautiful face. So the king's wife said, "Oh my God, we have nothin' to give you." So the prince said, "We need a boy in the turkey house in the back woods. (He was a hunter). So the mother accepted. She told one of the help to go back there an' show Jackskin where the house was. So every day he had a habit of huntin'. He went back there an' she went to her room. So he pin his face to the keyhole, an' lo! she shake an' different dresses the color of fair weather came, an' she become a girl once more. So he goes home an' taken sick. They sent for a doctor. Doctor said, "Nothin' wrong, only he in love wid someone." So the mother said, "Who in the name of God he in love with?" He had to hide it so it made him sick. He didn't say anything. So about two or three days he felt like eatin' a cake. He wanted some girl's cake, he didn't know what. So they sent an' got all the popular girls an' had 'em make cake. So none of 'em suit him. He say "But you haven't sent for Jackskin." They say, "What you want wid dat stink Carolyn aroun' the house?" So they went sure enough an' got Jackskin. So they got her, in her Jackskin suit, an' she made a cake an' dropped her ring in there. So that was the first cake he et a piece off'n. Bitin' that piece of cake he bit on the ring. He took it an' kissed it an'

slipped it under the pillow. Then he showed the ring up. He said he had et the cake an' the ring was in that. So he said the finger the ring would fit that's the girl he wanted for his wife. So they called for all the girls to come to the palace. So all the girls they came. They all tried, all with the exception of Jackskin. So none of 'em could git the ring on. So the prince said, "Where is Jackskin? Send for her." So they all said, "Aw you want her! You ought to be ashamed of yourself." So she came. She had on little slippers. She slipped the ring on her fingers, then shook herself, an' by God they couldn't look at her.; they had to turn their faces she was glitterin' so. Then she had dat beautiful face. So she married the prince an' they all lived happily ever after.

2. THE SON WHO SOUGHT HIS FORTUNE.¹

Was a very ol' king had three sons. He seemed to be gettin' ol' an' feeble, an' he loved all his boys. They was the apple of his heart. He was undecided who shall be the king to succeed him. He said, "My dear boys, if you all do well I want you to promise me one thing. The one of you who goes out an' prospers better I will make the smartest one of you the heir to my kingdom, an' all of my territory." One lad, the youngest lad, he went out an' learned to be a very fine carpenter. An' the next older he went out an' learned to be an expert shoemaker. An' the oldest one learned to be a very fine brick-layer. An' after all of them had been away about three years from their father's house they come back. So the father wanted to know what each one of them had done. The youngest one said he was a shoemaker. He showed his father what he could do. His father said, "My dear son, you have done well." So the second son showed what he have did. So his father said to him too, "My dear son, you have done well." So he calls his eldest son an' asks him what he has done, an' when he told him he said, "My dear son, you have did well." So when he had seen what they all did he said to them, "My dear sons, you all have did splendidly. I am going to make the eldest son my heir." He told the other brothers, "You didn't do so well like the other brother." So this lad went th'oo some strange foreign lands. He traveled and traveled. He went to the house, to a big fine house an' ast them for something to eat; got hungry. That was the king's palace. Etonia Palace. The princess she seen him out the window there; they kept the princess in a sort o' confinement, they didn't wish her to see any mens at all, didn't want her to keep company at all, no one of her choice; they wanted her to marry some nobility there, a very ol' man. When she seen the young fellow she really loved him. She th'owed a note down to the fellow, told him she'd like to speak to him in the garden that night. They sat down an' talked chat an' became very good friends. An' she seed one o' the guards coming

¹ Same informant as group I, no 15.

an' she told him to hurry, "Royal Guards coming. They will surely kill you if they ketch you in here." Then the king seen her sighin' one day, an' ast her what she was sighin' for. King said he would give her anything she ast. She said, "I wish you would help that poor man." He sent for the young fellow an' gave him six pieces of silver, see, gave him a suit of clothes to put on him, an' sent him on his way. An' he went to a wise man, a man of mysteries, an' told him. "I would like to marry the king's daughter." He gave him six pieces of silver the king had give him as he told him, said, "I want you to go to the king's house six mornings 'cause I want you to go to the king's house back to the window where you were an' get her to ask her daddy to let him come for six mornin's." An' she plead an' went on an' he came there. Said, "When you go there they gonna speak evil of you, but don't pay no attention to them, always go with a smile." An' the sixth day when he go there he had a very dear friend who lived in the city what handled all kinds of clothes. This mystery man he was a man of mysteries that he had all ways of living, great influence. He ast his friend to lend him a very fine suit of clothes an' borrowed his. . . ¹ On the sixth day he sent the lad there to the king's palace an' he said, "My dear lad, why you came here so much to do me honor?" The lad said, "I love you, king, because you're a great an' noble king." One day the king was out hunting, fox hunting. Y'know they get very thirsty on that day. The lad got information where the king was an' he got a pitcher of ice water. So the king got a sympathetic feeling for the lad that he told the lad that he'd give him anything he wanted. The lad told him he wanted to marry his daughter. So the king agreed, an' the lad married his daughter an' they lived happy from that day and forever.

3. THE MAGIC WATER.²

A young lad his mother died. Before she died she gave him a ring an' tol' him to wear that ring, don't take it off ever in your life. It was a very peculiar ring, strangest ring in the world. He went out to seek his fortune. As on his journey he went into a strange country what he had never seen before in his travels. Tired and hungry he set down to rest and fell to sleep. Was an old lady passin' by going to the well to draw water. She was sighin', see, an' the man ask the ol' lady what was she sighin' about because she have lost her son, see. Said, "I had a son like you, see, but he was taken away from me." An' he wanted to soften the ol' lady's heart, he agreed to go an' live with them. One day as he was there some of the nobility people seen him there, see, they was wonder~~ed~~. Ast him why he lived there, because it was a law in that country for every young man to be taken to the palace to serve the princess. She was the heir of

¹ Word illegible in my manuscript.

² Same informant as group I, no. 15.

the throne. An' when they there to visit they mysteriously disappear, no one knows where they goes. As the nobility came to the queen they told her of the very fine young fellow. They told the princess of the lad they seen an' she sent some soldiers down to take him back to dine with the princess. She sent her carriage to escort him to the palace. As he came to the palace they escorted him to the palace an' they sat him down in a very fine dining room. She ordered the royal servants to fix their dinner in her private dining room. An' when they got done their dining, she taken the young fellow, carried him with her through her garden. When they came to the garden there was a tunnel going through. As they were passing through there great large black dogs came in there rushing at them. She went a-lashing them with her whip an' cuttin' blood from them an' they retreated. As she got out of that dungeon there was a river there. She got near to the large stream of water, she waved a magic wand and a boat appeared from the bottom of the water. She got in the boat, commanded him to get in the boat, an' the boat went through the water like a shot out of a gun. They got to the other end of the island, a small island. They tied the boat to the shore; they both of them went passin' through her garden. Beautiful flowers an' all kinds of fruit on the island. Then the princess went away an' told him to wait for her. She was gone so long an' he was eatin' the fruit an' lookin' at the beautiful flowers an' he thought he'd go an' see what was holdin' her so long. He went up through the building there... creeped... beautiful building with marble floors and beautiful paintings an' all like that, an' he seen her standing on the upper floor beside a very beautiful statue. An' she was whipping with her large black whip. An' every time she whipped that statue it seemed to bleed, an' when she got done whipping she told her, "If you do what I tell you, I will stop beatin' you." Statue didn't say a word, just bled. Every time she whipped it it bled. She got tired of whipping but it still bled. When she stopped he slipped out to keep her from seeing him. She came back n' they got into the boat. They cleaved the waters without any oars. They got to the end an' walked through a little tunnel. Then the great big dogs came again an' she beat them some more with her whip. They just bled; she knocked blood out of the dogs n' they retreated runnin' an' howlin'. She told the lad to give her the ring. As he give her the ring she waved the magic wand an' he turned into a black crow. He went flutterin' an' she cut at him with a dagger, tried to cut his wings off. An' the lad flew to his godmother's home. An' she knowed that it was him. He went whining an' she tell that really was him. Then she went an' seen about thirty miles from there lived a man of mysteries, know all things. She told him of the great grievance she had of the wicked princess who had come an' stolen her only son who could comfort her in her declining years. He said he would do all he could to help her. He gave her a little something in a bottle to sprankle when that crow comes round again to sprankle it on him.. She sprankle it on

the crow an' there was the boy who came to live with her. An' when he did that she gave him something to put in his pocket to prevent him from turning back. He went back an' asked for the ring. She got very angry an' tried to turn him back to a crow. But every time she tried he sprinkled that stuff over him an' she couldn't do nothing. So he got up to the statue. The statue said, "Cut me on top's head off." He did cut her head off an' he sprinkled that stuff an' turn the lady back. Then they went through the garden an' the dungeon. The dogs got at them an' they sprinkled something an' waved a magic wand an' the dogs ran off. Then they went to the palace an' sprinkled on the statue. She turned to a lady. She was a princess. This other princess was very jealous of her because the king liked her best. All the people loved her. Then they went to the dungeon an' sprinkled on the dogs. They turned into fine young men. There was peace an' prosperity in that kingdom an' the people lived happy then an' forever.

4. THE FRIENDLY DEMON.¹

This man he lived in the valley, see, old man, n' he traveled around, see, doing cobbling man, see, very peculiar man, see, very peculiar. People often came to him for advice, see. In a nearby city lives a lad about eighteen years of age. He started out to make his fortune, see, an' he met this man, an' this man ast him where he's goin', see. He said he's goin' out to make his fortune, see, on his life journey to make his fortune. He told him follow him, see. This man picked up a very large stone an' told the young fellow to pick one up too. So the young fellow he couldn't pick up nothin'. So they carried that stone on with them. An' they got very hungry, see, an' the man he said something on the stone, see, waved the magic on the stone an' it came to a loath of bread. An' he said, "Come on, sit down, an' eat something." So when they got ready to leave, the boy he picked up a large stone; the man he didn't pick up none. He went to traveling through the desert all that night. Next morning awoke an' the man waved his hand an' a great fine palace stood upon the hill an' princess n' everything came an' made them welcome. This man said, "Um goin' to the palace, see. I don't want you to say a word when you get there, see." So he waved his hand an' they got to a place. So he got on a little brick house, got up on top of it, an' he said something an' the wind take them an' dropped them on a lonely spot; an' he waved his hand an' a great big stone came wide open. He gave him the key, see, something like a little magic wand in his hand, see, "When you get there is all beautiful flowers an' all kind of beautiful flowers." Told him don't speak a word, see. An' he got in there, an' traveled pickin' up flowers. He got the flowers an' all the fruit he could hold. His bosom was just full

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 15.

of fruit. An' he brought them to the entrance he spoke a word, see. As he spoke a word them wild beasts rushed at him. Then he waved up his magic wand which the man gave him to open the metal door, an' the man was outside. He was angry with the boy for disobeying what he said. He decided to leave the boy at his own mercy. As he was there long studying what to do a little man came up to him, see, he got skeered at the bearded mans. He asked him, "Why? Don't be afraid of me, I'm the friend of all who carries the magic wand. I will carry you any place you want. I'm the demon, I will obey you." So he commanded him to take him away from that place. So he flew an' flew' an' dropped him down alone by himself in a desert. All by himself; no one there. He was worrying an' worrying. He got hungry. So the little ol' man came an' asked him what was the matter. He said, "I am hungry." An' he did something. Few minutes a big hotel was built an' all the servants were there to serve him an' honor as a king. The little man looked at him, said, "What else you want me to do?" He said, "I want a fine suit like a king." He got him a suit fine as a king's. After that he stayed there. He got tired living as a prince. He came there, greeted him. He said, "What do you want?" He said, "I want you take away all this an' give me a horse. I want to go out an' make my fortune, I want to make my own living." He passed through a city an' he saw a beautiful queen there. He was looking at the queen. As he passed by looking at her a man said, "What you looking at? Do you know it's against the law to look at the beautiful queen? If the king catches you looking he will kill you." The king had sent out for all the wise ones in the world, see, that any man could make his daughter alive he would consent for his daughter to be his wife. So he got studyin' an' the ol' man came again, ast him, "What do you want?" He said, "I want to make the princess laugh. First you have to get me the finest suit that ever a princess wore, gold, diamonds, silver, an' gold, an' gold buttons. I want the finest horse that ever lived. I want footmens dressed in gold an' silver, see. I want bags of gold, diamonds, jewelry of all descriptions." So he went to the queen with his line of soldiers an' body-guard, an' on his white horse. He had one of the peculiarest walking stick that ever was known, see. That walking stick could dance, sing, squeal like a pig. Made the princess smile. So the king consented for him and her to be married. The king say, "Before you marry her I want you to build a place for my daughter." He gi'm place for the palace. So he asked the man. He built the finest palace the world ever known. He said to the man, "I want diamonds, an' silver, shiny gold, door knobs of gold, roof glistened wif gold." Finer then the king's palace himself. Everyone thought it was magic. No one thought any one could build like that over night. Take seven years. So he an' the princess went there to live an' they lived happy hereafter.

5. THE WICKED MOTHER.

Once it was a woman and she had three children. And she had a little young baby, it didn't have anything to eat. So she killed the baby. The two little girls were left then. The husband came in. He was in the habit of goin' to kiss his baby first thing. So the wife saw him and said, "Hurry up an' eat." So she hurried up her husband to the table. He and the two little girls ate the dinner. The father said, "Um-m-m, — had a nice dinner today." The wife said, "Yeh." Finally two little birds came in the room an' said, "My mama killed me, my papa eat me, my two little sisters suckin' my bones." Papa said, "What does that mean?" The mother said, "Shoo out o' here, you little birds!" But the birds didn't pay no 'tention. They said the same thing again: "My mama killed me, my papa eat me, my two little sisters suckin' my bones." At dat time I stepped on a piece o' tin an' went to Chi.

6. THE STRONG ONE.¹

There was a very poor fellow he was wandering around through the woods. Suddenly he saw some goints (giants). They was exercising. He hid behind a tree an' watched them grabbin' a tree under each arm, pullin' them up by the root. So pretty soon they run up on him an' he yelled, "Uh-uh, gonna pull up all dem trees." So they went to a big lake. The people all in different parts of the lake. One grabbed a big spike mall an' th'oo it clear across de lake. So de fellow said, "My God, dat's good, but dat ain't a thing to what I'm gonna do." So the goints said, "What you gonna do?" He said, "I'm gonna destroy de north corner of Ireland; you better talk to me an' hol' me." So the goints said, "What we gonna do, he's more powerful dan we are." So one of 'em said, "Well, w'll give a barbecue an' invite him to it." So they invited him. That night when they was dancin' an' everything they invited him to a room. So they showed him the room an' told him that was where he was to sleep. It was very cold so they brought in some sticks of wood. So he gits under the bed an' puts the sticks of wood in the bed. Pretty soon the goints come in the room an' hit the sticks. Three cracks, "Boom, boom, boom." So dey shore dey had him. So de nex' mornin' he surprise them all. They say, "How you rest?" He say, "Oh, I rest fine, only some mosquitoes came in an' bothered me there once." So the goints helt a caucus to see what they could do about this strong man. So one of them said, "Better gin 'um some money an' let him leave." So they asked him how much he want, an' he say two million dollars. So he got two million dollars an' after that I left.

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

7. THREE FOOLS.¹

A man once got married. His wife become to be a mother. He bo't her a barrel o' wine. So he said to her, "Now we not goin' to open dis wine till de baby is born. When de baby is born we gonna open dis wine." Women-like, de chile was too long bornin' an' she wanted to taste dis wine. De ol' gran'mother wanted to taste de wine too. But befo' dey could drink it de bung popped out an' de wine all wasted on de floor. So de husband come back an' found dem all cryin', de wife, de gran' mother, an' de aunt. So de husband said, "What's de matter?" They said, "Oh well, we ain't got no wine to drink when de baby's born, 'cause de bung done blow out de barrel an' all de wine wasted on de floor. Now we can't have no name for the baby when she's born." The husband said, "Well, I'll be damned. I've had enough of you three. I'm gonna leave, an' I ain't comin' back unless I see three fools like you all." So the husband left them all. First thing he did he run up on a cat. He picked up de cat an' put him in his sack. About an hour after that or two he struck a place. He went on in an' asked people could he have dinner. They tol' him all right. While that he was settin' there waitin' for them to git ready, at every plate dey had a club. He said to them, "Why do you have a club at every place?" They said, "Oh the rats are so bad we have to keep clubs at every place to kill 'em." He said to them, "Aw, you don't have to do that. I got something in my sack that will git rid of every rat you got." So they said, "Is that so? Will you let us see it?" He said, "Aw right, just put the food on the table an' you will see for yourselves." So they put the food on the tables an then the rats commenced to come out. So then the man let the cat out of the sack an' the cat killed all the rats. So the people said they must have that cat. The man said, "I will give him to you for fifty thousand dollars." They said, "Aw right," an' they give him fifty thousand dollars for his cat. Den de man went on his way again. Dis time he found a rooster. He picks up de rooster an' puts him in his sack. He asks for a place to sleep an' the people say all right. So there was four boys settin' up keepin' him company. So he tol' them, "You better go to bed." They said, "Oh, we got to pull the stone off the sun so that the sun kin rise, else no one will know what time it is." So de man said, "I got somethin' here to tell time with." So he pulled out his rooster. Eleven o'clock it crowed; two o'clock it crowed; three o'clock it crowed; four o'clock it crowed; five o'clock it crowed; an' at six o'clock it crowed loud'cause de sun rose. Oo-oo-oo, dey had to have dat rooster. What would he take for it? He said, "Five thousand dollars." My God, dey wanted dat rooster. No quicker than word was said an' done. So de man went off again. He said, "Well, dat's two fools." So he went along an' dis time he found a reef-hook. So he came across some men who were tryin' to cut a wheat field with

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

bows an' arrows. So he said to them, "Aw, pshaw, I got sumpin' make better time than dat in dis wheat fiel'. Wan' see it?" So he pull out his reef hook an' started cuttin'. In three strokes he cut more than fifty six persons. So they must have that reef hook. They asked him, "How much will you take for it?" He said, "Fifty thousand dollars." No quicker than word was said an' done. So he said, "Well, that's the three fools." Therefore he went back to his family an' tol' them he had met three more fools like them. He said, "You kin name the baby anything, Peter, Paul, Luke, James, anything." After that I left.

8. THREE MORE FOOLS.¹

A young fellow, he was an Irishman, he wanted t' git married, see, an' he was going wid a girl an' when he got there, see, an' he was very fond of the girl, n' the girl they sot at the table there, they invited him around to take lunch wid 'em. While he was settin' there they set the table n' the old lady sent the girl to get the molasses. So the girl stâyed away a long time n' pretty soon the mother saw some molasses drippin' through the wall. So she went out to find her daughter. After she found her she said, "Stayin' so long," ask the girl, "What you studyin' about?" The girl said, "I'm sittin' here studyin' what my first child gonna be." So the old lady said, "That's right, I wonder what I shall name your first baby." So while they were sittin' there talkin' the old man goes up. He says, "What you all sittin' there studyin' about?" So the old lady said, "My girl is wonderin' n' I'm wonderin' about what she's wonderin', what her first child's gonna be." So they stayed out so long the suitor comes up. He asks them what they're sittin' there for. So the old lady says, "My girl is wonderin' n' I'm wonderin' about what she is wonderin' an' so is my husband, what her first child's gonna be." So the suitor got mad an' started to go out. He said, "If I go out an' find three people crazier than these I'll marry your daughter." So he went out an' first thing he come across a man with a pair of pants he was tryin' to hang on a tree limb an' climb into them. The suitor said, "Well, that's the first one." So next he come to a man who had a cabin an' he had a lot of grass growin' on top of that cabin. So he had a cow an' he was tryin' to take that cow an' put him on top of the cabin with grass up on the top to eat the grass off the top of the roof. So the suitor said, "Why don't you cut the grass on the roof and put it on the ground for the cow to eat?" The man said, "I never thought of that." So the suitor said, "Well, that's the second one." So he met another man who had a wheel barrow. It was empty but he kept wheeling it up to his house an' then would run back

¹ Same informant as group I, no 15.

an' wheel it up again. So the suitor said, "What are you tryin' to do?" The man said, "I'm tryin' to wheel some sunshine into my house." So he went back and marry her.

9. LITTLE CLAUS.¹

Now they was a man, a very poor man, an' he studied a way; tol' his wife, "We gonna try to get some money out de king. We got an ol' hog; we gonna kill dis hog an' gonna ketch de blood into de hog's bladder, y'see, an' I gonna place de bladder at your left side." So he went along the street playin' de fiddle, his wife goin' along with him. He play, "Yiddy-yum, yiddy-yum, yiddy-yum, yiddy-yum." So he draw the king's attention. His name was Jack. The king say, "Hello, m' boy." Jack reply, "Hello, King." King say, "What is your name?" He replied, "Jack." The king say, "You play the fiddle for a living?" Jack say, "Yassir." An' the wife she say, "An' I dance for a living." So he begin to playin' a chune, an' his wife started to dancin'. So Jack tol' his wife, "Aw, you ain't dancin' right." Him an' his wife they gits in a quarrel. He pulls up a big knife an' stuck his wife in dat bladder she had in her clothes. The wife fell out dead an' she starts bleedin'. The king says, "Oh, Jack, you done killed your wife, n' you in my land an' I'm compelled to prosecute you." So Jack said, "Aw, I got a chune to bring her back." So he started playin' his fiddle an' dancin' an' singin', He sang:

"Ol' Bill done crossed de road,
Ol' Bill done crossed de road,
Ol' Bill done crossed de road."

So first his wife commenced moving her clothes; next she jumped up an' started dancin'. So she danced, danced, danced till she got tired. So de king gits wild over de fiddle. He says, "Jack, want to sell dat fiddle?" Jack says, "Yes, for five thousand dollars." So the king buys the fiddle an' gives Jack five thousand dollars for it. So Jack said, "I'll be dogged if that ain't one fool we got." So the king goes home an' kills two of his servants. So he played, played, played, an' his servants ain't never got back to life. So he put out a big reward for Jack an' had Jack caught. So after they caught Jack he cried an' went on so pitiful that the king's two daughters begged him not to have Jack killed. So the king decided to let Jack live. He put him in the woods with the cattle an' made him watch 'em. So Jack went out in the woods to watch the cattle. Finally they was plenty water back there. There come up a big drouth like it was last summer. All the cattle was dying. One of the king's daughters say, "Well, better let Jack carry the cattle out o' the woods to the water, that 'll keep 'em from dying." So Jack drive 'em out every day. So Jack had bought a poor cow named All Mine. He driven her in front of his cattle.

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

So he would call out every now and then, "Ho ho, All Mine! All Mine!" So people came along an' said, "Phew, but ain't that a rich man; jas' look at de cattle he's got." So Jack met another man an' did the same trick he had played on the king. So this time he got one hundred thousand dollars. So later on when the man wanted to prosecute Jack, Jack said he didn't belong to himself, he belonged to the king. The fellow let him alone. So Jack showed up one day with his pile of money in front of the king. The king was amazed an' said, "Jack, where did you get all that money?" Jack said, "I killed All Mine an' sold her. I got so much for every pound o' meat an' a cent for every hair on the cow." So the king jumps in an' have about fifty cows killed. He couldn't sell the meat let alone the hairs. So the king concluded to git rid of Jack. But once again his daughter stepped in. She said, "Put him in the garden. We kin watch him there, an' that will keep him out o' devilment." So they put him in the garden. Every day the women give Jack a lot of orders like women will do. So one day Jack got mad an' he said, "My God, you two are the most ugly things I ever did see. By God, you ought to stay out o' my sight, I'd like you much better." The two daughters were very pretty an' felt highly insulted. So they went to the king an' said, "Father, we don't care what you do wid Jack. You kin take him an' do what you want to." So the king said, "Aha, I would certainly like to git rid of that fellow." So he concluded he would grab Jack an' put him in a sack. So he drove to about as deep a place as they was around the lake shore. So he got out to get a drink at a cafe, an' left Jack in the sack. Everybody aroun' there knowed the king's daughter was real pretty. So a fellow was riding by on a horse. Just as he rode by Jack cried out from the sack, "I don't want to marry the king's daughter, I don't want to marry the king's daughter, I don't want to marry the king's daughter." So the man stepped down from his horse an' said, "What you say?" Jack said, "I don't want to marry the king's daughter." So the man said, "Well I would like to marry the king's daughter." So Jack said, "Well, untie me real quick, an' you kin take my place in the sack. The king's inside the cafe." So the man untied the sack an' Jack came out an' the man went in. Jack lit on the horse an' rode away real quick. So the king came out an' had Jack dropped in the deepest place. He said, "Well, I'm through wid you. I done seen the last bubble. I'll not be bothered wid you any more." So he left the river an' went on his way. Jack had plenty money, so he went away. Six months later he came back. He had a big drove of sheep. Jack wouldn't go into the king's place but he stayed out on the highway, an' he sent someone in an' asked him if he wanted to buy some sheep. The king was surprised to see Jack alive again. He said, "Jack, I thought I drowned you six months ago." Jack said, "You did. An' where you th'owed me they was all kind o' animals. The sheep was the easiest to drive so I brought them to you. I thought you might want to buy some sheep." The king said, "Jack, I'm gonna buy dis sheep from you, but I don't ever want to

ketch your feet on my land any mo'." So Jack goes to Europe after dis, an' there he bought a carriage to ride in jus' like the king's. So on the bottom of the carriage he plastered some land that he took from Europe. So Jack drove back to the king's land an' called the king. So the king said, "I wonder if this is Jack again." Sure enough it was Jack. The king said, "Jack, didn't I tol' you that I didn't ever want to ketch your feet on my land any mo'." Jack said, "Pardon me, my feet are not on your land, I brought my land wid me." Then the king let Jack alone. He gave him up.

10. THE SEVENTH SON.¹

An old man had seven sons. An' he was an old woodchopper, an' he come to conclusion that he couldn't see them. Early one night he laid in bed an' tol' his wife, "We have too many children. We can't see them all. Best thing we kin do, I think, is we'll lose two of 'em in the morning." So the youngest an' the next they taken them two along. So the youngest he gets up that morning early an' goes to the brook. He fills both of his pockets full of stones, also his brother's. So father called them an' took them away with him. He was goin' to lose them. So they dropped rocks all the time till daylight broke. Daylight broke an' the old man stopped. He started choppin' wood. Everywhere the old man took them they drop rocks. So they put them in certain place in the woods an' tol' them to stay there till father return. Finally dark caught 'em an' no one had returned. So they started followin' the rocks. They made a trail right back home. The mother said, "Well, we have much more mush than we can destroy tonight, an' if they was here would be something to eat for them, an' they could enjoy it." Just at that time the seventh son knocked on the do'. He surprised his parents, an' after they walked in the mother got the mush for them. They enjoyed it that night. For a couple o' days after that the old man didn't say nothing. He was just wonderin' what to do. So one mornin' he woke 'em all up all at once. They didn't know anything about it. So when they called them up the seventh son thought of mush from that night. So he fills all his pockets with mush an' gits his brother to do the same. So every step they took they drop mush. Daylight came. Well of course after daylight the birds see it an' pick it all up. So the father chopped wood for a long while, then he put his sons in a spot an' tol' them to wait there till he returned. So the father went away an' never come back. When the boys looked for the mush they couldn't find it because the birds ate it all up. So the seventh son said, "Well, we're lost." So he clamb a tall pine an' looked around. He said, "I'll look an' see if there is any light. Anyway I see a light. We're gonna travel that way." So he seen a light over in the east. He always remembered where the east was. He knew all the directions, north, east, south. So they

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

travelled, travelled all through the night an' sure enough they found that light. So they found the light an' it was at the devil's house. So the seventh son knocked on the do' an' asked the lady for a place to lodge. The lady said, "This is the devil's house. The devil is away just now but he will soon be back. I would give you a place to lodge but the devil eats children." So the seventh son said, "We might just as well get et up by your husband as to get destroyed by animals in the woods. We'll take a chance." So the devil's wife said, "Aw right, come on in." So she gave 'em a bed to themselves. So pretty soon the devil come in. He said, "Um-m-m-m-m, I smell fresh meat." His wife said, "I don't know what it is unless it is them two sheep that you killed." The devil said, "No, I smell sheep, but I smell fresher meat than them." So he went on inside the house an' rambled around until he found the seventh son an' his brother. The devil said, "Um-m-m-m-m, I'm gonna have a lovely breakfast tomorrow." So he had two daughters an' he took the two white caps from off their heads an' put them on the two boys. So about two hours after he put the caps on the two boys' heads it was dark an' he felt in the room for the two boys caps. But the seventh son had reversed the caps an' put them back on the daughters' heads. So the devil felt the cap an' drew his knife. He cut both heads off. So then the devil went out of the room. So the seventh son said to his brother, "Now brother, we got to travel now." So they started away as fast as they could go. So the old man finds his two daughters the next morning an' he is as mad as can be. So he said to his wife, "Gimme my twelve-mile boots." So he puts on the twelve mile boots an' he is able to take twelve miles at every step. So the seventh son sees the devil coming. He said to his brother, "Get up under this rock." So the devil comes right to that rock an' goes to sleep. So the seventh son waits till the devil is sound asleep an' then he puts on the devil's boots an' goes back to the devil's wife. He says to her, "The devil's in big trouble. It'll take all his money to get him out. He says to get it an' send it back by me." So the devil's wife gets all his money an' gives it to the seventh son. So he started back an' on his way he met a doctor with all kinds of stuff. He said, "Doctor, got any ether?" The doctor said, "Yes." He said, "Give me one hundred dollars worth." So he took the ether an' put it in the devil's nose. He knowed he had him then. So he told his brother to come out from under the rock. So all that day they travelled. They didn't know where they was goin'. They was tryin' to find some people. Unbeknowin's they got to their home. Their mother was in slumber. She was in sleep dreamin' about her sons. The seventh son knocked on the door. She said, "Who dat?" He said, "It's me, your seventh son." She recognized her two boys an' grabbed them she was so happy to see them again. So the seventh son said, "I have a wealth for me an' you." So he taken his mother an' carried her away that night. Next day he showed her the money. He bought a home, an' next month he made his mother go back an' go get the rest of the brothers, an' made them wealthy. But

he drove his father away. He said, "You didn't love your children enough to work for them an' keep them, but you took them out in the woods where the wild animals could eat them, an' you left them there all by themselves. But we found a way to save ourselves, an' I stayed away from home till I got my load, then I came home. Now we don't need you. Let all fathers be well aware how they take their children an' lose them."

II. THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.¹

There was t'ree brothers an' two older brothers always make de youngest clean up d' house an' shine dere shoes. So one night the king of the village give a dance, an' he invite everyone to come. The youngest son axed the two brothers may he go along wid dem to the dance. They only laughed at him an' made a monkey outta him. When the two brothers was ready to go to the dance they called the youngest brother and made him shine dere shoes. They said, "Good-bye, an' be nice until we come back an' we'll tell you about the ball." When the two brothers came from the ball they found the young brother up an' they tol' him what a fine time they had an' that the king was gonna build a glass hill an' at the top o' the glass hill his daughter would be sittin' up wid t'ree golden apples an' the one that would ride to the top o' the hill will be given a golden apple each time he ride up dere, an' the one that will present the golden apples will be awarded his daughter an' half the kingdom. So the next night the oldest brother had to go to sleep in the barn. When he was about to sleep a funny noise happened an' his brudder ran home. He tol' his second oldest brother about the noise an' so the second brother said, "Nonsense, I'll go see for myself." So he went out an' fin' out for himself an' the same thing happened. So he sent the youngest son. The youngest son heard the same noise but he did not run home. It was only a beautiful horse in the back of the barn that was makin' this noise all saddled up with armor on him. Next mornin' he went home an' the two brothers gettin' ready to go try their luck to ride up the glass hill. The youngest brother axed them to come with them. They only laughed an' made a mockery out of him again. As soon as they left the house he went into the barn an' dressed in his beautiful armor an' rode away. An' so just as the sun was about to set rode this beautiful knight out. His brothers did not know it was him an' he rode to the top of the glass hill an' receive a golden apple. The next day the same thing happened an' he received another golden apple. The third day was the day to see who would have de t'ree golden apples. As about the sun was to set he rode up the hill again an' received the last golden apple. Everyone was present at the king's palace except him. So the king asked was everyone present, an' the two oldest brothers said no, cause their youngest brother was home an' he could not have

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 15.

the apples. "No matter, bring him to the palace too." So they went home an' told his brother that the king had wanted him. When he reached the king, the king axed him if he had the three golden apples. He presented them, an' the king awarded him his daughter an' half the kingdom, an' they lived happy ever after.

12. THE HOMELESS ANIMALS.¹

There was a fellow, he was a very poor man once, an' he had an ol' rooster. So he said to the rooster, "Say, rooster, I'm a pretty ol' man, an' I kin just make expenses now. You better git yourself a home." So the rooster set out to find a home. On his way he met a dog. He said, "Hello, dog, where you goin'?" The dog said, "Well, my master put me out of his home. I ain't got no more teeth an' I ain't no more good, so he sent me off by myself." The rooster said, "Come on wif me." So the two of them went along an' pretty soon they come across a mule. They said, "Hello, mule, where are you goin'?" He said, "Well, my master sent me off to find a home for myself. I got four big legs all sewed up, an' I couldn't do anything so my master sent me off." So they said, "Come on, we'll all go together." So they went on an' travelled that night. So they run up on a cat. They said, "Hello, cat, where you goin'?" The cat said, "Well, my master has sent me out to find my own home. I ain't got no moore teeth an' I can't catch no rats, so my master sent me away." So they all said, "Come along with us." So they all went along together. They struck a place that night where they gave balls and dances. So the rooster got up in a tree, the mule he got in some hot manure, the dog got under the step, an' the cat got in a corner of the fireplace like he used to do at home an' they all went to sleep. So pretty soon someone came in the house an' struck a match. With that the cat jumped up an' scratched the man, the rooster set up a loud crowing, the dog grabbed the man by the leg, an' the mule raised up an' kicked the man. So from that time no one would go in that house; they claimed that the place was haunted. So that gave them all a home.

13. THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I.²

Bout a preacher. So was a haunted house. Could nobody stay in it. Everybody go in there, the hants run them out. So the preacher says, "I believe I'll go in that house. Ain't no hants kin run me out." So he takes his grip, a hymn book an' a Bible, an' he went in the house. An' so he got in the bed an' he locked the door before he got in bed. He turned his head over against the wall. The door came open with a slam-bam.

¹ Same informant as group I, no. 4.

² From Plateau, Ala.

So he turned over, look over at the door. So he sees a ghost looked just like a cat settin' up in a chair with his front paws up. So the man turned his head back to the wall. So after he turned his head back, the door opened again, slam. He was just tremblin' in bed. Second spirit what come in asked the other what he was waitin' for. The first spirit said, "Patience." So they just went to rockin' in the chair. When the man turned his head again the door opened and slammed again, and another spirit walked in. The spirit said, "What you waitin' for?" The other spirits said, "Patience." So all these of 'em went to rockin'. Man was so skeered in bed, he didn't see no way to git out. They was settin' between him an' the door. So they couldn't skeer him out. The big one said, "What-are-you-waitin'-on?" One of them said, "He-just-havin'-fits-in-the-bed." The other one said, "Let's start now." So the man jumped out of bed clean over their heads an' ran out the door. So when he got out he looked back at 'em and said, "Tell Patience. I been an' gone."

II.¹

Once there was a man he said he didn't believe in any haunted house. So another person came to him and told him he would give him a load of watermelons if he would stay in that house. So he said, "Sure, I'll stay in there." So he got a pine box, some matches and tobacco, and prepared to stay the whole night. So he reached the house and lit his pipe. He sat down and started reading. Pretty soon something got up beside him and said, "Ain't nobody here but you an' me." The man said, "Yes, an' ain't goin' be nobody but you directly." So he looked all around for some way to get out. But there was'nt no way to get out. He saw a window an' he jumped right through that and commenced to run. So while he was runnin' something come up alongside of him an' said, "Made pretty good speed." The man said, "I ain't done what I'm gwine to do." So while he was runnin' he come across a rabbit runnin' in front of him. He said, "Git out de way, rabbit." Then he met a man. Then he yelled out, "Tell that lady she can keep that load of watermelons 'cause after this I ain't gwine have no use for them."

14. THE THREE QUESTIONS.²

'Twas an Irishman goin' along an' dere was two men that the king said if this man could answer three questions he could have the kingdom. So the king had this colored man tied. He was to cut his head off. This ol' Irishman passed an' the colored man was cryin' worried. The Irishman said, "Faith an' bejedders, what are you cryin' about?" The colored man said, "My head is to be cut off Friday if I don't answer three questions

¹ From Tuskegee School, Ala.

² From Vicksburg, Miss.

for de king." So the Irishman said, "I'll take your place." So he taken de colored man's place an' that Friday he walked roun' to de king's th'one. The king asked the Irishman what he want. The Irishman said, "Well, I came to take the colored man's place. He said if he answered your questions he could be king, so if I answer them I be the king." So de king asked him, "How big is that mountain set out there in front of the th'one?" How many baskets to fill up de dirt?" The Irishman said, "Accordin' to de size of de basket. If de basket is big as de mountain den only one basket." The king rubbed his hair. He said, "How much do you think I worth, me being the king?" The Irishman said, "Well, faith m' jedders, you not worth as much as the Lord an' they sold him for thirty pieces of silver." The king got worried. He roached his hair. He said, "What am I studyin' about?" The Irishman said, "What a damn fool you are." He got to be king.

III. STORIES OF EXAGGERATION.

I. THE MARVELOUS POTATO.

I.

My daddy growed potatoes once an' he had one that was so big he said, "Mama, go out an' see the potato." So they got plowin' up around that potato, they took two mules an' run up to dat potato. It was rough on the mules. So they got a big whup to whup those mules. They thought it might be a root. No it wasn't no root. They kept on an' kept on. Pretty soon they found a trail. There was a hole in the groun'. Then they come to some pig tracks. They was another hole an' they was hogs up there in that hole way up in that tater. Them hogs wouldn't never get hungry. It was a sow an' twenty four pigs.

II.¹

They growed pumpkins so large down in Coon County. Saw a pumpkin vine. So he looked for the pumpkin. Just as he got to the pumpkin out jumped a buck. He shot at it an' killed the buck, an' hit a tree. So he saw somepin' comein' out o' the tree. It was honey. It crossed the river an' he got all the buckets he could an' filled them up. He filled up everything wid that honey. Next thing his horse jumped out of his bridle so he filled the horses' hide wid dis honey. The horse threwed him some high, I never did see.

III.²

A fellow had a stalk of corn. It grew so large after it go ripe until he put a mill right in that stalk. He ground it up, put a fire in there, made flour out of the corn meal and cooked it.

¹ From Kowaliga, Ala.

² From Alabama.

IV.¹

Ol' man Mr. Carby had some corn. It grew so tall it lapped over an' met. It made a bridge to cross the river by.

V.¹

What's the largest apple you ever see? On our farm an apple fell into the river an' the river started runnin' cider for three days.

2. CATCHING THE GALLINIPPER.¹

A gallinipper come after me down Mobile way. He run behind that tree. The gallinipper come th'oo the tree. I clinched on the other side. I had him.

3. THE BIRD DOG.¹

I had a bird dog once. Goin' up toward Birmingham he jumped off the train an' pointed at a covey of birds. I wanted to get off an' get the birds, but the engineer wouldn't stop. So I come back the next day. That son of a bitch was holdin' them still.

4. VOICES IN THE FRYING PAN.²

I have been so far up north until I couldn't understand anything anybody said. I got a gang of fryin' pans an' everybody I would meet I would hold it in front of them an' ketch their voices. The voices froze in the fryin' pan an' said, "Good morning."

5. THE THREE SUITORS.

I.³

Once it was a beautiful girl an' two or three different boys was goin' wid her. So she didn't know which one she wanted to marry an' she started to test them. So she was walkin' wid de first boy, she an' him goin' to de well with a bucket. The bottom fell out of the bucket. So the first boy said, "I'm a mechanic without a trade." Then he took a plank layin' on the side o' the road, an' cut the plank an' fit it to the bucket before any water dropped out. Another afternoon, it was winter an' very cold. There was a great big tree outside the house six feet through. The daughter said to the second boy, "You'll have to get some wood to make a fire." She said, "I can't keep warm." So the fellow went to the door. He said, "I'm cuttin' wood without a trade." Just then a bolt of lightning flashed. He cut the tree down, an' cut up a cord of wood, brought in the wood, made a fire, all this before the lightning struck the stump of

¹ From Kowaliga, Ala.

² Vicksburg, Miss.

³ From Jackson, Miss.

the tree. So the third fellow come to see her. She an' him was out walking an' a deer leaped past them. So the boy said, "I'm shoeing without a trade." As the deer jumped up to run he shoed all four of the deer's feet an' he never stopped running. So another time she was out with a boy an' a rabbit jumped on one side of the road. So the boy said, "I'm shaving without a trade." He shaved every hair off the rabbit, even inside his ears an' the rabbit never stopped runnin', an' he never cut the rabbit. Which one had the swiftest occupation?

II.¹

Once there was a girl had three beaus. So the first one called he went out there an' she said the one did the quickest thing could marry her. So he drewed some water, po'ed it in de bucket an' went out in de woods, cut some wood, came back an' made a fire before the water ever hit the bottom. Nex' he went out in de fiel', shuck some co'n, then he come on back from the fiel' n' knocked down a stalk. He carried the co'n to the mill an' ground it up an' brought it back; made a fire an' cooked the bread, went out in de fiel' n' the stalk never fell. Nex' one went out to de well n' draw some water, cut down a tree, made a fire, cooked n' was eatin his sixteenth biscuit when the water fell. Which one was the quickest?

IV. OLE MARSTER STORIES.

I. RUNNING WITH HIS SHOES OFF.²

Jack wanted to die; his marster workin' him too hard. Every night he get to the chimney corner an' pray. "Oh Lord, good Lord, forgive me for my sins, marster work me too hard; clap thunder on my head an' bring me to glory." His wife always was after him about this. She said, "Git up! You always prayin' to die, git up." So he always prayed like that to God. One time he say, "Oh Lord, here I is again. Gonna ask you in faith an' grace to take me to heaven. Oh Lord, I want you to grant this." So one time his marster wrapped himself in a sheet an' surprise Jack in the fields. He say, "Come on Jack, gonna take you to heaven." Jack bowed down on his knees an' cried, "Oh Lord, oh marster, I jes jokin'." Then he run home as fast as he could an' said, "Shet dat do', shet dat do'." Pretty soon the marster comes an' knocks on the do'. Jack says to his wife, "Tell 'um I ain't there." So the marster knock, an' the wife ast, "Who it is? who it is?" "Only the good Lord comin' after John." Jack was jes' tremblin' settin' under the bed. So the marster knocked some more. The woman ast, "Who it is?" The voice replied, "Only the good Lord comin' after Jack." So Jack said, "Tell him I ain't here." The wife

¹ From Jackson, Miss.

² From Philadelphia, Miss.

said, "Good Lord, Jack ain't here." Marster said, "All right, Dinah, if Jack ain't dere you'll do jes' as well." The wife said, "Yes, Lord, Jack's here." Then she turned to Jack an' said, "Come on out from dat bed." Jack said to his wife, "Tell him I'm puttin' on my shoes." His wife said, "Jest in a minute, Lord, jest in a minute, Lord, jest in a minute, Lord." So Jack set down to put on his shoes, but he really slippin' them off. The wife said, "Lord would you mind waitin' a minute longer." But by that time the marster was tired waitin' an' he bust through the door. Jack jumped out the window an' marster lit behind Jack. The wife said, "Lord, you needn't mind runnin' behind Jack, he's got his shoes off."

2. TOO MUCH TONGUE.¹

Once upon a time a Negro during the time of slavery went down to the pond and the pond was somewhat low, and a great big old turtle was lying out there on the bank. So this Negro happened to walk down there and found this turtle down there about the size of the bottom of a big tin tub. So the Negro says to the turtle, "Good morning, Mr. Turtle." Turtle didn't say anything. The Negro repeated, "Good morning, Mr. Turtle." The turtle said, "Good morning, Mr. Nigger." The Negro said, "My, Mr. Turtle I didn't know you could talk." Turtle said, "That's what I say about you niggers, you talk too much." So the Negro goes back to his house an' tells old Massa about the turtle. He said, "Massa, don't you know, I was down to the creek this morning, an' there was a great big turtle on the bank, an' he could talk." Massa said, "Go way from here, Nigger, you're just lying." So the Negro said, "No, Massa, I ain't lying this time, I went down on the bank an' I found this turtle what kin talk." So Marster told him, "Gone away from here, Nigger, you know you're lying. You lie like a dog anyhow." So the Negro said, "No sir, Marster, he can really talk." So the marster said he would go down to see this turtle but if he didn't talk he was going to beat him half to death. So both go back down to the creek and they found the turtle lying on the bank. So the Negro walked right up to the turtle and said, "Good morning, Mr. Turtle." Turtle didn't say nothing. The Negro said, "I say, good morning, Mr. Turtle." Turtle didn't say anything. This time the Negro got scared. He said, "Please sir, Mr. Turtle, good morning." Then he said, "Oh sir, Mr. Turtle, please say good morning." Turtle wouldn't talk. Marster took Nigger back to the house an' like to beat him to death. After he got his beating he went on back to the creek. He saw the turtle again and said to him, "Why didn't you say good morning? You knew I was gonna get a beating if you didn't talk." Turtle said, "Well, that's what I say about you niggers, you talk too much anyhow."

¹ From Alabama.

3. LAZY JOHN.

I.¹

Ol' colored man in slavery time he was lazy an' wouldn't work. He went to a fortune teller. The cook stole a ring an' didn't know what to do wid it. So she told Jawn about it. They traced the ring an' the cook asked Jawn what mus' she do wid dat ring. "Now, Sofie, I tell you what you do." "All right, Jawn, what was that?" "Today when you cook dinner you wrap the ring up in a big piece o' dough an' tho' it to de gobbler." So de cook done that. So the mistus went to Jawn to find out where was the ring. Jawn looked at the ol' mistus an' ol' Marster an' scratched his head. He said, "Well, ol' Marster, you love dat gobbler pretty well, but you'll have to kill him fo' your dinner fo' to git dat ring." So Marster went back home an' killed the gobbler. When he killed him he cut de gobbler's craw open an' there was the diamond ring. That went all right an' they asked Jawn to dinner. They set Jawn between them at their table an' said that was all right, he was their nigger. Jawn eat his stomach full an' went in de kitchen an' tol' Sofie, "Sofie, don' you do dat no mo'."

An' Jawn was such a liar dey had up a contest on two plantations. So de ol' marster tol' de other marster he had a nigger could tell him anything in the world he want to know. He said he would bet his wealth on Jawn. So when the contest come up dey had a coon in the box. So dat day at twelve o'clock when Jawn promised to tell them what was in the box he scratched his head an' said, "Well boss, you got de ol' coon at last." An' dey all bust out an' laughed an' turned de coon out an' dat freed Jawn. So de boss wanted Jawn to go to work an' Jawn took sick an' Jawn stayed sick seven years. So the boss got hot. Jawn runned off an' stayed hid seven years. His wife would cook his breakfast an' his little boy would go to the haystack wid a bucket. He carried that bucket for seven years. So finally the boss watched the little boy. So the boy goes up to the haystack an' says, "Toot-toot-toot-y'whoo-oo-o-o-o. Rip-rip-rip-rip-a-toot-y'whoo-o-o-o-o-o." So the ol' boss asked the boy what was he doin'. Boy says, "I'm takin' breakfast to papa." Ol' boss says, "Well, you teach me that thing when you take breakfast to your papa." The boy says, "What you pay me?" The ol' boss says, "I'll pay you a quarter." So de boy said, "No, I don't want that. Pay me a nickel." So the boss man learned both songs. So the boss went up to the haystack an' called him an' when Jawn see him he run. Boss get hounds and all his niggers on de place. Jawn had a road dat he wupped out wid his foots from the beginning to the end o' the haystack. They tore the haystack down but Jawn was gone. So Jawn run till he come to a hole where a stump had been. He jumped in dis hole an' a deer was in there. Jawn

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

pat the deer on the hip an' he said to the deer, "Ol' gal, if you knew what was behin' me you would go too." The boss an' his hounds run poor Jawn for many a mile an' he went to the sea. He jumped in an' swim across. Ol' boss had a fice an' his hounds. Ol' boss on his boat an' his hounds in the water, his fice on the boat. The hounds would bark an' say, "How long he been gone?" And the hounds would answer him, "Seven long years." An' the little fice would say, "That's the facts, by Gawd, that's the facts; that's the facts, by Gawd, that's the facts." When they swim 'cross they brought Jawn back, an' when they got back they hid Jawn. Nobody knows what become of Jawn. And at that time I stepped on a pin; the pin bent an' that's the way the thing went.

II.¹

White man had a nigger his name was Jack. This nigger let on he know everything. Wasn't a thing he didn't let on he knew. Every night this man would talk to his wife. He'd say, "Y'know Jack, he's a smart nigger, smartest nigger I ever knew." One night he was talkin' to his wife, and Jack he was eavesdroppin'. Man says, "Y'know, wife, the niggers are about done in de bottoms, I think I'll send em down to de new lands." So nex' day he goes to Jack an' says, "Oh, Jack." Jack says, "Yassir, master." "What's on fo' t'day." Jack says, "Well de niggers done pretty good in de bottoms, t'morrer y'gone send us to de new lands." So de master said to his wife, "Y'know, dat's a smart nigger. I asked him today what I was gonna do, an' he tol' me jus' what I tol' you las' night. Said niggers done so good in de bottoms gonna send 'em to de new lands." So nex' mornin' Master said to Jack, "Say, Jack, hitch up fifteen or sixteen wagons, I'm gonna send 'em to de grocery." So Jack said, "Yassir, master, I know 'xactly what you want." So de man said to his wife, "You know dat nigger's a fortune teller." So dey goes to town, an' in town de master meets another plantation owner. So dis man had a barrel an' dere was a coon in dat barrel. So Jack's master said, "Say, I bet you I kin tell you 'xactly what's in dat barrel." De other man says, "Whut you bet?" So de master says, "Le's bet my plantation 'gainst yours." So de other plantation owner says, "All right, my plantation 'gainst yours. Now whut's in de barrel?" So de master says to Jack, "Come here, Jack." Jack says, "Whut you want, master?" Master says, "Y'got t' tell me whut's in dis man's barrel?" Jack says, "I got t' tell you whut's in dis yere barrel?" De master says, "Yes, or you're a dead nigger." So de nigger commenced scratchin' his head. He says, "Off it right now, cause de nigger's wool gatherin'." So he couldn't guess whut was in de barrel. He says to his master, "Send to town an' git me twelve deck o' cards." Dey got him de cards. He tore open a deck. He wanted to whisper. He tear open another deck. He wanted to whisper.

¹ From Philadelphia, Miss.

Den he says, "Aha, o master, git me another twelve decks." So he wanted to whisper. He tore open one deck after de other. Den he say, "Well, oh, sen' git me twelve mo'." So he looked through eleven decks, den he fell back against a tree an said, "Well, oh master," an' he shuk his head, "y' caught de coon at las'." De master won de bet an' he said to de other plantation owner, "I tol' you he could do it, I tol' you he could do it." Oi' Jack he ups an' says, "I could ha' tell you when I fust cooked up here, but I only wanted to have some fun. I know dat was a' ol' racoon in dat barrel."

4. LIES TOO FAR APART.¹

A fellow had his lady along with him n' they all went together. They prove everything by Jack. So this fellow said to the crowd, "Today I shot a deer through the foot an' head all at the same time an' killed it, didn't I do that, Jack?" So they asked Jack to explain how that happened. Jack scratched his head an' said, "Well, the deer was runnin' an' the hounds was chasin'. So the deer stopped to listen t' see where the hound was an' just then put its foot up to its ear. That's when Marster shot him an' the bullet went through the foot an' through his head." So when Jack an' the master was by themselves, Jack said. "Look here, Marster, I want you to get your damn lies closer together."

5. MASTER GONE TO PHILANEWYORK.²

Marster left John in possession of his plant. He left instructions to John. John said, "Yussir, marster, yussir, marster." So the marster pretend he was goin' to New York. After he left, Jack called all his friends in an' said, "Come on over an' have a good time. Marster done gone to Philanewyork. He won't be back till next Javember." So all the people on the plantation came to the big house. They danced and sang and ate everything an' just had one grand old time. So the marster comes to the party all blacked up. Nobody knowed him. So John he would sing a song like this:

"Turn your pardner roun' an' roun',
An' bring her back home again to me."

Den he would turn to somebody an' say, "Oh marster, is that you? Oh marster, is that you? Oh marster, is that you?" Then he would go on:

"Swing your pardner roun' an' roun'
An' bring her back home again to me."

¹ From Kowaliga, Ala.

² From Philadelphia, Miss.

So ol' marster he was dancin' an' he got all sweaty. He wiped his face. So this time John turned an' sang,

"Swing your pardner roun' an' roun'
An' bring her back home again to me."

He turned around to his marster an' said, "Oh, marster done wiped sweat off his face." So he kept on singin' an' dancing. The next time he turned round his marster's face showed out clear. John said, "Oh marster, is dat you'. oh marster, is dat you! Ain't dat you, oh marster?" His face got whiter an' whiter. He said, "Um gone!"

V. PAT AND MIKE, THE JEW, THE NEGRO.

I. SHOOTING GRASSHOPPERS.¹

Pat an' Mike seen a man with a shotgun on his shoulder in the woods, an' they asked him what was that he had. He told' em dat was a gun. So the Irishman said, "A gun-I think you say gun, didn't you? I never have heard the name of a gun. What do you do with it?" So de colored man said, "I shoot game wid it." The Irishman say, "Faith, Mike, what do you call game?" He said, "Birds or anything like that." So de colored man shot a bird an' showed what he was talking about, an' den dey wanted to buy de gun. Pat said, "How much you want fo' de gun?" De colored man said, "One hundred dollars." So each one paid fifty dollars apiece an' got it. So one taken de gun an' de other one walk behind huntin' the game. So dey got wha' some grasshoppers flew on his chest. Mike said, "I would shoot dem off," but he beckoned to Pat wid his fingers. Mike said, "Pat, I'm gonna shoot." So Pat shot an' killed de grasshopper an' Pat too. But he found de thigh of de grasshopper an' hung him on his shoulder an' left, an' I left too.

2. FOOLING GOD.²

Two Irishmen went out in a boat, wanted to cross over. So they found a skiff. They got out and the wind began to rage. So they had to paddle like everything to keep from going over. So finally Pat decided he would pray to the Lord to save them from the angry waters. So he said, "Oh Lord, save us, oh Lord, save us, an' I'll give you a bushel of dollars." So Mike said, "Well, wha' you gwine git any bushel of dollars to give God?" Pat said, "Hush, I'm just tryin' to fool him now."

3. DARKENING THE HOLE.³

Mutt an' Jeff found a bear hole. So Mutt waited for Jeff to go in. As Mutt was goin' in the bear grabbed him from the outside. Mutt stayed in the doorway. Jeff cried out, "Hey Mutt, what's darkenin' the hole?" Mutt said, "You'll find out soon enough if I get away from here."

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss.

² From Natchez, Miss.

³ From Alabama.

4. ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO.¹

They were arguin' one afternoon on the sidewalk. Mike said to Pat, "What's all this talk about heaven an' hell? I don't believe there is no heaven. I don't believe there is no hell. I don't believe any of that stuff. Why should a person worry about that?" Pat went home that afternoon an' overloaded his stomach. Pretty soon he died of indigestion. Mike came over the next day to see his friend lyin' in the coffin. All the people were sittin' there. Mike began to laugh. People wondered at the wake, an' pretty soon somebody asked him, "What's the trouble?" Mike said, "Oh, nothin', only yesterday I an' my friend Pat was talkin' on the corner of heaven an' hell, an' he told me that there was neither heaven nor neither hell, an' there was no need to make preparations for either place, an' the part that tickled me was to see Pat lyin' out all dressed up an' no place to go."

5. MARE'S EGGS.²

So dere was two Irishmen travellin' th'oo de woods once, went to a country house an' there was lots of pumpkins on the galley, an' they had never seed a pumpkin before. So dey asked de colored man what was they, an' he tol' the Irishmen dey was mare's eggs. The Irishmen said, "Faith m' jedders, sell me one." The man said he wouldn't sell, an' "if I sell you one it would be too high, you couldn't pay for it." Ol' Irishman said, "Faith m' jedders, I'll pay you anything you want for it. I never seen a mare's egg before." So he sold it to him for two hundred dollars, — one pumpkin. Then he said, "Faith m' jedders, when he gonna hatch, this pony?" Told him when he git out in de woods an' see the dogs smellin' aroun' a hollow stump just th'ow the pumpkin against the stump an' the pony would run out. So when he hit the stump a rabbit jumped out. An' he ran up on the rabbit an' said, "Ky-up, pony, ky-up; yea, mammy!" But he never git de rabbit.

6. KNEE DEEP.²

Two Irishmen goin' 'long, dey heard a bull frog under de bridge. Bull frog was hollerin', "Knee deep, knee deep, knee deep." An' he had drapped his watch in de creek an' de frog kep' hollerin', "Knee deep." The other Irishman said to his chum, "If it ain't no mo' than knee deep I kin git it." Just then the frog said, "Chickenwaded, chickenwaded, chickenwaded." So de Irishman said, "Well, if de chicken waded, well I kin git me watch." Both went in; both were lost.

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

² From Vicksburg, Miss.

7. LIGHTING IS HELL.¹

Two Irishmen once was walkin' out. Dey see the buzzard flyin'. So Pat says, "How you reckon flyin' would feel?" Mike says, "Pretty good, let's try it some time." One day Pat gets up in a tree, way way up. He said, "Gee, it's great up here!" Then he started wavin' his arms. Pretty soon he began to lose his balance. Then he said, "Look out, here we come." He hit the ground hard and laid there for a long while. When he woke up, Mike said, "Well Pat, how's flyin'?" Pat said, "Flyin' is all right, but lightin' is hell!"

8. THE GUILTY LOVER.¹

A woman's sweetheart came to visit her in her husband's absence. While they were in having fun in their conversation her husband after coming off duty came home. He knocked on the door. There wasn't no rear exit to the house an' he couldn't get out. The loft being open where they stored things away she sent him in the loft an' then made to the door to let her husband in. He bein' one o' those bad men come in, taken off his hat (fellow in the loft peepin'), taken off belt with pistol on it, untied big bandanna handkerchief from around his neck, an' sat down at the table to eat. Before he began eating he ordered her to bring water to wash his face while he waited with his gun. Instead of the fellow in the loft goin' to sleep he leaned over the loft an' peeped over. She called on her husband to eat. The fellow in the loft overbalanced himself an' fell out. He jumped right up an' said, "Oh, beg pardon, I just come in to return your saddle that I borrowed a few days ago." The husband said, "I didn't mind you using the saddle, pard, but you didn't have to th'o it in so damn hard!"

9. THE GHOST WALKS

I.²

A man once had a headlong boy. He sent him after cattle every day. So the boy take his own time about comin' back; when he get ready to come back he come back. He had a graveyard to pass, 'n' like, f'r instance, like he's comin' from off Rampart Street, moment he git to this street he come to de graveyard. So his father said to him, "Jim, you kin take as much time as you wanta, but I betcha the sperit gonna run hell out o' you roun' dat graveyard." But de boy paid no attention. He take his time same as ever, an' he come by de graveyard whenever he feel like it. Well, his father been tellin' dat boy an' tellin' him. So one day he said to himself, "I'm gonna fix him. I'm gonna skeer him." So he grabbed a sheet an' wrapped hisself in it. So he goes down to meet the boy. He had

¹ From Natchez, Miss.² Same informant as group I, no. 4.

a monkey, an' de monkey wrapped hisself in a towel an' ran on right behind him. So de first tomb de man got to he stopped. De boy comes, sees him, an' says' "Oh, dere's a sperit. Pa tol' me de sperit gonna run me aroun' here." De ol' man could hear him. He looked aroun'. De boy says, "Oh, but dere's two sperits, a big one an' a little one." So de ol' man looked aroun' an' seen the other one on that end. Sure enough dat was de monkey. De ol' man got scared den. De ol' man forgot de boy den an' tried to get by de monkey hisself in order to git home. De ol' man git down off dat tomb an' de monkey had him cut off between de tomb. So de boy hollered out, "Run, big sperit, little sperit git you, run, big sperit, little sperit git you!" De ol' man gits home all out o' breath. He fell in de do' an' his wife commenced workin' on him. Dey had to send fo' de doctors. So de ol' man started explainin' 'bout de sperit he foun' in de graveyard. Meanwhile de monkey comes in wid de towel. Den de ol' man saw he had been skeered by de monkey. So he said, "By God, you got a way o' doin' everything I do." So he got a razor an' shaved hisself. Den he run de back o' de razor across his th'roat. Den he went off an' watched de monkey. Sure 'nough, dat monkey took de razor an' cut his head plumb off. So de ol' man got rid of him. De ol' man said, "I tol' you I git you. You never skeer me no mo'."

II.¹

John was a powerful bad boy, always in devilment. Eventually he got killed. His father grieved for him 'cause they had to bury him off, he didn't git to see him alive. So every night his father prayed to the Lord to see his boy again. He prayed, "Oh Lord, if I could just see my son John one more time I'll be satisfied." Everyday he went to the graveyard and prayed, "Oh Lord, if I could just see my son John one more time I'll be satisfied; oh Lord, if I could just see my son John one more time I'll be satisfied." So some of the fellahs heard him. One fellah he thought he'd fix himself up. He got a robe, handkerchief, an' sack like, an' let on he was the man's son. So the old man go down to the cemetery an' say, "Oh Lord, if I could just see my son John one more time I'll be satisfied; oh Lord, if I could see my son John just one more time I'll be satisfied." So the fellah come walkin' up, walkin' up. Nigger shuts his eyes when he pray but he open them once in a while. So he open one eye an' see the ghost. He said, "Zat you?" The ghost didn't say anything, jes' come walkin' up an' walkin' up. The father said, "Gone back, I done seen you." Ghost kep' walkin' up an' walkin' up. "Gone back, I tell you, I done seen you." Ghost kep' walkin' up an' walkin' up." Gone back, I tell you, — that's how you come to be dead n' in Hell now, — your damn hard headedness."

¹ From Kowaliga, Ala.

10. LIVE BEAR CATCH.¹

Thing was stealin' the goobers. Bear had the goobers just eatin' up the plantation patch. So one of the niggahs said, "Boss, if you'll give me that gun I'll go down tonight an' kill that bear." So the boss said, "Aw, if I give you this gun you'll run away from the bear." The niggah said, "No, boss, if you'll give me the gun I'll sure git that bear." So the boss let him have the gun, an' that night the niggah goes down to the patch. He stayed there, waitin' an' watchin' for him. After a while the bear comes an' pulls up the goobers. The niggah tried to shoot the bear but he got so scared when the bear turned on him that he just ran. So the niggah reached the house an' the bear was jes' a little behind him. There they was, the niggah an' the bear, the niggah an' the bear. So he yelled, "Open the door, open the door. I'm a comin'." So they called out to him, "What's that bear doin' jes' behind you?" Niggah said, "I decided I'd bring him alive."

11. SAGACIOUS JEW.

I.²

There were four Jews. So one o' the Jews died. So dey all wanted to leave money in de grave. So each of the Jews said dey would give fifty dollars. So de first Jew gave his fifty dollars, an' de second give his. Then the last Jew said, "Here, boys, is a check for de whole amount," an' pocketed all de money.

II.

There was a mighty 'ristocratical Jew died. So Mr. Perkins heard of this 'ristocratical Jew dying. They had to pay a high price to get him into heaven. Mr. Perkins said to the priest, "Mr. Chairman, I move that we'll pay two an' one half million dollars to get Mr. Harding into heaven." The priest said, "It will all have to be paid in gold." So they got the two an' one half million an' put it in his tomb. So a Jew said, "Mr. Chairman, I move that I'll take all the cash n' write out a check for the whole. Then you can pay the check to Jesus Christ for the purchase of our 'ristocratical seat for Mr. Harding in heaven."

12. COMING WITH THE DOGS.¹

They was a fellow he was a cripple, he couldn't walk for seven years. So the dogs get to runnin', tree a possum, an' they have to carry this man down to the tree. So one day the dogs tree a possum. De boys all in de bed. So the ol' lady say, "John, git up. Dem dogs done treed a possum. Boys, you have to pick papa up an' take him down to the tree." So they took the ol' man down to the place where the dogs were. They

¹ From Kowaliga, Ala.

² From Creoletown, La.

began cuttin' on the tree. They got the tree nearly down. Directly something come out o' the tree. The dogs ran as fast as they could. The boys left an' ran for all they were worth. So they come home an' the mother said, "Why, what's the matter?" They said, "Lord, mammy, something come runnin' out o' that tree. It got all our lights out an' whipped the dogs an' then we left." So the ol' lady said, "Lord, Lord, chile, that won't do. We'll have to get ol' Ned. Come on, let's get um." So they looked in another room an' there was the father. They were all surprised. The mother said, "Why, when did ye get in?" The ol' man said, "Lord, chile, I come in wid de dogs."

13. DOG DINNER.

I.¹

Once upon a time there was a man he all the time had fresh meat. He had a large family. So one time he didn't have no meat but he had a dog. He tuck that little dog an' killed him, then dressed him up an' brought him to the family. So the children all said, "Father's comin' with some mutton, mutton, father's comin' with some mutton, mutton; one put on the pot, one put on the skillet, one put on the,"² and such a time we'll have." So the father said, "I'm sick, I don't want no supper." So he went to bed, just dying with laughter. So when they had all finished their supper one of the children said, "What must we do with these bones?" So the others cried out, "Give them to Retta." (the dog.) So they called, "Here Retta, here Retta." The father called out to them, "Needn't call Retta, you done et him up." So the mother said, "Puke it up children."

II.³

Once upon a time a man had three daughters an' one wife an' a dog. So the man was goin' huntin' an' the three daughters hollered, "Oh pops, bring me a rabbit." So the man went out, took his dog an' killt him. Then he skin it an' brought him back home. When he brought it back his wife an' child were glad of the rabbit. So the wife cooked the rabbit an' went to gi'n the chil' a piece an' et a piece. She give um first an' they hollered, "Oh mother, gimme another piece." The mother said, "Oh your father got to have some." He said, "No, no, gi'n to the chil'." So the chil' got through with the bones an' went to the dog hollerin' for the dog father had killed, "Here Rover, here Rover, hyeah." And the father said, "You fool, you done et Rover." So mother said "Hawk it up, children, hawk it up."

¹ From Tuskegee Summer School, Ala.

² Word illegible in manuscript.

³ From Plateau, Ala.

14. THE MAN WHO INVENTED FIRE.¹

Once upon a time men didn't have fire. It was a long time before fire ever been invented. Man lived in another part of the country an' didn't know anything about fire. He was a blacksmith and made swords. When it was cold he piled leaves around the feets of his wife and baby to keep them warm. Fire jumped from his anvil and lit the leaves. He knew then he had invented fire. He called all his friends and told them he had invented fire. Then one day Bear came and took the baby. Bear doesn't like fire. Mother came back from the woods and she didn't know what to do. So she got some fire, put it in her hands and hunted Bear. Bear got frightened and dropped the baby.

So he came across where Zebra lived telling about his invention of fire. He sold fire by coals. He killed deer and bees and hung these up in his cave. With the fire he learned to cook meat in his cave. So he invited his friends to a dinner. He showed how fire cooked meat. He told them all about how he had did. He told them about fishing and hunting and they came and stayed a long time with him and lived with him. Then they selected him as king and ruler.

15. BIBLE AND SWIMMING.²

Preacher had to go to work. So he got to the ferry and the ferryboat had started so he hollered and hollered at the ferryman. So the ferryman came over. The water was pretty high. The preacher said, "What about crossin'?" The ferryman said, "All right, you can come, water's pretty high though." So the preacher got in the boat and the ferryman commenced to rowin'. So the ferryman was a powerful wicked fellow; he never went to church in his life. So the preacher said, "Brother, do you belong to any church?" The ferryman kept on rowin'. He said, "Nope, I don't belong to any church." The preacher said, "One quarter your life's gone if you don't belong to church." Then he said, "Do you ever read the Bible?" The ferryman kept on rowin'. He said, "Nope, I never read the Bible." The preacher said, "That's a pity. Two fourths of your life is gone." So the ferryman kept on rowin'. The preacher said, "Do you know anything about istronomy?" The ferryman kept on rowin'. He said, "Nope, I don't know anything about istronomy." Preacher said, "Too bad, three fourths of your life is gone." Almost that time they done sprung a leak in the boat. The ferryman saw the boat was sinking and got him ready to jump. He said to the preacher, "Reverend, do you know anything about swimmin'?" The preacher said, "No, I don't know anything about swimmin'." The ferryman said, "Damn if the whole of your life ain't gone!"

¹ From Tuskegee Summer School, Ala.

² From Kowaliga, Ala.

16. TEN-MILE BOOTS.

Lady's all dressed up an' told a man to come by attaher in a chariot. All powdered up an' devil came attaher in a chariot. An' so she didn't know who it was twil she got there. Got there, she commenced a cryin' an' devil's wife told her this was hell, this wasn't no dancin' hall. Lady commenced cryin'. Devil went an' got his tongs. Had a little rooster crow when she would start, "Coo-coo-coo-coo, that lady's gone home." Devil would come back. His wife told her that he had some boots that jump twenty miles. Told her to get um from out under the bed. She got um n' commenced to jump an' the devil's wife got some corn an' thowed it out at the rooster so it wouldn't crow. Got th'oo eatin' the corn an' the rooster commenced to crowin'. Old lady was far away then and ol' devil come an' got the boots that would jump ten miles. By that time she was nearly home an' he nare 'bout caught up with her. By the time she got about home the ol' rooster crowed, "Coo-coo-coo-coo, that lady's gone home." The lady went in the house an' got plenty of people an' started playin' an' that shamed the devil away.

17. HORSE STAY OUTSIDE.

I.¹

Negro went to heaven by land. Went there an' knocked on the door. St. Peter come to the do', say, "Who is that?" Nigger say, "This is me." St. Peter say, "You ridin' or walkin'?" Nigger says, "I'm walkin'." St. Peter says, "Well, you can't get in here les'n you're ridin'." Nigger left; come on back down the road about five miles, meets up wid a white man. Say, "Mr. White Man, where you goin'?" White man say "I'm goin' to heaven." Nigger say, "You can't git in dere walkin'. I just left dere." Nigger say, "I'll tell you a way we'll get in dere." Nigger say, "Let me be your horse an' you get straddle me an' I'll go ridin' an' carry you up to heaven; an' you knock on de gate an' Salt Peter ask you who you is an' you tell him it's you, an' he gonna say, 'Bof you all come on in.'" White Man says, "All right, get down." White Man straddles the nigger, nigger goes runnin' back up to heaven wid him. Rode him right up to de door. White man knocks on de do'. St. Peter say, "Who is dere?" White Man say, "Dis is me." St. Peter say, "You ridin' or walkin'?" White Man says, "Yes." St. Peter says, "Hitch your damn horse outside an' come on in."

II.¹

Ol' Brother Abraham Jasper he died. Well, he went to heaven as they say. When he got there they wouldn't admit him. Old Salt Peter wouldn't let him in. Ol' Abraham said, "Well, things ain't here like I thought

¹ From Natchez, Miss.

they was. I'm goin' back." So he met Ol' Brother Horace Greely gwine to the same place he comin' from. Greely said to him, "Well, hello Brother Jasper, wha' you ben?" Brother Jasper said, "I just ben to heaven." "Well, what you comin' back for?" Brother Jasper said, "Well, ol' Brother Salt Peter wouldn't let me in." Brother Horace Greely said, "Well now, that's too bad. Now I'm gonna work a plan to git you in. Well now, you just let me get on your back an' when I get there I'll let on you're my horse an' we'll both get inside the gates." So Brother Horace Greely rode on Brother Jasper's back. When they got to the gates ol' Salt Peter said, "Whoa there, who's there?" "Brother Horace Greely." Ol' Salt Peter said, "Is you ridin' or walkin'?" Brother Horace Greely said, "Ridin' on a horse." Ol' Salt Peter said, "Hitch your horse outside an' come on in."

18. NOTHING FOR THE NEGRO.¹

A white man, an Indian, and a Negro went up to the gates of heaven. Peter said to the white man, "What do you want?" The white man said, "I want to make a living." "All right," said St. Peter, "here's pen and ink; go off and make a living." So the white man went off and he's been making a living ever since. The Indian came up and St. Peter said, "What do you want?" The Indian said, "Ugh-ugh, I want make heap living." St. Peter said, "All right," and gave him a bow and arrow. So the Indian went off and he's been making a living ever since. St. Peter turned to the Negro and said, "What do you want?" The Negro said, "Nothing, I just came with the other two." "All right," said St. Peter, "take nothing, and go ahead." So the Negro has had nothing ever since.

19. CATCH HELL JUST THE SAME.²

Two fellows had a conversation about heaven and hell and they decided to take the trip. And one went to hell and one went to heaven. He had to put out the sun and take it in, an' he had to put out the stars and take them in; and he had to seat the angels and watch the throne, an' pour out the water for it to rain, an' when it stopped raining he had to pick that water up. The other one went to hell. He just had to stand an' watch the fire burn an' eat brimstone. So when they come back they met each other. So the one went to heaven asked the man what did he do in hell. He said he had a easy job; all he had to do was ketch the heat, eat brimstone an' burn. And he said to the other man, "What did you do?" He said, "Oh, I had a fine job, but I caught hell." The man said, "How was that?" He said, "Well, I had to put out the sun an' take it in; I had to put out the stars an' take them in; an' I had to seat the angels an' watch the throne, an' pour out water for it to rain, an' when it stopped rainin' I had to pick that water up, an' I had no rest for myself." The other man said, "I'd damn rather be in hell than in heaven because you ketch hell just the same."

¹ From New Orleans, La.

² From Natchez, Miss.

VI. RIDDLES.¹

1. Went over there in a lady's yard,
I seen a green fence;
Inside the green fence was a red fence,
An' then a whole lot o' little children.
Watermelon.
2. Green and red,
Got a whole lot of little fellows inside.
Watermelon.
3. A whole lot o' little white children playin' in red.
Teeth and tongue, or watermelon.
4. A green house trimmed in white and red walls,
A heap o' black children inside.
Watermelon.
5. House set upon the hill,
Green on the outside,
Red on inside,
Full of people.
Watermelon.
6. Red house,
And white sets all around it. *Teeth and tongue.*
7. What is way up on a red hill with twenty two white horses?
Tongue and teeth.
8. Sixty white horses settin' on a hill,
Out came a red horse licked them all in.
Tongue and teeth.
9. Little Nanny Etticoat,
Little red petticoat,
Longer she stands
Shorter she grows. *Candle.*
10. Green as grass and grass it ain't,
White as snow and snow it ain't,
Red as blood and blood it ain't.
Black as ink and ink it ain't. *Blackberry.*

¹ There were collected also a large number of smoking room riddles which are not republished here. They are of the two great types prevalent in this country: the type in which the humor consists in indicating a picture which has nothing to do with the sex act and capping it with a risqué answer; and the type which proposes a sexual description and caps it with an innocent answer.

11. White as milk an' ain't milk,
 Red as blood an' ain't blood,
 Black as ink an' ain't ink. *Blackberry.*

12. White it is an' snow it ain't,
 Green it is an' grass it ain't,
 Red it is an' blood it ain't,
 Black it is an' ink it ain't. *Blackberry.*

13. Big in the bottom,
 Little at the top,
 Something in the middle
 Go flippity-flop. *Churn.*

14. Two lookers,
 Two crookers,
 Four stiff standers,
 One switch-about. *Cow.*

15. Long legs,
 Short thighs,
 Bald head
 And no eyes. *Tongs.*

16. One head,
 One foot,
 Two sides,
 No stomach. *Bed.*

17. One top,
 Two ends,
 Four legs,
 No bottom. *Table.*

18. Got one head,
 One foot,
 One body,
 Four legs. *Bed.*

19. Four eyes,
 Four legs,
 Four sides,
 Long stem. *Stove.*

20. Two straights and one crook,
And a long handle. *Pipe.*
21. Four legs, one tongue and one body,
Goes to the water and never drinks.
Wagon.
22. Goes to the well, can't drink,
Goes to the creek, can't drink,
Goes to the barn, can't sleep,
Goes to the house, can't lay down,
Goes up and down the street, can't walk.
Wagon tongue.
23. Go to work an' don't work,
Go to eat an' don't eat,
Go to rest an' don't rest. *Tongue on a wagon.*
24. As I was walkin' across the Basin Bridge,
I met my sister Kate.
I broke her neck,
And drank her blood,
Could you tell me what it is? *Bottle of wine.*
25. As I went over London Bridge,
I met old dirty Jay.
I cut his throat, and sucked his blood,
And throwed his heart away. *Bottle of whiskey.*
26. As I was goin' over London Bridge
I met my brother Will,
I cut off his head an' sucked his blood,
And threw his body away. *Bottle of whiskey.*
27. As I was going down London Alley,
I met my sister Sally,
I broke her neck,
And suck her blood,
Left her in the alley. *Bottle of whiskey.*
28. As I was goin' across London Bridge,
I picked up some chips and made a bench.
How many could sit on it? *More yet.*

29. Went across old London Bridge,
Met a heap of people.
Some was nick, some was knack,
Some was colored across the back.
What was that? *A drove of partridges.*
30. As was goin' cross London Bridge,
I met three different kinds of men.
Some was brown an' some was red,
An' some was black. *Ants.*
31. On top the church steeple a crowd o' people,
All the same kind,
Of my old straw kelly.
Could you tell me what it is? *Ants.*
32. As I went into Talla Wacker,
I met Corn Stacker
I called Bone Backer
To run Corn Stacker out of Talla Wacker.
*Man sent dog (Bone Backer)
to chase bear (Corn Stacker)
out of his cotton field (Talla
Wacker).*
33. Green Morocco built a ship,
And in the ship her daughter lived,
And if I tell her name,
I would be to blame,
And three times in the riddle I have told you.
Ann.
34. The Queen of Sheba had a ship,
An' in it she placed a dollar;
An' to tell her name I'm not to blame,
An' I have tol' you three times over.
Ann.
35. As I was walking across London Bridge,
I met a man.
He drew off his hat
And drew off his cloak,
Now tell me his name. *Andrew.*
36. As I was going down the lane
I rode and yet I walked. *"Yet I" is a dog.*

37. Go off on Monday,
Stay a week,
And come back on the same Monday.
Man had a mule named Monday.
38. Man went across the river on a Sunday,
He stood there two days,
He came back on the same Sunday.
How's that? *Ditto.*
39. Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve men riding by.
Each man taken a pear,
And left eleven hanging there. *Man's name was Each Man.*
40. Love I sit, Love I stand,
Love I wear on my right hand.
I can see Love,
Love can't see me. *A little fise (dog). When it died the man thought so much of it he had a pair of gloves and a whip and shoes and a chair made of the hide. The Dog's name was Love.*
41. My belly is wood,
My sides is leather.
My nose is cold iron
And useful in cold weather. *Bellows.*
42. Riddlum-riddlum-rollick,
Steel prick and leather bolics. *Bellows.*
43. Has a soul (sole) and tongue and can't talk,
Eyes and can't see. *Shoe.*
44. What has five eyes and can't see? *Pair of shoes.*
45. What has four eyes and can't see? *Mississippi.*
46. Thousand eyes and no mouth. *Sifter.*

47. I has not but one sister,
She has not but one eye,
She climbed the mountains high, high,
She tread the waters knee-deep, deep,
Poor little thing she has but one eye.
Star.

48. Ol lady Reet, tweet-tweet,
She wade the water knee-deep,
An' clamb the mountain sky-high,
An' haven't got but one eye.
Sun.

49. Had a little sister, Peep-peep,
She clamb the mountain high, high,
And when she got up there
She didn't have but one eye.
Moon.

50. Hitchy-hitchy hanging high,
Over the kitchen door.
Sun.

51. What's up?
The sky.

52. The house is full of it and you can't see it.
The wind.

53. House full,
Yard full,
Can't catch a bowlful.
Smoke; Sun.

54. The whole world full,
And can't catch a cup full.
Sun.

55. What goes up an' never goes down?
Smoke.

56. Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing
I ever did see.
Watch.

57. Round as an apple,
Shaped like a cup,
All the king's oxen
Can't pull it up.
Well.

58. Round as a biscuit,
Thick as a mole,
Whole Mississippi can't fill it up. *Sifter.*
59. Hicky-more, Hicky-more,
On the keen kitchen door.
All the king's horses, all the king's men
Can't drive Hicky-more, Hicky-more off the
keen kitchen door. *Sun.*
60. Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty back there again.
Egg.
61. Titty-tat went to town,
Tore her pretty gown,
All the needles in the town
Couldn't sew Titty-tat's gown. *Egg.*
62. What goes all around the house and just makes one track?
Wheelbarrow.
63. Go all the way round the house,
Don't make any track. *Smoke.*
64. What goes to the mill every morning and don't make no tracks?
The road.
65. Set in the corner at night.
Go all over the house in the day. *Broom.*
66. Work all day,
Set up in the corner at night. *Pair shoes.*
67. Go all day long,
And set up in the corner with his tongue hanging out.
Shoe.
68. Fight and scratch all day,
Set up in the corner all night. *Card for carding wool.*
69. All over the pasture in the day time,
Sits in cupboard at night. *Milk.*

70. Goes all over the hills and hollows,
And comes back home and set up in the safe.
Milk.
71. Goes all day,
Comes in at night,
Sits on its head. *Tacks in your shoes.*
72. What goes to church with you upside down an' anywhere else?
Tacks in your shoes.
73. What turns n' don't move? *Milk.*
74. Up the hill and down the hill,
And yet never stand still. *Road.*
75. Always moving while standing still.
Clock.
76. What is it from house to house and never come in?
Road.
77. Run all the time an' never git tired.
Stream.
78. One thing behind another an' never catch up.
Man shoving a wheelbarrow.
79. What is it goes to the water often and never drink?
Bell on a cow.
80. What goes to the branch and drinks and don't drink?
Cow and bell.
81. Somepin' hol' water an' water don't hold it.
Rag.
82. Something that is most used and least thought of.
Dish-rag.
83. In the woods cryin' time,
I made my master many a dime. *Fiddle.*
84. What is this?
Called white,
Calls white out of white? *A white man calling a white dog
to get a white cow out of white
cotton.*

85. Whitey in whitey,
 Whitey took whitey,
 Run whitey out o' whitey.

Variant of above.

86. A white somepin'
 Took a white somepin'
 Run a white somepin'
 Out o' a white somepin'.

Variant of above.

87. Whitey told whitey to drive whitey out of whitey.

Variant of above.

88. Whitey went upstairs,
 Whitey came downstairs,
 Left whitey upstairs.

*A white hen went upstairs, laid a
 white egg and came downstairs.*

89. Mrs. Black went in black,
 And come out, left white.

*Black hen went in a hollow log
 and left a white egg.*

90. Over water,
 Under water,
 Don't touch water.

*A man in a boat carrying a
 clothes basket on his head.*

91. A lady was walkin'. She was under water; water was on each side
 of her, an' water was overhead.

*A lady was walkin' across a
 bridge. She had a bucket of
 water on her head, and one on
 each side.*

92. One moonshiny night as I sat high,
 The bells of heaven struck eleven.
 My heart did ache,
 My limbs did tremble,
 To see the hole the fox did gravel.

*He and her were to get married.
 They fell out. He sent for her
 to meet him at eleven. He dug
 her grave, but she got there
 before him. She was scared and
 ran up a tree. So she made this
 riddle and told it at dinner.
 His name was Fox.*

93. Seven sot,
Six sprung,
From the dead the living come. *Bird sat on a dead tree and laid
her eggs. Six birds hatched.*
94. Seven sot,
Seven sprung,
Outlived a living room. *Seven pottages.*
95. Six sot an' seven sprung,
From the dead the living run. *Whale eggs in a horse head.*
96. Hollow all day,
Hollow all night,
Never stops hollowing. *Hollow log.*
97. Crooked as a rainbow,
Teeth like a cat,
Guess all your lifetime,
You can't guess that. *Briar; Blackberry vine.*
98. Open like a barn door,
Shut like a bat,
Guess all your lifetime
You can't guess that. *Umbrella.*
99. Open like a barn door,
Ears like a cat,
Guess all your lifetime
You couldn't guess that. *Overcoat.*
100. The man that made it never used it,
The man that used it never saw it. *Coffin.*
101. How many feet has forty sheep, a dog, and a man?
Two.
102. Riddlum-riddlum ranty pole,
Half ass and no hole. *Ham of a hog.*
103. I washed my face in water
Neither rain nor run,
I wiped my face on a towel,
Neither wove nor spun. *Washing in dew; dried by the sun.*

104. I heard a lot of noise. Guess what it was.

*A gnat in a rail of a fence
picking a splinter out of a
redbug's toe.*

105. What's the smallest thing in the world?

A pimple on a red bug's ass.

106. A nickel and a dime was sittin' on the fence,

The nickel fell off,

Why didn't the dime fall?

Cause it had more cents.

107. A man with no arms shot the boid,

A man with no legs went to git the boid,

A man with no eyes saw the boid,

A man with no clothes put it in his pocket.

That's a damn lie.

108. Why is a doity rug is like a bad boy?

Dey bot' need a beatin'.

109. Why is it an elephant never go visiting?

Always has to carry his trunk.

110. Heard of a man,

He married over a hundred times,

But he still not married.

Could you guess who that is?

Minister.

111. Patches on top o' patches.

Chimbley or an onion.

112. As I was going to St. Ive,

I met a man with seven wives,

Seven wives, kids, cats, dogs and all,

How many was going to St. Ive?

One.

113. If an egg comes down the river fifty miles an hour,

Where it come from?

Chicken's ass.

114. Through the rock,

Through the reel,

Through the mistress' spinning wheel,

Through the sheep shank bone,

Such a riddle was never known.

Maggot in a bone.

115. I went out in the fiel'an' found somepin'. It wasn't flesh an' it wasn't meat, an' still I kept it till it walked.

Egg.

116. Riddy, riddy, I suppose,

Many a nose.

Briar.

117. Flies high, flies low,

Got no feet, but it wears shoes.

Duck.

118. What's blacker than a crow?

His feathers.

119. Them hat got eyes ain't got no head,

An' what got head ain't got no eyes.

Needle an' pin.

120. One man took it upstairs.

Eight men couldn't bring it down.

A needle. Eight men couldn't find it.

121. Live on each end,

Dead in the middle.

A man plowin'. His horse is alive, the plow's dead, and the man is alive.

122. What is this?

Only two back bones,

A thousand ribs.

Track.

123. Hard on the edge,

And soft in the middle.

Bed.

124. Black and white,

And read all over.

Newspaper.

125. If a pitcher artist was upstairs,

Which would he rather draw first?

His salary.

126. When is a house like a bird?

When it has wings.

127. Met my two brothers.

One stopped to speak to me,

And one went on.

Two bees. One stung me, one went on.

128. Tippy Tippy Upstairs,
Tippy Tippy Downstairs,
Don't mind, Tippy Downstairs will bite you.
Wasp.
129. You ain't got it,
But if you had it,
You wouldn't take nothin' for it. *Bald head.*
130. What's often behind a star? *A policeman.*
131. Where's the heart of a cabbage. *In the head.*
132. What kind o' dog has no tail? *Hot dog.*
133. What is narrow face Virginia? *Chicken.*
134. What is the weakest man in the Bible?
*Moses, because he broke all the
ten commandments.*
135. What is this?
Pitty pat, pitty pat,
With his mouth in his tail. *Duck playing in the water.*
136. Hear the story of the empty box? *Nothing in it.*
137. Ever hear the story of the bed? *That's where you lie.*
138. Once it was green an' a-growin'
Now it's dead an' a ro'rin'. *Violin.*
139. Which side of the jug is the handle on?
Outside.
140. Goes up unready (with difficulty)
Comes down ready. *Wall paper.*
141. Why is a lady so much like an automobile?
Because you have to get a license.
142. Why is a lady so much like an umbrella?
Answer missing.

143. Why do a lady love a wheel?

*Because a wheel has a heap o'
spokes, represent a lot o' men.*

144. What is the difference between a woman and a dollar?

*A dollar goes from hand to hand;
a woman goes from man to man.*

145. Where can happiness always be found?

In the dictionary.

146. How can you make a tall man short?

Borrow money off of him.

147. Hey Newt, you stack o' bones,
Pull off that stack of hay.

A man with a straw hat on.

148. Up the hickory and down the pine,
I bust my old breeches behind.

*A little boy, he clamb the tree and
burst his breeches. That's how
he told his mother.*

149. Why do they put manure aroun' corn?

Why does corn grow where they put manure to it?

*Because it gets down there and
wants to get away from that
sweet perfume.*

150. What's the difference between a bad boy and a stamp?

*You lick a bad boy with a stick,
and stick a stamp with a lick.*

151. What's the difference between a piano, a president, and a soda-cracker?

*Piano is toned high, president
is high toned, soda-cracker-
that's for you to chew.*

152. That stick you?
What stick you?

A pin.

153. Who's a cat?

A kitten.

154. What does it take to make a man?

A boy child.

155. I see buzzards up town this morning on sale.

Buzzards "sailing" in the air.

156. Ever seen a man shave twenty times a day?

Barber.

157. On yesterday I gone to the Post Office. A lady takes out her glove
and went right into a man, a-boxing. Why didn't I stop him?

I saw a sign "Letter Box."

158. What is the world's greatest puzzle?

*Work — 'cause you never works it
out until you die.*

159. Not in the sky, not in the woods,
Not on the earth, not (knot) on a tree.

Knot.

160. God kin put somepin' on you an' can't nobody take it off you.

Sin.

161. Which one of your grandmother's or your mother's hens ever
laid the longest?

*My mama's dead hen always laid
the longest.*

162. The hardest word in Jackson. Spell it.

It.

163. Think of a number,
Double it,
Add four to it,
Halfen it,
Take away the first number you thought of.
Now I tell you your answer.

It.

164. Nebuchadnezzar, king of the Jews,
Name it with two letters,
I'll give you a pair of shoes.

It.

165. Spell hard water in three letters.

Ice.

166. Spell "blind pig" with two letters.

PG.

167. What make a chicken lay an egg?

Cause it can't stand it up.

168. Why can't a secret be told in a cornfield?

Too many ears.

169. What make a dog curl his tail?

So the fleas can't loop de loop.

170. Why is a empty house like a house full of married folks?
Because there isn't a single person in it.
171. What's a groundhog?
Sausage.
172. Sisters and brothers I have none,
 But this boy's father is my father's son.
He was the father of the boy.
173. Something walking down the street,
 Three legs, two arms, a head, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.
 What is it?
Ol' man with a stick.
174. What walks on four legs in the morning,
 Two at noon,
 Three in the evening?
A man. When he is a baby he crawls; when he is grown up he walks on two feet; when he is an old man he uses a cane.
175. Two legs sat on three legs,
 Up jumped four legs,
 And grabs one leg.
Man sitting on a three legged stool; up jump a dog and grabs ham on the table.
176. How can a man, his wife and two sons, get across the river if the boat only carries one hundred pounds and the man weighs one hundred pounds, the woman one hundred pounds, and the boys fifty pounds each?
*One. The two boys go across.
 Two. One boy comes back and gives boat to the woman.
 Three. The woman takes the boat across and gives it to the other boy.
 Four. Other boy crosses over and gives it to the boy.
 Five. The two boys cross.
 Six. One boy goes back and gives the boat to his father.
 Seven. The father goes across and gives it to the other boy.
 Eight. The boy returns for the other boy.
 Nine. Both boys cross.*

177. How can a man, a goose, a fox, and some corn get across the river if he can only take one at a time.

One. He takes the goose.

Two. He come back'n get fox.

T'ree. Take goose back.

Four. Get corn.

Five. Come back after goose.

178. If you had a goose, a fox, and a bunch of corn to take across the river, an' couldn't take but one at a time, which would you take across first?

Take goose first.

179. If you had a real fat hog an' sold' um for fifty dollars, then you had a poor hog, what would that come to?

Corn.

180. Two friends went agether. One friend told the other, "Give me one dollar and I'll have as much as you." The other one said, "No, you give me a dollar an' I'll have twice as much as you." How much did they have?

One had seven dollars, the other had five.

181. Went in a grocery with a dollar bill. The man said he couldn't change a dollar bill for five cents worth but he could change a five dollar bill for five cents worth. Why was that?

The grocer had a two and a half dollar gold piece.

182. If you owed me a dollar an' fifteen cents an' I didn't want no nickels or copper cents what would you give me?

Nine dimes and a quarter or three dimes and four quarters.

183. If I had twenty sick sheep and one died,
How many are left?

Nineteen.

184. If rain was falling and you got five cents a drop what would it fall into a shower?

To the ground.

185. What is the difference between an old dime and a new copper cent.

Nine cents.

186. Why is a paper dollar more valuable than a silver dollar?

When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out it's in creases.

VII. TOASTS.

1. Between m' fingers an' thumbs,
If I don't drink it all I'll save you some.
2. Up to my lips and down to my toes,
Here's the way many a gallon goes.
3. Once upon a time
A goose drank wine
On a sweet potato vine;
Monkey played de fiddle
On de sweet potato vine.
4. Two potatoes in a pot,
Make a hungry no-count bow-legged nigger fight.
5. Who was there when I was born?
Big black nigger with a derby on.
6. Apples and oranges,
Peaches an' grapes,
Huggin' an' kissin'
Is no disgrace.
7. If you love me like I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.
8. Remember A, remember B
But first of all remember me.
9. Ducks in the mill pond,
Geese in the ocean,
Boys can't marry
Till the girls take a notion.
10. Ol' Maria, you're the girl that I admire,
Down where the watermelons grow.
If your pants get loose just button up the slant (?slack),
Down where the watermelons grow.
11. I had a old horse
His name was Jack,
I rode his tail
To save his back.
12. I was born in a backyard,
Suckled by a bear,
I got nine sets o' jaw teeth
An' three coaches of hair.

VIII. SPIRITUALS.

I.¹

I'm gonna stay in the church of God
Till I die.

I'm gonna stay on bended knee
Till I die.

I'm gonna walk the king's highway
Till I die.

2.²

Oh ye Christian sinners, sinners,
What ye gonna do when the Lord sound his trumpet?
Gonna run,
Gonna run,
Gonna run,
To my Lord.

Oh ye Christian backsliders, backsliders, etc.

3.²

When I get done toiling,
My work will be done;
When I get done toiling,
My work will be done.

4.¹

In m' heart,
In m' heart, good Lord,
Feel spirit movin' in my heart.

My head got wet in the morning dew,
An' the mornin' stars was a witness too,
I looked at my feet (hands) an' it looked so new,
Feel spirit moving in my heart.

5.¹

He got the whole world in his hand,
He got the whole world in his hand,
He got the whole world in his hand,
He got the whole world in his hand.

¹ Near Tuskegee.

² Nebo, Alabama.

He got you an' I in his hand, etc.

He got the preachers too in his hand, etc.

He got the sinners too in his hand, etc.

6.¹

It's me, me, oh Lord,
Standin' in the need o' prayer,
It's me, me, oh Lord,
Standin' in the need o' prayer.

7.¹

Steal away, steal away, in-a-heaven,
Steal away, steal away, in-a-heaven,
Steal away, steal away, in-a-heaven.
Hope I'll join the band.

My mother stole away, in-a-heaven, etc.

My brother stole away, in-a-heaven, etc.

8.¹

Seek, seek, seek, an' ye shall find,
Knock and it shall be open.
Ask and it shall be given,
When the love comes twink-le-ing (trinkle-ing) down.

Brother, you ought to been there,
Brother, you ought to been there,
Brother, you ought to been there,
When the love comes twinkle-ing down.

Mother, you ought to been there, etc.

Oh, my brother, you ought to been there, etc.

9.²

You hyeah dem(dose) lambs a-cryin',
You hyeah dem lambs a cryin',
You hyeah dem lambs a-cryin',
Go shepherd feed-a my sheep.

¹ Near Tuskegee.

² Tuskegee.

My head got wet in de midnight dew,
 Go shepherd feed-a my sheep.
 An' the mornin' stars was a witness too,
 Go shepherd feed-a my sheep.

You hyeah dem lambs a-cryin', etc.

10.¹

I wants to be ready,
 I wants to be ready,
 I wants to be ready,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John.

John said the city was just four square,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John,
 An' I declared I'd meet him there,
 Walk in Jerusalem just like John.
 I wants to be ready, etc.

I never forgit dat day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
 I wants to be ready, etc.

I believe one day when I walked in line,
 I heard a little whisper and seen the one.
 I wants to be ready, etc.

11.²

I wants to meet m' mother
 When I die, when I die;
 I wants to meet m' mother,
 When I die, when I die.

I wants to shout salvation
 As I fly, as I fly;
 I wants to shout salvation
 As I fly, as I fly.

I wants to meet m' mother, etc.

12.³

Run away, run away,
 Run away, run away,
 Ain't gonna see you any more.

¹ Tuskegee.

² Near Tuskegee.

³ Plateau, Ala.

Cry some more, cry some more,
Cry some more, cry some more,
Aint gonna see you anymore.

Don't do dat, don't do dat,
Don't do dat, don't do dat,
Don't idle your time away.

13.¹

Down by the river side gonna lay my burden down,
Down by the river side gonna lay my burden down,
Down by the river side gonna lay my burden down,
Oh Lord, down by the river side gonna lay my burden down.

Ain't gonna study no more (six times)
Oh Lord, gonna lay my burden down.

Gonna meet my mother there, etc.
Gonna meet my father there, etc.
Gonna meet Jesus thee, etc.

14.¹

Oh Lord, thy will be done.

Our father who art in heaven,
Our father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
Oh Lord, thy will be done.

Oh Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done,
Oh Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done,
Oh Lord, oh Lord, thy will be done.

Give us now our daily bread,
And forget not our trespasses,
Deliver us from all temptation,
Oh Lord, thy will be done.

¹ Plateau, Ala.

15.¹

Ain't we some angels of Jesus,
 Ain't we some angels of Jesus,
 Ain't we some angels of Jesus,
 Surely he died on Calvary.
 Calvary, Calvary,
 Calvary, Calvary,
 Calvary, Calvary,
 Surely he died on Calvary.

Makes me sorry to think about Jesus, etc.

16.¹

God's gonna bring your sins before you,
 Some o' these days.
 God's gonna bring your sins before you,
 Some o' these days.

God's gonna call this world into judgment, etc.

God's gonna set the world on fire, etc.

I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus, etc.

17.¹

Oh the Lord he heard me pray. •

Take my Lord away, Lord away, Lord away,
 Take my Lord away,
 Not a mumble-in' word did he say,
 Never said a mumble-in' word.
 Not a word, not a word,
 Not a word did he say.

They mocked my Lord.

They led him from pole to pole, pole to pole, pole to pole, etc.

Look how they done my Lord, etc.

Well they wupped him all night long, etc.

Well, y' ought-a be a child o' God, etc.

18.

I'm gwine tell my Lord,
 I'm gwine tell my Lord,
 When I go home.

¹ Plateau, Ala.

I'm gonna tell him 'bout my ups an' downs,
I'm gonna tell de Lord when I go home.

I'm gonna tell Him how you do me here,
I'm gonna tell him how you do me here,
When I go home.

I'm gonna tell him all about it,
I'm gonna tell him all about it,
When I go home.

19.

Git on board, little childrun,
Git on board, little childrun,
Git on board, little childrun,
D'y's room for many more.

The gospel train is landin',
Oh come an' git your ticket,
Room enuf in heaven for many more,
Oh come an' git on board.

20.

I'm tell my Lord when I go home,
I'm tell my Lord when I go home.
I'll tell him 'bout my ups an' downs,
I'll tell him 'bout my ups an' downs.
Tell him 'bout my trials too,
An' tell him 'bout my trials too.

If Jesus be wid me there,
If Jesus be wid me there.

21.¹

Look away, look away in Bethlehem,
Little childrun, look away, look away,
Look away in Bethlehem.

I am a child of God,
I know it for myself,
Look away, look away,
Look away-a in Bethlehem.

¹ Informant states that this song arose due to the fact that when slaves had meetings they had always to be on the lookout for their masters.

22.

TAKES A HUMBLE SOUL TO JINE THIS ARMY.

Oh, rain, oh, rain,

Oh, Lord, send it down.

Takes a humble soul to jine us in de army of my Lord.

Tabakes a obedient soul to jine, ect.

23.¹

SLAVE SONG FOR RELEASE FROM WORK.

Rain, oh rain, oh rain, kind Saviour,

Rain, oh rain, may the Lord send it down.

24.

Pray, childrun, pray,

Childrun, I am a soldier,

I am a soldier.

Um a soldier,

Follower of de lamb.

Believe, childrun,

Believe, childrun,

Believe, childrun,

I am goin' home.

25.

DESE BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

All o' these bones, these bones of mine,

These bones gonna rise again.

Y' talks about Sally, an' ye talks about Jane,

But dese bones gonna rise again.

Death is a man that do not flatter,

Kills both white, black, yellow an' mulatto,

These bones gonna rise again.

Come along sister, wit y' ups an' downs,

De Lord's gonna meet you on de half way groun',

These bones gonna rise again.

¹ Informant states that slaves caught singing this song by their overseers were beaten.

Y' comes to my house an' y' drinks mah tea,
You goes to Sister Sally's an' you talks about me,
But dese bones gonna rise again.

Ever since that I have been truly born,
Hit been a hard task for me to carry the Lord's work along,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Some comes cripple an' some comes lame,
But here ah comes in m' Jesus name,
These bones gonna rise again.

Although ah'm not allowed to hold up m' Jesus name,
But he gonna pay us all off on de Resurrection Day,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

Hyeah we playin' gwine roun' de ring,
We may be killed but we'll rise again,
These bones gonna rise again.

The white folks won't 'low us to hold up Jesus' name,
But we all will shine at the Resurrection Day,
These bones gonna rise again.

An' I went out de weeds,
I looked roun' mongst de flowers,
I saw one up an' I saw one down,
All w'ut's up is gotta come down,
An' all w'ut's down gonna die again,
Dese bones gonna rise again.

26.

You must be born again,
You must be born again,
Your soul's forgiven an' you are set free,
You must be born again.

27.

Sometimes I'm both tossed an' driven,
Nowhere to rove,
I heard of that city called heaven,
I'm strivin' to make it my home.

My mother is dead an' gone,
 My father still walkin' in sin,
 My sister an' brother won't own me,
 But Jesus will take me in.

I am bound for the promised land,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 Oh who come an' go wid me,
 I am bound for the promised land.

Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
 An' whom I hopes upon,
 I'll bid farewell to ever I fear,
 An' wipe weepin' eyes.

28.

I am a stranger here below,
 A wanderer through dis land,
 An' how I was made to suffer so,
 I cannot understand.
 It seems de Lord would have it so,
 But, master, oh how long.

29.

Pray, pray tel the spirit comes,
 The Lord will hear you pray,
 Pray, pray tel the spirit comes,
 The Lord will hear you pray.

Moan, moan tel the spirit comes, etc.

Bleed, bleed, tel the spirit comes, etc.

30.

Takes an humble soul
 To jine us in dis arm——y,
 Takes a prayin' soul,
 Takes a prayin' soul,
 To jine us in this arm——y.

31.

PATEROLL SONG (PATROL SONG).¹

Oh, run nigger, run,
The pateroll'll ketch you,
Run, nigger run,
It's almost day.

Run for your soul,
My Lord some day give in hand,
Run, run, run.

When I sot out for to seek my Lord,
I left this world behind,
All glory, glory, hallelujah;
Pray, pray, pray, my Lord,
Pray, oh pray, pray, pray, my Lord,
Oh, glory, glory, hallelujah.

Oh, ain't dat a good thing,
Pray, pray, isn't dat a good thing,
Pray, childrun, pray, little childrun,
Oh, ain't dat a good time,
Hallelu, hallelu.

IX. PLAY SONGS.

I.¹

I'm in some lady's garden,
Do, do let me out.
I'm in some lady's garden,
Oh, pray, pray let me out.

I'm in some lady's garden,
Run, run, run, run,
I'm in some lady's garden,
Do, do, do let me out.

2.

JUBA.

Juba dis an' juba dat,
Juba killed de yaller cat.

¹ From Vicksburg, Miss. Informant born in Monroe, La.

MODERN WITCHES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY REV. JOHN R. CROSBY, D. D., PH. D.

That within sixty miles of materialistic Pittsburgh, side by side with the most aggressive forms of evangelical Christianity under the very shadow of the largest Normal School in the Keystone State and within ten miles of the birthplace of the Governor of Pennsylvania, there should flourish, with all the traditional accompaniments of Devil's Sabbaths, broomsticks and black cats, wicked godmothers and magic spells, witchcraft in all its mediaeval glory, seems almost incredible to the prosaic American public in this year of grace 1927. Yet, such is the sober fact.

Indiana County, in the State of Pennsylvania, is the home of immigrants from many lands and possesses the distinction of being the abiding place of the Russian Sect of Thondrakians or Paulicians, an evangelical Armenian Sect who have retained for centuries a religion compounded of primitive Christianity, oriental mysticism and mediaeval superstition that is probably unique in religious and social history. This sect, in the palmy days of the early church, threatened to be the dominant power in Western Christendom. They were the direct ancestors of the Bulgars, Albigenses, Anabaptists and numerous prereformation anti-catholic sects that at one time threatened to overrun Europe. Crushed by persecution and almost annihilated they maintained an isolated and precarious position in Armenia and Southern Russia until a final blast of orthodox persecution drove them across the ocean to seek refuge in a new land.

Economic conditions have prevented their being touched by any efforts of Americanization; distrust engendered by centuries of persecution and their hatred of all forms of Orthodox or Catholic Christianity hold them aloof from the generality of their fellow countrymen. It has been my privilege in the course of my social and religious work in the County to win as much of their confidence and friendship as can perhaps be attained by one of an alien race. I doubt whether their ingrained Slavic secretiveness and inherent hatred of alien ideas and customs will ever allow them to be fully assimilated by their adopted country but compulsory education, freedom from persecution and a certain clarity of intellect may possibly, in the course of years remove their most striking anachronisms.

I am fortunate in being admitted to the friendship, and to a certain degree, the confidence, of, I believe, the only surviving professional witch in the State of Pennsylvania. I say "professional" advisedly. We have other witches who possess a certain reputation as gifted amateurs, but my friend, Marie Kountzik, stands alone as the undoubted queen of the Thondrakian fraternity.

She lives alone in a small hut or shack on a wooded spur of the Alleghenies together with her familiar spirits, the orthodox black cats, a raven

of Satanic appearance and diabolic habits, and a small flock of goats. The house is filled with herbs, charms and the implements of her profession, and is not unnaturally avoided as far as possible between the hours of sunset and dawn by the more timid members of the community. In appearance she belies her profession, being a middle-aged woman of decidedly comfortable aspect, a pleasing manner, and not without good looks. Be that as it may, there is a firm and unshakable conviction among her compatriots that she has entered into a definite contract with the evil one and that in this she has followed the example of her female ancestors for untold generations. There is a general belief that her father and the father of her own children was the devil himself, or, if not, at least one of his subordinates, and this is in the interests of spiritual discipline heartily encouraged by the lady herself. Her own family were retained in Europe, apparently in case the supply of Black Art practitioners should run short in the Caucasian provinces.

It is interesting to note that certain other members of the sect — the "Elect Ones" — are permeated with the Spirit of Good, and are incarnations of the Divine Essence. We have here an interesting modern form of what may be called "Material Manichaeism" and I have not the least doubt that this form of superstition is a survival of the dualistic beliefs of the early centuries, which formed the principal grounds for the persecution of the sect in the sixth and seventh centuries. One of the reasons for the wholesale emigration was that they were persecuted for practising magic by the Russian Orthodox Church as late as 1898.

It is the general impression that regular gatherings of the initiated for the practice of magical rites and the worship of the Evil Principle take place with every accompaniment of black ritual and diabolical surroundings. I am unable to vouch for the truth or falsehood of this rumor but it is a brave Thondrakian who leaves his home when the Satanic influences are reported to be abroad. The witches are reported to assume the forms of animals, generally black, and to be restored to their original shapes at the rising of the sun. The gatherings are popularly supposed to be illuminated with a candle made out of human fat, which renders the celebration invisible to all except initiates. This belief is probably of common origin with "The Hand of Doom" which as all good students of folklore will remember was the dried hand of an executed criminal grasping a candle made of human fat and had the singular property of paralyzing every one within the circle of its beams. It was used with great effect in the "Ingoldsby Legends", if any one reads them in the present day.

I have collected numerous legends of personal power of the "Black Witch" but can only advance one concrete instance from my own observation. This particular case is so reminiscent of the fairy tales of my youth that I hesitate to record it in the columns of a sober magazine. In the course of my duties my attention was called to a seven year old child of

Thondrakian parentage. It was about half normal weight, mentally defective, and a case of generally retarded development. The story given me in all seriousness by the parents was as follows:

At the ceremony of "Naming" on the seventh day after birth, all the members of the sect within visiting radius assembled for the usual festivities but a formal invitation was not sent to the local sorceress. At the height of the ceremonies the outraged priestess appeared, accompanied in due form by her black cat and other familiar spirits. Removing one of the child's garments, she informed the horrified company that the child would wither away, but not until they had had the trouble of rearing it to maturity. The parents naturally did not consider that any medical attention or parental care could avail against the spells of the enchantress and allowed the child to grow up at its own sweet will in a room that was practically sealed in order to avoid the entrance of wandering evil spirits. I was able to impress them with the conviction that my magical powers were even stronger than those of the local practitioner. By insisting on the free admission of the beneficent Spirits of Fresh Air, the drinking of milk from a magic cow, and the child's sleeping in the open air while wearing an extemporized amulet, white magic overcame black, and the child is improving daily. Before I could convince the parents that the treatment would succeed, I had to use magic in the form of a threatened visit to the penitentiary to persuade the witch to come with me and remove the spell. At my suggestion, the old lady burned the cap she had taken from the child and I compelled her to drink the ashes in a cup of blessed salt and water. This greatly impressed the community and appears to have had an excellent effect in moderating the activities of the enchantress.

As usual, I find the bewitchment cannot take place unless the enchanter has in his or her possession something that is actually the personal property of the subject of the experiment. I was informed by the witch that she could only cause death if she utilized a portion of the hair, nails or skin of the victim.

The practice of sympathetic magic enters the lives of this curious people to an extent that I have only seen equalled by the animistic tribes of British India and the fetich-ridden nations of the Dark Continent. There is no department of ordinary life that has not its appropriate spell; no action is undertaken without consulting the unseen powers. The amazing thing is that it is absolutely distinct from their religious practices, which are a simple form of primitive Christianity. The sect was undoubtedly of mixed Christian, Manichæan and Gnostic origin, and the conciliation of malign influences and the belief in the malificent power of the Evil One have crystalized from a philosophical and religious aspect into a definite cult of the malignant physical attributes of nature. A similar transition can be seen in the worship of Eblis by some of the Moroccan tribes although they still remain outwardly orthodox followers of the prophet.

They do not, curiously enough, seem to practice the almost universal custom of destroying an image of the victim and expecting corresponding wasting away or disease on the part of the subject. This is probably due to their ingrained horror of image worship. The general procedure appears to be that if you desire your enemy to become lame, first steal (the lack of knowledge on the victim's part is essential) one of his shoes or socks, then fill it with hot coals or dip it in scalding water every night, at the same time removing your own shoes and stockings. On the seventh day, you take the stolen object to the witch who retains it until the treatment is effectual. A similar practice can be applied to any part of the body. This custom seems to be extremely popular, and is presumably efficacious, as the enchantress's hut resembles a clothing store and I suppose there must be some results to justify the continued faith.

A sure method of removing barrenness is to eat a preparation of milk, honey and eggs prepared in the presence of the witch by the mother of a family of seven who has never lost a child. The idea of the food being prepared by the fertile mother is clear enough, but I cannot see the connection of the milk, honey and eggs. I remember, however, that the Hindu women of Northern India used to offer these articles to insure a safe delivery. In view of the probable Persian origin of the sect this might be an explanation.

The cure of jaundice by dressing the patient in yellow clothes, and the cure of stammering by the use of dried grasshoppers are interesting examples of homeopathic magic, and are, I believe, direct importations from southern Russia. These practices are common over the whole of Asia.

The time-honored custom of sprinkling fresh blood over a newly planted garden and of mixing blood with the seeds before sowing is also a general practice among these people, and is as old as the first sacrifices of primitive man to the gods of fertility and increase. I have seen a father send his son suffering from hemorrhage of the nose to bleed over the corn patch in order to fertilize the crops. Another method is the piling of large round stones in the center of a field presumably to encourage the spirit of emulation in the growing potatoes. This and similar customs exist over the whole of the Old World but I have not previously met with it among the immigrants to this country. It is closely akin to the practice of placing stones at the foot of the breadfruit trees in some parts of Melanesia.

A married woman is not allowed to work in the fields or gardens until she has become a mother on the well-known homeopathic principle that a fruitful woman must exercise a sympathetic influence on the growing crops.

Charms for the cure of all kinds of diseases are innumerable but appear to be general to all the primitive races of mankind and can be found in any book dealing with primitive folklore. The following, however, appear to be Thondrakian specialities:

To cure a swelling — make a lump of bees wax of the same size and shape as the tumor and place it in the sun. As it melts the swelling will disappear.

This may be akin to the popular method of charming warts as practiced both in Europe and among the New England farmers. The peculiar part of it is that in many cases it produces successful results though how faith can cure boils is beyond my comprehension. One of the most curious examples of sympathetic magic is the bathing the eyes of ophthalmic patients with broth made from the head of a hawk and the wearing of hawk's or eagle's feathers as a charm for the same purpose. I have not come across this practice in either my reading or travels. The connection of thought is, however, perfectly clear.

Wearing the eye stones of a fish in a bag around the neck as a protection against cramp in swimming is also easily understandable. The climbers of toddy trees in Southern India wear amulets prepared from the hands and tails of monkeys from the same association of ideas.

White or albino cattle and poultry are believed to bring good luck and material prosperity both to the farm and the family. There is some connection between this belief and the influence of the waxing moon. Coops of white poultry are placed in the fields during the month of the harvest moon. This is probably a direct survival of the Babylonian custom of considering all white cattle and poultry as sacred to the moon and to the gods and goddesses of the crops and harvest.

The practice of making a rude image of grass, decorating it with rags and throwing it into running streams in order to produce rain is a well-known charm common to southern Europe and the inhabitants of Asia Minor.

The belief in demoniac possession is general and well marked. This is of three kinds and seems to be closely connected with the tradition of the "evil eye." All epileptics are possessed by the devil and immediately after and during their seizures are credited with supernatural powers. Prophecy and oracular gifts are their exclusive prerogative and come directly from the Spirit of Evil. Even the witch or wizard has no control over these cases, although they may act as the interpreter of their ravings and the mouth piece of the spirit. The witch may, in addition, definitely curse or afflict her enemies with an evil spirit. This may take the form of mental or bodily disease. All nervous or hysterical ailments are due to this cause which can only be expelled by the exorcisms of the "Elect Ones" or the consent of the sorceress. Women are possessed by both good and evil spirits at the time of childbirth and it is due to the result of the combat between them that she has an easy or difficult delivery. The disposition of the child depends also upon the issue of this struggle.

The "Evil Eye" is possessed by all deformed persons, negroes and childless widows. They do not use the "horns" but wear amulets fashioned from the wish bones of birds. This seems to me to be of exceptional interest in view of the well-known superstitions with regard both to certain birds as luck bringers and the use of the wish bone as a "luck" amulet.

Dreams are interpreted according to regular rules by the "Elect Ones"

and the witches. There is, I am told, a book of dreams and charms which together with a variety of the "Key of Truth" forms their religious and ethical manual. Up to the present, I have not been allowed to see it but as they recognized extracts from the Armenian "Key of Truth" I presume it is in that language.

They have in their possession a number of charms for various diseases brought from the old country, many of them being of considerable antiquity. The one I was privileged to examine contained the names of various devils and a short prayer in Armenian. It was a specific against poverty but appeared to have lost its efficacy on alien soil.

I have recently discovered that each member of the sect has an esoteric or secret name which is apparently never used. Whether this is a relic of the early days of the sect or connected with magical rites, I cannot say. I think that one name is given at the "Naming" ceremony and the esoteric name at the adult ordinance of baptism. One of the questions in the "Key of Truth" reads, "By what name do ye desire to be called according to the Gospel and not with a fabulous (magical) name?"

I find in a fifteenth century manuscript of the "Key of Truth" the following extract which gives an interesting light on the way witchcraft has combined with their primitive Christianity:

"In this way (form) does the evil one enter into his chosen ministers, and endow them with the perpetual power of Ahriman (Evil) as permitted by the Holy One until the sifting at the Last Day. First, a serpent; second, a raven; third, monsters (*hordoj*) (this may also mean a white calf — see *supra*); fourth, wild beasts. These must be endured as tyrants in the flesh and cannot be driven out by good works and prayers."

This is necessarily an imperfect account of some of the more general beliefs of this most interesting community and whether we look at them with horror or interest depends upon the point of view. It is however interesting to consider that less than three hundred years ago these beliefs were paralleled or surpassed in the minds of our own ancestors. These ideas or their equivalents were ingrained in the Puritans of Massachusetts and the English of the seventeenth century. It was only the other day that we read of the exorcising of a possessed woman and the expulsion of a demon in one of the largest cities in the Western States. The "good luck" amulet is still worn by thousands of twentieth century bridge players. The South still clings to the rabbit's foot. A potato in the pocket still cures rheumatism. The rain-maker is still a recognized profession among farmers in the Middle West. While we smile with intellectual superiority at these believers in mediaeval myths, let us consider the exact distinction between the educated woman who refuses to walk under a ladder or sit thirteen at table, who rubs her hand for luck on the shoulders of the hunchback of Monte Carlo and Marie Bashtivitch who cradles her babies beneath the shadow of an oak in the hope and belief that, absorbing its virtues, they also will grow strong and sturdy.

BOOK REVIEW.

FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. By Newbell Nile Puckett. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1926. \$ 5.00.

This book is a presentation of what the author terms "mental antiques" from the crannies and nooks of Negro life in the southern United States. Mr. Puckett is convinced, after many years of association with southern Negroes, that the beliefs represented in his book are to be considered as "but outward manifestations of a well-nigh inscrutable Negro soul." A Southerner, his opportunities for gathering his material have been wide, and he has learned the existence of the protective coloration which the Negro utilizes so effectively to disguise himself from the Whites. "My peep behind the curtains (of the Negro's mind) has destroyed for me the fable that 'the Southern white man *thoroughly* understands the Negro,' and has opened my eyes to the importance of objective study as a means of establishing more cordial relationships."

The approach to this presentation is of a genetic nature. He attempts to unravel the strands which indicate the origins, African and European, of the ancestry of the people whose lore he is studying before he gives us the "mental heirlooms" which the Negro slave preserved for his white master. Although he refers to a large amount of literature, some of the more important sources on West Africa are missing, and it is to be feared that his presentation of the cultural situation in West Africa is thereby made less effective. Thus, we find that the Negro manifests "shortsightedness, indifference, and disregard for the future, . . . traits common not only to Africans and many Negroes, but to almost all undisciplined primitive peoples." That the West Africans, further, are "mostly in a confused state of transition from the state of purely nomadic savagery to that of settled agriculture" is, as a statement of the case, unfortunate, to say the least. Yet some of his suggestions, such as the derivation of Voodoo from the vōdu of the Ewe, or goober (peanut) from guba, an African word for the ground-nut, are interesting. He clearly recognises the paucity of African survivals to be noted in this country, which is important. And he has gone thoroughly through the folk-literature of the American Negro and the publications of African lore, and gives us a good discussion of the correspondences which are found. Unfortunately, he attempts to relate American Negro music to African, relying on the wellworn arguments of Talley, Krehheil, and others, arguments which von Hornbostel has shown to be of little value.

His discussion proper starts with a consideration of burial customs, of ghosts and witches. The mourning customs, the lore of the graveyard, the giving of gifts to the dead and the decoration of their graves, "ha'nts" and other supernatural troublesome visitors, and beliefs concerning witches are touched on. He believes that many of the customs of burial and mourning are directly related to similar customs from West Africa, that excessive flattery of the dead and "the more profound display on the part of the women" for instance, are paralleled by certain Ibo customs. Whether this is the case or not is difficult to say, — certainly much more research into the setting of the

American Negro customs than is given in this book, and more intimate knowledge of the implications of the African customs referred to would be essential before such an assertion might be authoritatively made.

His next consideration deals with Voodooism and conjuration. The importance of photographs as representing the person, the use of love charms, talismans, the prevention of conjuration, and the curing of those who have been conjured are some of the points on which data are given. The origin of the voodoo cult and the nature of the much-discussed but little-known voodoo festivals is presented. Again, this is related to Africa, and is it here, I suspect, that Dr. Puckett makes a case that is less open to attack than elsewhere in his book. The history of the voodoo cult is reasonably well known (it is given in this work) and, in the form it has flourished in the West Indian islands, a form not unlike that of the South of this country, many African survivals have been established as being present. And why not? Voodoo has, from its inception, been under the ban, and has been practised in the greatest secrecy. Is it strange that here the purest form of African customs, those which had been tampered with least by the white man, should survive? One would wish for more adequate information as to the action of the cult than descriptions of a few voodoo ceremonies such as the one witnessed and reported by a reporter "of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*," but there is much suggestive information given in spite of the deficiency of detail.

The matter of positive control-signs (minor charms and cures) and negative ones (taboos) is also taken up, and this is followed by a discussion of prophecy and the significance of omens. The discussion of folk-medicine is most interesting: the use of herbs and charms together makes for a *melange* that offers fascinating possibilities for the study of social psychology. Cures are given for numbers of diseases; rheumatism, backache, chills and fever, sore throat, "fallen palate" (thought to be the cause of sore throat sometimes, and cured by pulling up the "palate-lock" quickly, twisting the wisp of hair tightly and tying with a string), toothache, colds, earache, and numerous other ills, ranging from gun-shot wounds to the foot "gone to sleep." All of these are traced as to their origin wherever this is possible, and many of the remedies we see are no more than of English or other European origin, — a further manifestation of the remarkable tendency of the Negro to assimilate new cultural elements found by such students as Miss Scarborough and Professor von Hornbostel.

The book ends with a chapter on Christianity and superstition; a study in acculturation is attempted through a consideration of the African survivals present in Negro religion. Outside of such elements as the presence of charms, of emotionalism in religion, the frenzy characteristic of African religious practises (yet also of those of other primitive peoples), it is difficult to see that much of a case for African elements in American Negro religion can be established. The author is far more successful when he traces the transformation which White beliefs and religious customs have undergone as a result of the slavery situation of the American Negroes.

Dr. Puckett has expended a great deal of effort and painstaking devotion on the collection of his material, and has attempted to validate the manifestations of the innate Negro soul which he believes are shown in the Ameri-

can Negro customs as in those prevalent in Africa. I hardly believe that he succeeds in doing this last, but that he has collected a valuable amount of first-hand material from his informants, there can be no doubt. One might only wish there were somewhat fewer actual beliefs and superstitions given in his work; or, (perhaps it might be better to say) that any continuation of his efforts might be directed toward a fuller presentation of the entire cultural setting of some of the beliefs with which he is dealing, a method, one feels, which cannot but clarify the significance which they hold for those to whom they are of the greatest importance, the people who believe in them.

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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. 40 — OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1927 — No. 158.

PORTO RICAN FOLK-LORE; FOLK-TALES.

BY J. ALDEN MASON; EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

IV. CUENTOS DE ANIMALES.

I. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Había una vez un tigre y un conejo que se trataban de compadres. El conejo era chiquito, pero era muy inteligente y el tigre era un burro. El tigre tenía muchas gallinas y todos los sábados recogía todos los huevos, los cuales llevaba al mercado con quesos que él hacía.

Un sábado dice el conejo: — Hoy tengo yo que comer huevos y quesos. Y se vino a la carretera por donde pasaba el tigre. Cuando el tigre venía se le hizo el conejo el muerto y el tigre dijo: — ¡Adios, un conejo muerto! Pero mi saco vale más.

Y siguió el tigre su camino. Cuando el tigre iba a alguna distancia arranca el *compae* conejo y se le atravesó más adelante sin dejarse ver del *compae* tigre. Se le hizo el muerto y dice el *compae* tigre: — ¡Adios! otro conejito muerto! pero mi saco vale más.

Y siguió su camino. Al poco rato se levantó el *compae* conejo, se le atravesó más adelante y se le hizo el muerto y el tigre dijo: — ¡Adios, otro conejito muerto! Ya son tres. ¿Si se habrá muerto *compae* conejo? voy a poner el saco aquí y voy a buscar al primero que ví. Y cuando el tigre se fué a buscar al primero que él había visto, el *compae* conejo se levantó y empuñó el saco y se fué al río a comerse los quesos y los huevos.

El *compae* tigre cuando fué a donde estaba el primer conejo muerto no encontró a nadie y vino a donde puso el saco y no había ni saco, ni conejo, y dice el *compae* tigre: — Este ha sido el *compae* conejo, hoy lo mato yo. Se fué él alegre al río y encontró al *compae* conejo en la orilla y dice el *compae* tigre: — ¡Hoy no se me salva usted, hoy lo mato! Y dice el *compae* conejo: — *Compaee*, no me diga nada, que me estaba comiendo unos quesos y se me cayeron dentro del agua y pude sacar uno, por suerte. Y como en el agua se ve el sol como un queso, el tigre le preguntó: — ¿Y cómo usted pudo sacar ése? — Me amarré una piedra del cuello y me tiré — contestó el conejo. Y el *compae* tigre le dijo: — Pues amárreme a mí una y tíreme.

Y el conejo le puso una piedra como de dos quintales y se la amarró del cuello y lo tiró. Cuando lo tiró se fué a cortar bejucos al pié de un troncón muy grande y el tigre pudo salir del charco medio ahogado y dijo: — De aquí no me voy yo, hasta que el *compae* conejo no venga a beber para yo comérmelo.

El conejo no hallaba como ir a beber, pero tenía sed, y llegó y se fué y buscó muchas hojas secas e hizo un rollo con un agujero y se metió dentro de él. Para llegar al río había una cuesta. El conejo se echó a rodar por la cuesta y cuando el tigre oyó aquel ruido dijo: — ¡Jesús, magnífica! ¿qué es eso? Y le contesta el *compae* conejo: — Este es el diablo que va a beber. Y arranca el tigre a correr del miedo, y el conejo tomó el agua y luego se subió a una palma de cocotero.

El *compae* tigre que estaba buscando al *compae* conejo, lo alcanzó a ver en el cogollo de la palma y dice: — *Compae* ¿allí está usted? hoy no se me salva. Y le dice el *compae* conejo: — *Compae*, no me diga nada, ¡que estoy comiendo una cosita más buena...! Y dice el tigre: — Pues tíreme una — y le tiró uno mondado y se lo comió. — *Compae* ¿le gustaron? — le preguntó el conejo. — Sí, *compae*, tíreme, otro — dijo *compae* tigre. *Compae* conejo le tiró dos, uno mondado y otro sin mondar y el tigre le dijo: — *Compae*, está muy dura. — No, *compae*, es que está sin mondar. — ¿Como es que se monda ésto? — le pregunto el *compae* tigre. — Coge usted su mano izquierda y pone el coco en la palma de ella, coja una piedra en la derecha y da con todas sus fuerzas sobre la que tiene el coco. El tigre lo hizo así y cuando se dió se rompió los dedos y las manos, y cuando el conejo le vió las manos y los dedos rotos, se bajó de la palma y se fué a coger bejucos al pié del tronco.

Cuando el *compae* tigre fué por allí y lo vió, le dijo: — *Compae* conejo, hoy lo mato yo a usted hoy no se me salva. Y le dijo el conejo: — *Compae*, no me diga nada, que estoy cortando estos bejucos para asegurarme de la tormenta toconera, que viene ya cerca. Y le dice el *compae* tigre: — Pues amárreme a mí que usted se sabe amarrar y yo no sé. Y le dijo el conejo: — Pues aguántese un poquito. Y empezó a amarrarlo y entra a empatarlo.

Después que lo amarró bién, le preguntó: — ¿Está bién amarrado, *compae*? Y él dijo: — No hay tormenta que me lleve, *compae* conejo. El conejo fué al monte y cortó una vara de Juancaliente y le dice: — Aquí van las primeras *tribunas*, asegúrese, *compae* tigre. Y le entra a dar cantazos y después que lo dejó medio muerto, se fué al huerto del *compae* tigre a comer coles y lechugas y dejó al *compae* tigre pasando trabajos amarrado del palo.

Pasó una cabrita y el tigre le dijo: — ¡Cabrita, suéltame! — y la cabrita le dijo: — No, tú me comes. Y tanto le rogó a la cabrita hasta que lo soltó.

Cuando lo soltó, el tigre se fué al ranchito del conejo y se escondió para cuando llegara el conejo, comérselo. Al llegar el *compae* conejo del

huerto para su ranchito dijo: — Buenos días, ranchito mío. El ranchito no le contestó y dijo: — ¡Adios! mi ranchito no conversa, en mi ranchito hay gente; y vuelve y dice: — Buenos días, ranchito mío. Y el tigre le contesta: — Buenos. A lo que el conejo dice: — Esto es lo que yo quería saber, si en mi ranchito había gente o no.

Y se fué sin entrar en el ranchito; en seguida fué a donde estaba la novia del tigre y le dijo: — ¡Deje al tigre, que ese es un caballo mío! Y la novia dijo: — ¡No me diga usted eso! Y el conejo le dijo: — Pues bueno, si lo traigo de caballo ¿lo deja a él y me coge a mí? Y ella aceptó.

Cuando vino el tigre a casa de la novia por la noche, le dijo la novia que el conejo le había dicho que él era caballo de él. Y dice el tigre: — ¡Mañana, donde quiera que lo vea lo hago venir acá y después lo mato! Lo encontró en la carretera y le dice el tigre: — ¡Hoy lo mato yo a usted! ¿Es cierto que usted fué a decirle a mi novia que yo era caballo suyo? Y le dice el conejo: — ¡Ay! ¿pero cómo le voy a decir eso a su novia? Usted sabe que yo no hablo por detrás de nadie y también que yo estoy enfermo aquí desde ayer y no puedo ir allá, porque no puedo andar. Y le dice el tigre: — Pues móntese encima de mí para llevarlo allá.

Y cuando se fué a montar brincó y cayó por el otro lado y dijo: — ¡Ay! *compae*, no puedo, no puedo, que le hace falta una cosita... a... a... que se llama aparejo. Se puso los aparejos el tigre y al brincarle encima cayó por el otro lado. — *Compae* no puedo, si es que le hace falta otra cosita. — ¿Pero qué cosita? — Una cosita que se ponen los caballos en la boca, que se llama freno. Volvió a brincar el conejo y se cayó por el otro lado y le dijo: — ¡*Compae* no puedo! — ¿Qué es lo que le pasa? ¿Qué le hace falta, *compae*? — Una cosita de esas que se llaman espuelas.

Buscó la espuela y se la dió y al brincar el conejo cayó por el otro lado. — ¡*Compae*, no puedo! — dijo el conejo. — ¿Y qué necesita, *compae*? ¿A que le meto cuatro palos y le rompo las costillas? — ¡Ay! *compae*, compadézcase de mí que estoy enfermo. Búsqueme una varita y vámonos.

Y después que estuvo servido de la vara, el conejo saltó y se montó y emprendieron su camino andando poco a poco, y cuando llegaron al pie de la casa de la novia del tigre, le dijo el conejo a ésta: — ¡No se lo dije que el tigre era caballo mío! Y le espetó la espuela y arranca a correr y lo dejó ensillado.

El conejo jugaba muchísimo a la baraja y el *compae* tigre había puesto un muñeco de brea con una baraja y cuando el conejo fué a jugar con el muñeco de brea, el conejo ganó y el muñeco no le pagó. Llegó el conejo y le dió con el puño izquierdo y se quedó pegado y le dice: — ¡Suéltame, porque si te doy con el puño derecho te reviento! Y al no tener contestación, llega y saca la mano derecha y le dá y se quedó pegado. Entonces le dice: — ¡Suéltame, porque me quedan los piés, que si te doy te mato! Y vuelve y saca y le da con todas sus fuerzas y se quedó pegado y dijo: — ¡Suéltame, porque me queda la cabeza y la barriga, que si te doy caes muerto del susto! Y llega y le dá y se queda pegado. Viene el tigre y

lo cogió y el conejo le dijo: — Pues ya que usted me va a matar, quiero que me haga un bailecito para darme el último gusto. Y el tigre dijo que sí.

Y puso en una puerta a un cigarrón, en la otra el lagartijo, en la otra el alacrán y en la otra a un sapo, y entran a tocar y cada vez que acababan de tocar venía *compae* conejo a la puerta, miraba, y en una vez notó que el sapo estaba cabeceando. Dió un brinco por encima del sapo y se fué y entonces dijeron: — La pena que tiene el conejo, vamos a ponérsela al sapo. Y dijeron: — Vamos a echarlo a la candela — y el sapo dijo: — Si me echan a la candela, mejor, estoy calentito. Y dijeron: — Pues vamos a echarlo al agua. Y el sapo se quedó callado. Y lo echaron al agua y dijo: — ¡Tack, tack, eso era lo que quería el sapo, que lo echaran al agua!

Y colorín colorado ya mi cuento está acabado.

2. EL CONEJO, EL TIGRE Y EL PERRO.

Pues señor, ésta era una vez que el conejo, el tigre y el perro hicieron sociedad para casarse; el tigre para sembrar un platanal; el conejo para ayudarle al perro a hacer un pozo de beber.

El tigre sembró su platanal, el perro llamó al conejo para hacer el pozo. Y el conejo le dijo: — Háganlo ustedes que yo no les hago nada.

Entonces el tigre y el perro sembraron su yautial, su batatal y su platanal y el pozo y el conejo no quiso ayudar a nada.

Cuando estaba de cosecha el platanal, el conejo se iba y le robaba los plátanos al tigre. El perro volteando el platanal le dijo al tigre: — *Compay*, mire que nos están robando los plátanos. Entonces el tigre le dijo al *compay* perro: — Tenga usted esa escopeta y guárdela. El perro amaneció en la tala. El veló en el platanal y se fué a robarle las batatas.

Al otro día, cuando fueron a voltear, el conejo le había sacado las batatas. — Tenga *compay* tigre la escopeta y vaya a velar el batatal.

El conejo aquella noche se fué al yautial a velarlo, por la noche como tuvieron hambre fueron a velarlo al yautial a ver *compay* si lo cogían esa noche. El conejo como sabía aquella noche, se fué al platanal y se robó diez racimos de plátanos estando ellos velándolo en el yautial.

Al conejo le da sed y como no sabía donde estaba el pozo, se encaminó arriba de un palo alto, al pimpollo y se cansó de mirar y vió a donde estaba el pozo. A eso de medio día el conejo encontrándose desfallecido, se fué a una sábana a donde estaba el pie del pozo. Allí le obscureció con el cuidado de que cuando el tigre y el perro viniesen a buscar agua para que cuando ellos se fueran él llenar su vasija. Vinieron a las seis de la tarde juntos los dos; el conejo estaba escondido observando lo que ellos conversaban a ver como lo podían coger.

Entonces el perro alzó la vista y alcanzó a ver al conejo donde estaba y le dijo: — ¡*Compay* tigre, mírele donde está! Al verse descubierto el conejo se enterró en su hoyo y sacó un ojo para afuera.

Cuando el tigre iba corriendo detrás de él se pasó en rumbo largo y no lo encontraron. Dicen el tigre y el perro: — *Compay* ¿de qué manera cogeremos ese pillo, que nos está haciendo daño? Dícele la mujer del tigre: — Él está enamorado de mi hija. — ¡*Compay*, de esa manera lo cogeremos. Entonces dícele *compay* perro al tigre: — Vamos a hacer una muñeca de brea. — Bueno, *compay*.

Se pusieron y calentaron brea y prepararon la muñeca, la vistieron de mujer, la pusieron en una mesa a las seis de la tarde en el platanal. Luego le pusieron un queso en una mano; como a las diez de la noche se apareció el conejo dándole las buenas noches a aquella señora y le dijo: — Buenas noches, señorita; señorita, buenas noches. Y le dijo: — Señorita, usted no me quiere hablar. Buenas noches, señora; pues ya que usted no me quiere hablar, deme un pedacito de queso. Como nadie le habló, le dió una bofetada y quedóse el conejo pegado de una mano, de la cara de la señora. — ¡Ay! señora, ¡suélteme! si usted no me suelta le doy otra bofetada. La señora no lo soltó de aquella mano. — ¡Pues si no me suelta le meto otra bofetada! Se la tiró, quedóse pegado de las dos manos y se puso a comer el queso. A las tres de la mañana sintió el ladrido del perro; cuando el perro estaba llegando se le salió un grito, que él lo tenía preso. Llegó el tigre y el perro dice: — ¡Oh amigo mío, aquí lo teneis! — ¡Oh *compay*, que me va usted hacer a mi! Si estoy velándole los plátanos.

Lo soltaron de allí y el conejo se les escapó y a media noche se fué a un matadero a coger carnita de los cueros. Sacó dos ensartas y venía cantando con las dos ensartas en la mano. El tigre abre la puerta y lo siente y lo llamó. El conejo, para que el tigre no le hiciera nada le presenta las dos ensartas de carne, y le dice: — *Compay*, vamos al matadero. Y el tigre le dice: — ¿A que, *compay*? — *Compay*, en el matadero están dando la carne y han matado como diez y seis bueyes.

Y efectivamente, había carne en el matadero. Cuando llegaron el tigre y el conejo, el conejo le dijo al tigre: — *Compay*, ¡échele mano a un pernil! El tigre cuando le iba a echar mano al pernil, los carniceros le cayeron a palos y el conejo se fué y el tigre se fué huyendo.

En ese tiempo, el conejo al otro día estaba por allá entre un matojo y el tigre volteando por allí y el conejo que se amarra un pañuelo en la cabeza. — *Compay*, esta noche hay la gran comelata en casa del rey león y no puedo ir porque estoy malo. *Compay*, sé que hay como treinta novillos y cuarenta cerdos y no puedo ir a pié porque estoy malo.

El conejo le había dicho a la señora del tigre que a que lo montaba y ella le contestó que él no era suficiente hombre para montar a su marido. — ¡A caballo me verás con él! Entonces dícele el tigre al conejo: — *Compay*, yo lo puedo llevar.

Y entonces entró el conejo arriba y sacó una silla y se la puso encima al tigre, volvió adentro y trajo un bocado; preguntóle el tigre: — *Compay* ¿para qué es eso? Y el conejo le dijo: — *Compay*, para sujetarme, que

usted no tiene crin. — Pues póngamelo, *compay*. Cuando el tigre abrió la boca para que le pusiera el bocado, el conejo se espantó y le preguntó al tigre: — *Compay*, ¿por qué se espanta? — *Compay*, al verle esos dientes tan grandes. Vuelve el conejo y va adentro y saca unos espuelines y le pregunta el tigre: — *Compay* ¿qué es eso? Y el conejo le dijo: — *Compay*, para cuando nos salga un perro a comerle los galones, le doy con los espuelines y me lo traigo para atrás para que nos lo comamos.

Pero el *compay* tigre no había visto el fueite que tenía el conejo enrollado en la cintura. Entonces él se montó encima del tigre; en vez de coger para otra parte, lo hizo ir para su casa; el conejo encima de él. Cuando estaban llegando a la casa dícele el conejo a la señora del tigre: — ¡Aquí te traigo a tu marido, según te dije! Allí el tigre se le quiso ir al conejo, pero como el tigre tenía silla y freno y el conejo tenía los espuelines y un fueite, le entró a cantazos y a espuelazos hasta que lo hizo seguir por la montaña. Estuvo corriendo en la montaña todo el día y por la tarde el conejo llegó y lo achicó de un palo muy grande; allí estuvo el tigre tres días sin comer ni beber y sin hacer nada.

El tigre estuvo achicado allí tres días y vino el gato que era su discípulo. El tigre estaba lleno de gusanos, porque el conejo le había dado muchos tajos. Dícele el gato discípulo: — ¿Usted se dejó amarrar del conejo, no? El gato como tenía el rabo tan largo lo meneaba: fanú, fanú, fanú. Entonces el tigre le pidió un pedacito y le decía: — ¡Suéltame de aquí, discípulo! Entonces el gato le dió un pedacito y le dijo: — Yo no me atrevo a soltarlo, porque usted me come.

Volvió el tigre y le pidió otro pedacito al gato, porque había sanado de una herida, con el pedacito que le dió del rabo, entonces el gato le dijo: — ¿Me va usted a comer? Entonces el gato cortó otro pedacito y se lo dió. El tigre le dice: — Dame ese pedacito. Entonces el tigre reventó el freno y se echó detrás del gato, pero no lo alcanzó. Se fué el tigre para su casa todo herido, todo vuelto el demonio.

Entonces el tigre se fué después que estaba sano, a montear y vió al conejo que salió del monte como con tres jornales de bejuco y le preguntó el tigre al conejo: — ¿*Compay*, para qué quiere ese bejuco? Contéstale el conejo: — ¡*Compay*, si usted supiera lo que vamos a tener! Y dícele el conejo al tigre: — *Compay*, que va haber una tormenta muy grande y voy a buscar un palo para amarrarme para que la tormenta no me lleve.

El tigre le contesta: — Amárreme a mí primero. Y allá se pusieron en porfía, pero el conejo se decidió y empezó a amarrar al *compay* tigre, de los muslos para abajo y del encuentro de los brazos para arriba y volvió y se fué al monte y cortó tres docenas de varas de Juancaliente y le dice aún estando lejos: — ¿*Compay*, para qué es eso que usted trae? El conejo las soltó al suelo, empuña la primera y le dice: — ¡*Compay*, tápese que aquí va la primera tribuna. Y le estuvo dando tribuna hasta que lo mató.

3. CUENTO DE UN TIGRE Y UN CONEJO.

Había un tigre que tenía una novia y un conejo se la enamoraba y el tigre lo supo y lo estaba velando para comérselo y el conejo venía por un camino andando y se metió entre un monte y el tigre lo vió y le dijo: — Ya lo cogí, ahijado, hoy si es verdad que me lo como yo a usted. Y el conejo le dijo: — Padrino, usted no sabe lo que pasa; yo lo estaba aguardando para que pusieramos un corral — y entonces le dice: — Pues ahijado, búsquese el material y peones para trabajar, pero ahijado, falta el bejuco. — Padrino, eso era lo que yo hacía en el monte, estaba contándolo.

Montaron su corral el ahijado y el padrino y el tigre que era el padrino del conejo nunca se había mojado los piés y le preguntó al ahijado que quien despescaba el corral, y le dijo: — Padrino, por eso no se apure que yo soy un buzo. Fueron y registraron el corral a ver si tenía peces y estaba lleno y le dijo: — Padrino, prepárese todas las bestias para despescar por la madrugada.

Y por la noche el conejo despescó el corral y se llevó todo el pez y después que el conejo había vendido el pescado fué y llamó al padrino: — Levántese, que le cogió el día y le habrán robado el pescado, usted tan dormilón y tan vago.

Y cuando fueron a despescar no había ningún pez en los chiqueros y emprendieron una alegata entre el padrino y el ahijado. — Usted ve, padrino, por haragán, se han llevado el pescado y usted se va a quedar cuidando el pescado, pero cuidado si se lo deja robar.

Y volvió el conejo y se lo robó la otra noche hasta que el padrino se puso en vela y cogió a su ahijado robándose lo y el conejo se echó a huir porque el padrino se lo quería comer y el tigre se fué al campo a hacer una tala de melones.

Hizo su tala de melones y se cosecharon muy bonitos y buenos y el conejo averiguó la tala de melones que tenía el padrino y se fué royendo por debajo, dejándole la cáscara nada más y cuando el tigre vió sus melones tan amarillos fué a su casa y dijo: — ¡Mujer, nos salvamos! vamos a coger los melones mañana. Y cuando fueron los encontraron roídos y dijo: — ¡Mujer, esto lo hizo mi ahijado, pero mañana lo cogemos.

Y lo velaron y nunca lo podían coger y les comía los melones todas las noches y el tigre cogió e hizo un muñeco de brea y le puso una baraja en las manos y cuando el conejo vino a comerse los melones se encontró con el muñeco y le dijo: — Buenas noches, negrito, vamos a tallar. Y el negrito callado y él: — Vamos a tallar. Y él callado, y le dijo: — A que te doy una bofetada. Y se la dió y se quedó pegado y le dijo: — ¡Suéltame, si no te voy a dar la otra! y le dió la otra y se le pegó la otra y le dió con la cabeza y se pegó, y con los piés y se pegó todo y cuando vino el tigre lo cogió y cargó con el ahijado y el muñeco y se fué llamando a la mujer que allí llevaba a su ahijado, y el conejo se fué y después pusieron

a calentar el agua para echársela en el rancho y cuando se fueron a echarle el agua y el rancho tenía covacha y cuando la echaron él se salió y dijo: — Padrino, quemén la sabandija que en mi cueva hay bastante.

Y después el conejo se fué al cielo a pedir ciencias a Dios y Él le jaló las orejas y le mandó que se metiera debajo de una dita y puso la dita y se escondió detrás de un matojo y Dios le mandó un rayo y él dijo: — ¡Mire si me quedo!

Y después el conejo se fué a andar y se encontró al padrino y había unas guineas cantando: ¡choclán, choclán! Y él dijo: — ¡Mirenlas riéndose, después que las pinté y las puse tan bonitas! — Anda pues, ahijado, píntame a mí. Y cogió y calentó un hierro y se lo pegó por las costillas y se fué a huir.

Un día el tigre encontró al conejo y el conejo se había comido una pila de mierda y le dijo: — Padrino, estoy enfermo y no puedo andar a pié. Y él le dijo: — Pues ahijado, móntese. Y él dijo: — Padrino, falta la rodilla. — Pues póngala. — Falta el aparejo y las banastillas y el freno y faltan las espuelas y el fute. Y se lo puso y se montó diciendo: — Aquí lo llevo y lo dejo en un palo. Y se fué y lo dejó.

La novia en vista de que hacía dos noches que él no iba a visitarla, se echó a andar buscándolo y lo encontró en un palo y lo quitó para que se fuera y entonces se metió en el rancho del ahijado y cuando llegó el conejo olfateó y le pareció que el padrino estaba allí y dijo: — Buenas noches, mi rancho, buenas noches, mi rancho. Y dijo: — ¡Adios! mi rancho tendrá coraje que no me saluda, que todas las noches me saluda y dijo: — Buenas noches, mi rancho. Y el padrino dijo: — Dios se las dé buenas. Y dijo el conejo: — Sabía que había algo, pero a mí no me coge.

Y fué a correr para el monte. Al cabo de la semana vió al tigre y se fué al monte a cortar bejucos y llegó el padrino y le dijo: — Ahijado ¿qué usted hace allí? — No me diga nada, padrino, que viene una tormenta toconera y me voy a amarrar. — Pues ahijado, amárrame a mi primero.

Y el ahijado lo amarró con mucho bejuco, lo pegó de un palo dándole vueltas con el bejuco y después le dió un azote que por poco rompe los bejucos y le dió como cien azotes y se fué y lo dejó allí y a los tres días, cuando los bejucos se tostaron, el tigre hizo un esfuerzo y los partió y se fué en persegimiento del conejo y se encontraron y el conejo invitó al padrino a hacer un baile que convidaba a las parejas que eran las aves y él convidó a las parejas y las llevó a casa del tigre e hicieron el baile y cuando se estaba acabando el baile, el padrino llamó al ahijado y le dijo que tenían que decir algo para terminar el baile y el padrino era el primero que tenía que decir una copla y el padrino dijo: — Pongan la olla grande para que quepan todos. Y al conejo le tocó decir la suya y dijo: — Vayan bajando uno a uno como que van a orinar. Y se fueron todos y se quedaron solos el tigre y la mujer con la olla preparada.

4. EL CONEJO Y EL TIGRE.

Había una vez un tigre que tenía un ahijado que se llamaba el conejo. El tigre convidó a su ahijado a poner un corral y el ahijado le dijo que sí. Lo pusieron y todos los días se lo despescaba y él y el padrino cuando venían no encontraban peces; hasta que el tigre se puso en vela y lo cogió robándoselos, pero no lo hizo prisionero.

Lo convidó a sembrar una tala de melones y él le dijo que sí. Sembraron su tala de melones entre los dos y le dieron condición. Cuando las matas estaban colgadas vino el conejo a voltearlos y los vió que tenían muchísimos y que estaban amarillos. Él se puso a pensar de qué manera se los comería e hizo la prueba con uno. Lo cogió y le hizo un roto y le comió todo lo que tenía por dentro y se lo viró boca abajo y no parecía que se lo había comido y siguió comiendo y no dejó ni los nuevos.

El padrino tigre que va a voltear su tala y encuentra todos los melones amarillitos se fué a donde estaba el ahijado para que fueran a partir los melones y el conejo le dijo que los vendiera y que le diera lo que le pareciera. El tigre se fué y cogió dos bestias, las ensilló y se fué a coger melones para llevarlos a vender, pero todos, uno por uno los fué registrando y estaban agujereados. El tigre le dijo a la mujer que él se escondía en el batatero, que se enterraba y dejaba los dientes por fuera, y ella se iba a buscar a su ahijado para que le ayudara a sacar batatas y sería la única manera que se lo podía comer. La mujer se fué a buscar al conejo y el marido se escondió en el batatero y dejó los dientes por fuera para cuando el conejo viniera y le pusiera un pie encima, se lo comía.

Cuando el conejo vino se puso a sacar las batatas y al ir a sacar un pié se fija que allí estaban unos dientes y él empezó a pincharlo con el mocho y si no es por la mujer lo mata. El tigre no encontraba la manera de cogerlo y se fué al rancho del conejo y se escondió. Cuando el conejo vino dijo: — ¡Ju, ju, ju! me huele a padrino. Y se puso en la puerta a llamar: — Mi rancho, mi rancho, mi rancho, mi rancho, ¡ju! Hoy parece que está alguno, porque mi rancho siempre que no hay nadie él me contesta. Y volvía: — Mi rancho, mi rancho. Y el rancho entonces dijo: — ¿Qué quieres, qué quieres? Y dijo: — ¡Ju! si mi rancho no habla ¿cómo me va a contestar?

El tigre le dijo a la mujer que él se hacía el muerto y mandaba a buscar a su ahijado y se lo comían. La mujer lo fué a buscar llorando muchísimo y él vino llorando también, pero cuando llegó le preguntó que si él cuando se murió no se había tirado tres pedos y ella le dijo que no. — ¡Ah! pues muerto que no tira pedos, no es muerto. Nada, pero el muerto se tiró tres pedos corridos: ¡prrrú, prrrú, prrrú! y él dijo: — Por aquí es camino; muerto que tira pedos no es muerto nada.

Un día que el conejo estaba en el monte distraído y el tigre iba de caza, lo cogió y le dijo: — ¡Ahora sí que es verdad, que tú no te me salvas!

Y él le dijo: — Padrino, ya yo soy prisionero, así es que me debe de montar encima de usted. Y el tigre se lo concedió. Pero el conejo hizo esto porque había hecho una apuesta con la novia del tigre. El conejo le dijo a la novia que a que él pasaba por delante de ella montado en su novio, y ella le dijo que no.

Después que lo montó él le dijo que lo debía dejar coger una varita y le dijo que la cogiera; un saquito también, le dijo que lo cogiera; una espuela también. Y el le dijo que ya que le había dado el permiso para que cogiera que lo dejara coger el completo de los arneses, y él le dijo que sí. Cogió unos aparejos, una rodilla y uñas banastas y un freno y pasó por delante de la novia. El tigre se abochornó tanto, que no volvió más a la casa de la novia.

El tigre se puso a pensar de qué modo se podría comer a su ahijado. Hizo un baile y le dijo al conejo que como más chico que convidase a todos los avechuchos más pequeños, que él convidaría a los más grandes. El tigre les advirtió a los animales a quienes él había convidado que cuando él dijera: 'Pongan la olla grande como que quepan todos', que la pusiesen y metiesen candela para hacer el festín con todos los chiquitos.

Pero el conejo que lo supo les dijo a los de él; que cuando él dijera: — 'Vayan bajando uno a uno como que van a orinar', que se fueran.

El día del baile se cogieron las parejas y las llevaron. Al poco tiempo de estar bailando dice el tigre: — Pongan la olla grande, como que quepan todos. Y el conejo le contestó: — Vayan bajando uno a uno, como que van a orinar. Pero él lo acabó de decir abajo. Entonces el conejo hizo un baile en el medio del mar y convidó a su padrino tigre. El padrino el día del baile concurrió y al estar en el baile los pusieron a todos en fila para el que no tuviera puños, ni cuello, ni chalina, lo echaban al agua, y al único que encontraron sin chalina, ni cuello, ni puños, fué al tigre y lo echaron al agua y todavía está bailando.

5. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Había una vez un tigre y un conejo que eran muy amigos y después de ser muy amigos eran compadres. El tigre tenía una finca muy hermosa, muy bien fincada, en la cual tenía sembrado mucho maíz. El conejo no era tan rico como el tigre y de noche le robaba maíz para llevárselo para su madriguera y el tigre notaba que cada día le faltaba más maíz.

Un día el tigre compró un muñeco muy grande, de la estatura de un hombre, lo untó de brea y lo puso en la tala de maíz con un pedazo de pan en las manos y a la noche cuando el conejo fué a coger el maíz, se encontró con el hombre de brea, le saludó y le pidió el pedazo de pan. Varias veces y viendo que no le conversaba, le dió coraje y le desafió a pelear y viendo que tampoco le hablaba, brincó y le dió una bofetada y se quedó pegado y entonces por la mañana llegó el tigre y le dijo: — ¡Pajarito, tú aquí! Pues vente conmigo que te voy a guisar hoy. Y lo

cogió y lo trabó bién y lo echó dentro de una canasta y se fué a sacar unas batatas y en lo que el tigre estaba escarbando para sacar una batata propiamente para guisarlo, en lo que él viró la espalda, saltó el conejo y se fué.

Después al medio día se fué el tigre y ya que estaba llegando a su casa empezó, a llamar a su mujer y entonces fué la mujer a ver lo que ocurría y el tigre le dijo: — Es que traigo a *compay* conejo para guisarlo hoy y comérmolo con batatas y otras viandas. Y cuando fué a ver si estaba en la canasta, vió que no estaba y dijo: — ¡Que no se apure ese sin vergüenza! Lo que es hoy o mañana yo lo cojo a él.

El tigre hizo que su mujer se fingiera enferma y fué a buscar al conejo para que recetara a su mujer; se fué el tigre en busca del conejo y lo encontró en el batei de su casa y le dijo: — ¡Oh! ¿qué hay, *compay* conejo? — ¿Y usted qué tal? — ¿Puede usted ir a recetar a mi mujer que está enferma? Quizás usted podrá recetarla, porque usted es buen doctor. — Pues bién, *compay* tigre. ¿Y en qué caballo iré yo allá? — Pues en mí mismo, yo buscaré una buena silla y un fuate y dos espuelas. — Bueno, entonces mañana venga a buscarme.

Y al otro día cuando el tigre fué a buscarlo, se le montó *compay* conejo, le metió las espuelas hasta el lomo y le dió dos o tres fuetazos y ya que estaba llegando saltó el conejo y brincó por unos alambres y se fué y entonces el tigre se quedó sorprendido de la mala acción que le había hecho el conejo y dijo que donde quiera que lo cogiera lo mataría.

Al día siguiente el conejo fué cogido preso por unos ñames que le había robado a un señor de por allí y ya estaban calentando el agua para quemarlo y sacarle la piel para unos zapatos y para comerse la carne. Así fué que el tigre que pasaba por allí le dijo: — ¿Qué tal, por qué es que te tienen amarrado allí? — Porque me van a dar esa vaca que está allí para yo comérmela. — ¡Pues déjame a mí para yo comérmela! — No, que es ya mía. — ¡No, déjamela a mí, porque si no te mato! — Pues te la dejaré. Y cogió al conejo y lo desató y se amarró él y después cuando el hombre fué a quemar al conejo se encontró con el tigre y le derramó el agua encima y entonces el tigre dijo: — Esto no es conmigo — y le dió dos jalones a la pita y arrancó a correr, que eso no era para el mundo y fué en busca del conejo para matarlo.

Después al poco tiempo encontró el tigre al conejo buscando unos bejucos, pero el tigre le preguntó que para qué eran esos bejucos que él buscaba y él le dijo que era porque iba a caer una tormenta buena, que eso no era para el mundo. Y entonces el tigre empezó a buscar bejucos también y después que estuvo un mes buscando bejucos le dijo que lo amarrara de un palo para pasar la tormenta y el viento no se lo llevara. Y el conejo le dijo que no, que lo amarrara a él, pero tanto estuvo el tigre, que el conejo le dijo que por ser compadre lo iba a amarrar. Y lo cogió y lo amarró con todas sus fuerzas y después que estuvo dos

semanas amarrándolo, cogió y buscó un Juáncaliente y le dió una fuetiza que lo mató a fuerza de tantos cantazos y palos.

Después al poco tiempo lo encontró llorando y le dijo que porque lloraba tanto y le dijo que porque el rey le dijo que el que se comiera una novilla grande que él tenía en un cerro, se casaría con su hija y entonces el tigre le dijo: — ¡Oh! ¡como no! yo te ayudaré y me comeré la novilla.

Y entonces se fué el conejo con el tigre a un cerro en donde estaba la novilla y le dijo que lo esperara abajo del cerro, abajo de una loma que estaba allí. Cogió el conejo una piedra la más grande y se la tiró y después que la peña estaba rodando, el conejo le decía desde arriba del cerro: — ¡Cójela, que allí va! Y cuando el tigre la fué a coger a la peña creyendo que era la novilla, safó la peña y le rompió los dientes y lo estropeó demasiado y al poco tiempo murió.

6. EL LOBO Y EL CUICO.

Este era y no de pital, una y dos son tres. Una vez había un lobo y un cuico que eran muy amigos y siempre andaban juntos, pues la madre del cuico y la madre del lobo eran muy buenas amigas y siempre se pasaban prestándose todo lo que necesitaban, como arroz, manteca, tocino, sal, especias y todos los pertrechos de una comida y cosas de comer para todos.

Pero pasa que un día los dos muchachos, o mejor dicho, el lobo y el cuico, tuvieron que pelear en el monte, pero el lobo era grande y el cuico era como un ratón y el lobo le ganó al cuico, pero el cuico le dijo que siempre se vengaría de él, pero el lobo como tonto, al poco tiempo se puso de buenas con el cuico, pues el cuico aunque era pequeño siempre se recordaba de lo que le había hecho el lobo.

Por fin del tiempo, llegó a ser su compadre y un día se puso a jugar con el lobo y le dijo: — Mañana vamos a bañarnos, *compay*, al río de los olivos.

En una quebrada que había por detrás de la casa de la *may* del cuico, que pasaba por detrás de la cocina, se pusieron a jugar al escondite en unas cuevas que había en la quebrada y le dijo el lobo al cuico: — *Compay*, mañana vaya a casa para que vea al nene que dió a luz mi mujer antes de ayer en la cueva que está al frente de la casa de mi *may*.

Cuando el cuico salió para la casa del lobo, se puso una camisa blanca listada, un cuello de gante y una faja colorada por las ingles. Fué de lo más lujoso. En seguida el lobo le dijo: — Pues señor, va mucho tiempo que nosotros estamos juntos y algo debe haber entre nosotros para que nos respetemos. ¿Pues usted quiere ser padrino del nene de mi mujer? Pues el cuico lo aceptó con mucho gusto, pero según de chiquito que era el demonio del cuico, era de malo.

En seguida salió para irse a casa. El sábado siguiente vino a la casa del cuico y le puso el agua o bautizo al nene del lobo y empezaron a

tratarse como compadres, pero el lobo donde iba a creer que el cuico se acordara del disgusto del cuico y el lobo cuando eran pequeños. Y el cuico siempre se acordaba de la alegata que tuvieron y decía que siempre se vengaría del gaznatón que le dió el lobo.

Pues al poco tiempo enviudó el lobo y tenía una muchacha, la cual era amada del cuico y un día la muchacha le dijo al cuico que ella no se comprometía con él, porque era muy pequeño, y el lobo iba también a la casa de la muchacha y la joven esta le dijo: — Si un día viene aquí el lobo, te mata y no hay quien te libre de la muerte. Entonces el cuico le dijo: — Si por eso tú no me quieres, no temas nena, pues *compay* lobo es un caballo que siempre está a mis órdenes; conquese esto es lo único que te digo, por eso no me dejes, que en seguida yo te lo pruebo. Entonces la muchacha le dijo: — Bueno, para yo quererte a tí y comprometerme contigo, tienes que venir montado en el lobo; si lo haces, serás tú mi amante. Pues en seguida fué a su casa y cogió un pedazo de tela y se envolvió una pata y se hizo el cojo. En seguida fué a casa del lobo, entonces el lobo le dijo: — *Compay*, mañana vamos a ver a la muchacha, pues es sábado y por lo tanto, día de salir a un paseo por la vecindad entre los vecinos.

Entonces el cuico se puso a llorar y le dijo: — ¡*Compay*! ¡ay! estoy cojo y no puedo andar! Pero el lobo como bueno le dijo: — Yo lo llevo al hombro a casa de mi paloma, pues hace un tropel de días que no la veo.

Al otro día el lobo salió a casa del cuico y le dijo: — *Compay*, món-teseme en el hombro. Entonces se montó y se dejó caer y le dijo: — *Compay* lobo, yo no me puedo sujetar sin que usted se ponga unos aparejitos.

El lobo por llevar al cuico a casa de la muchacha se los puso. Entonces el cuico se montó y como matrero y sin vergüenza se dejó caer y le dijo: — *Compay*, no me sujeto si no le doy un apretoncito para que no le viren los arreos. Y se puso los cinchos y el cuico se montó y se dejó caer otra vez y le dijo: — ¡Ay, *compay*, yo no puedo andar si usted no se pone una gurupera, pues la silla se le va al pescuezo! El lobo como era tan bueno se dejó poner una gurupera, pues era cosa de un hombre demasiado de Juan de Dios. Entonces se le montó y el demonio del cuico se dejó caer y le dijo: — *Compay*, no puedo montar si no se pone un frenito.

Entonces el gran alcornoque se dejó poner el freno y se le montó y entonces le dijo: — *Compay*, me pongo mis espuelitas, — y se las puso y en seguida el diablo del cuico le metió las éspuelas hasta el ñame. Entonces el lobo se sacó brinco y empezó a correr como una guinea y cuando llegó a una jaula que había enfrente de la muchacha, le gritó: — ¡María, María, María, asómate para que veas al lobo como lo llevo de caballo! Y la muchacha se asustó al verlo y el cuico llegó a casa de la muchacha y lo amarró de un palo pero tan alto que tenía la cabeza levantada y la boca abierta a causa del freno que tenía puesto.

Pues empezó a llover y al cuico le dieron ganas de tomar agua y se fué en seguida y soltó al lobo y se le montó. El lobo antes de llegar, empezó a gritar: — ¡Mamá, mamá, cójame al *compay* cuico que llevo encima. Pero el lobo gritaba: — ¡Hoy muere, hoy muere éste! Simplemente denunció al cuico.

Pero el cuico se agarró de unas matas de *amajaguas* y la *may* del lobo le dijo: — ¡Pues hijo, tú no traes nada encima! — ¿Mamá no traigo al cuico que salió esta mañana de aquí? Este me ha puesto en una gran vergüenza, porque me puso debajo de un palo que hay al frente de la casa de María y me amarró tan alto y como llovía tanto me harté de agua, ¡Pero esta me la paga este cuico!

Y se fué al monte y se halló al enemigo, como él le decía al cuico y lo cogió y dijo: — A este demonio lo he de poner al fuego para que muera abrasado.

Entonces el cuico empezó a cantar y a reírse y un muchacho que pasaba le dijo: — ¿Por qué se rie usted, don cuico? — Porque me van a tirar al fuego, que es mi gozo, pues si me tiraran al agua, en el agua me ahogo.

Entonces el lobo lo tiró a un río crecido que estaba y el cuico empezó a nadar y llegó a un balsero y se trepó y de allá le dijo: — Bastante tonto fuiste, pues en el agua es donde yo dibujo mi ciencia bien. Y el lobo lo cogió por el rabo y entonces le dijo: — Ese, lobo, ese no es mi rabo, que es un canto de palo. Y le soltó el rabo y entonces el cuico se fué y el lobo vino y le dijo a la madre: — Mamá, este demonio de *compay* cuico se me ha salvado, pero yo tengo idea de cogerlo.

Y fué a un camino por donde tenía que pasar el cuico e hizo un hoyo y se enterró y solo se dejó los dientes por fuera de la tierra, cosa que cuando viniera el cuico el lobo lo cogiera con los dientes y pudiera matarlo y comérselo.

Pues el cuico venía; cuando vió aquellos dientes finos y blancos dijo: — Este es el *compay* lobo — y vino por atrás y cogió una piedra de chino y vino y le rompió los dientes al lobo.

7. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Hace mucho tiempo, el tigre y el conejo eran amigos y compadres.

Un día que estaban de caza, cazaron entre los dos un bonito cabrito y ambos querían comérselo y allí tuvieron un gran disgusto y el tigre quedó de que cuando encontrara al conejo, comérselo, y se fueron los dos compadres.

Cuando el conejo no se acordaba de este compromiso llegó el tigre y se entró en la casita del conejo, para cuando viniera, comérselo allí, pero el conejo era astuto y dijo al llegar a la casita: — Buenos días, mi casita. Y la casita no contestó. Entonces exclamó el conejo: — Todos los días me contestas y hoy no me has contestado, te voy a quemar. Y el tigre

por temor de que lo quemara, contestó: — Buenos días. El conejo salió corriendo y riéndose y dijo: — Tú estabas allí.

Pasados algunos días, se volvieron a encontrar y le dijo el tigre — Compadre, hoy se llegó el día de yo comérmelo. — ¡Me comerá! — dijo con tristeza el conejo — pero ¿quiere ver qué tormenta viene allá? Pues yo voy a amarrarme de este árbol y me salvaré. — Yo también, — dijo el tigre, y el conejo lo amarró de tal manera que allí estuvo el tigre hasta que estaba casi muerto, sin comer ni beber.

Se fué casi muerto para su casa y comió y se fué en busca del conejo. Lo encontró hendiendo una palma y le dijo como le había dicho la otra vez: — Voy a comerte. Pero el conejo le dijo: — ¿Quiere que nos gane-mos veinte realitos? Dijo que sí. — Pues meta la pata aquí, en esta hendedura que tenía la palma. Aflojó y echó a volar la palma y el pobre tigre que estaba casi muerto allí murió por aquel barranco. Y desde entonces es que el conejo es enemigo del tigre.

8. EL COMPAI CONEJO Y EL COMPAI LOBO.

Una vez había un lobo y un conejo y ellos eran compadres y el conejo quería saber más que el *compai* lobo y el lobo más que el conejo.

Un día el lobo convidó al conejo a dar un paseo y se fueron a andar e iban por una carretera. El lobo vió que el conejo llevaba malas intenciones y vieron a un hombre venir con banastas grandes y el lobo como más inteligente cogió y le hizo un roto a las banastas por debajo, y le sacó tres quesos y el conejo venía más lejos.

El lobo cogió los quesos y se los echó al seno y llegó a un charco y tiró uno y estaba comiéndose el otro. Cuando llegó el conejo y vió al lobo, comiendo aquello le dijo: que le diera un pedacito, él lo encontró muy bueno y le dijo que donde lo había encontrado. El lobo le dijo: — En ese charco de allí. El conejo le dijo: — ¿Y cómo lo cogiste? Y él le dijo: — Me tiré.

Y el conejo se tiró también y se quedó medio ahogado hasta que vino un hombre con unas sogas y lo sacó, pero ya el lobo estaba lejos y el conejo decía: — Donde quiera que lo encuentre me lo como.

El lobo se había trepado a una palma de coco y estaba comiendo coco y el conejo cuando llegó, que iba pasando todo mojado el lobo tiró una carcajada. Entonces él miró y le dijo: — Allí estás tú, que tú estás comiendo una cosa tan buena. Y él le dijo: — Tírame un cantito. Y él le dijo: — Ponte con la barriga para arriba para tirarte uno.

Y el conejo se puso y el lobo le tiró con el coco en la barriga y cayó para atrás medio muerto; después vino un hombre y lo salvó. El lobo se escondió en un monte cerca de su casa. El conejo se metió dentro de la casa a ver si él venía para cuando entrara comérselo, pero el lobo de lejos decía: — Cuando mi rancho no habla es porque tiene carne humana adentro. Y entonces el conejo dijo: — Entra, mi *compai* lobo. Y el lobo dijo: — ¡Ah! ¿Allí estás tú, verdad? Y cogió camino.

9. EL CONEJO.

Había una vez un hombre que tenía unas cuerdas de terreno y todas las noches iba *compay* conejo allí a robarle las frutas.

El hombre puso un muñeco de brea con una baraja y cuando *compay* conejo vino le dijo: — Voy medio peso a la sota. *Compay* conejo ganó y dijo: — ¡Págame mi medio peso! Y no se lo dió, pero *compay* conejo le dió una bofetada y se quedó pegado y dijo: — ¡Suéltame! Y no lo soltó y le dió otra bofetada y se quedó pegado. *Compay* conejo le dijo: — ¡Oye, suéltame! Si no me sueltas te doy otra bofetada.

No lo soltó y le dió una patada y se quedó pegado. Entonces le dijo: — ¡Suéltame! Y no lo soltó y se quedó allí pegado.

10. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Esta era una vez que había una vieja que vivía en una pobre choza cerca de un bosque donde habitaba un tigre, de estos animales que comen gente. Como es de suponer, este tigre estaba velando la mejor oportunidad para poner fin a la vida de aquellos seres, porque, vuelvo atrás con mi cuento, se me olvidó decir que a la vieja la acompañaba un conejo.

Pues bien, señores, el tigre quería comerse al conejo y a la vieja. Un día en que la vieja salió de la casa, dejó al conejo solo y el tigre lo supo y allá se encaminó. Como la anciana, siempre que llegaba cantaba una coplita para que el conejo la conociera, el tigre lo sabía y trató de imitar a la vieja; pero por mucho que cantó no consiguió nada.

El conejo, como es natural, se asustó de tal manera que salió corriendo y se tiró por un boquete de la cocina. Se fué corre, corre y corre, hasta que llegó a la orilla de un río y como no podía pasarlo empezó a sacar arena con las patas, luego que hubo hecho un hoyo, que cabía todo, se metió no dejando por fuera mas que el rabito.

El tigre, viendo que no podía abrir la puerta se fué anda, anda y anda, hasta que sin saber como ni cuando, llegó a un lugar que era el mismo donde el conejo se escondió y como buscó y buscó y no vió a nadie empezó a tirar palos a la otra orilla y sin darse cuenta, coge al conejo por el rabo y lo resacó a la otra orilla.

El conejo cayó de hocico y cuando se paró miró al tigre y dice con toda la fuerza de sus pulmones: — *Compai* tigre, Dios se lo pague. Nunca he visto un tigre tan colérico como aquel. Cuento acabado, y entro por un callejón y salgo por otro y me quedo esperando que me cuenten otro.

11. EL CONEJO Y EL TIGRE.

El conejito y el tigre no se querían porque siempre que el tigre hacía tratos con el conejito, quedaba mal.

Un día el conejito estaba vendiendo nueces y el tigre se las salió a comprar. Cuando el tigre fué a coger una para comérsela le dijo el conejo:

— Siéntate y ponte una sobre las rodillas — y cogió una piedra y le dió un golpe encima de la nuez y el tigre cayó al suelo gritando y el conejito le dijo: — ¡Cobarde! si no sabías comer nueces ya aprendiste.

Como a las dos horas se levantó el tigre del suelo pensando cómo él se la cobraría y a los tres días encontró al conejito cargado de sogas y le dijo: — Ahora no te me escapas, me vas a pagar lo que me hiciste el otro día. — ¡A mi qué...! — contestó el conejito — muerto de una manera o muerto de otra: va a hacer una tormenta y el viento me va a llevar y si caigo en el mar ¿qué será de mí? — Y esas sogas que llevas — preguntó el tigre — ¿para qué son? — Para amarrarme de un árbol a ver si puedo salvarme. — Pues mira, conejito — dijo el tigre — amárrame a mí, pues como tú eres pequeño donde quiera te metes. — Bueno, ya que a tí te ha dado por eso, así lo haré.

Y lo amarró bien de una palma y luego que lo apretó bien le pregunto: — ¿Estás bien amarrado? — Un poquito flojo de aquí. — Y ahora ¿estás bien? — Sí — contestó el tigre. — Pues prepárate que ya empezó el viento a soplar — y le dió como veinte cuartazos con una soga. El tigre empezó a gritar y el conejito a reirse. — ¡Qué tormenta más fuerte! — le decía el conejito, y a los tres días fué que se pudo soltar.

Cuando salió, muerto de hambre, se encontró con el conejo que estaba en la orilla de un charco mirando para el fondo donde se veía la luna que parecía un queso. — ¡Ahora sí que no te me escapas! — le dijo el tigre — ¡te como, porque te como! — No me comas hasta que no nos comamos ese queso que está allí en el fondo, me voy a tirar a cogerlo, espérame tú aquí en la orilla. — Como yo no tengo confianza en tí me tiraré yo. — Tírame a mí, que llego más ligero. El conejo así lo hizo, y le dijo: — Te voy a amarrar esta piedra para que llegues más pronto.

Y lo tiró y no ha salido; allí estará todavía.

12. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Una vez había un tigre y un conejo que eran compadres. El tigre tenía unas amigas y las visitaba muy a menudo.

Un día el conejo fué a visitar a las amigas del tigre y lo indispuso con ellas. El conejo les dijo: — Ustedes son las amigas del *compae* tigre; *compae* tigre es mi caballo; yo lo monto cuando quiero.

Cuando el tigre fué a ver a sus amigas, ellas le dijeron lo que el conejo había dicho de él. Al tigre le dió mucho coraje e inmediatamente fué a ver al *compae* conejo. El conejo vió ir al tigre, se acostó y se hizo el enfermo. El tigre llegó a la casa y dijo: — Buenos días, *compae* conejo. ¿Cómo, usted dijo a mis amigas que yo era su caballo? Usted tiene que ir conmigo a donde están ellas para que me haga ver lo que dijo. El conejo contestó: — Eso es mentira, *compae* tigre; si hace unos cuantos días que estoy enfermo y no puedo moverme. El tigre repitió: — Usted tiene que venir conmigo. — ¡Ay! *compae* tigre, ¡si no puedo andar! —

¡Véngase, que yo lo llevo! — replicó el tigre. — Sí, señor, yo voy, pero tiene que dejarse poner unas rodillas para poder montarme, — dijo el conejo. — ¡Póngalas! — contestó el tigre. El conejo volvió a decir: — Si usted quiere que vaya, tiene que dejarse poner el aparejo y las banastas. — Ponga todo lo que quiera, — replicó el tigre — Ahora tengo que ponerle un frenito para sujetarlo cuando quiera correr mucho, — dijo el conejo. El tigre no quería dejarse poner el freno, pero al fin cedió a todo lo que el conejo quiso.

Cuando el tigre estuvo preparado, el conejo se puso con disimulo unas espuelas, se montó en él, le hincó y el tigre echó a correr en dirección a la casa de sus amigas. Cuando el tigre se acercó a la casa de sus amigas, el conejo tiró del freno y no le dejó llegar. Por muchos esfuerzos que el tigre hacía por llegar a la casa, no lo conseguía, porque el conejo cuando se acercaba le tiraba del freno. Cansado ya el tigre, se decidió llevar al conejo a su casa para vengarse. El conejo lo comprendió así y cuando el tigre iba corriendo, él se sujetó de la rama de un árbol y se quedó en ella. El tigre llegó solo a su casa, pero juró vengarse del conejo. El conejo sabía que el tigre lo quería matar y no salía de su casa.

Un día, cansado de estar en la casa, se fué a correr por el monte y se encontró con el tigre. Este le dijo: — Ahora me vas a pagar todas las que me has hecho. El conejo contestó: — Haz lo que quieras, yo estoy cortando bejuco para amarrarme, porque va a hacer una tormenta tan fuerte, que no van a quedar ni personas, ni animales en el mundo; así es que lo mismo me dá morir ahora de tus manos, que morir más tarde de la tormenta. El tigre replicó: — Si es verdad lo de la tormenta, te perdono la vida, pero me has de amarrar bien fuerte de este árbol.

El conejo hizo lo que el tigre le había mandado. El se volvió a su casa y el tigre amarrado murió, sin poder vengarse del conejo.

13. EL CONEJO Y EL TIGRE.

Había una vez un conejo y el tigre era padrino del conejo. El tigre tenía unas patatas y el conejo se las iba a robar por la noche. El tigre puso una estatua de goma y cuando el conejo vino a robarse las patatas vió aquella estatua que tenía una botella en las manos y al conejo le gustaba mucho la bebida y dijo: — Buenos días. Y la estatua no se los contestó, y le dijo: — ¡A que te doy una bofetada! Y le echó mano a la botella y se quedó pegado y le estuvo dándole hasta que todo estuvo pegado.

Y el tigre vino por la mañana temprano y le dijo: — ¡Allí estás tú! ¿tú eras quien me robaba las patatas? Y lo cogió y lo echó en una canasta, le echó patatas y se lo puso en la cabeza y cuando pasó por debajo de un árbol el tigre dijo: — ¿Dónde se quedó conejo? Y el tigre dijo: — ¡A él me lo como yo! Y le dijo a su señora que se pusiera a llorar y cuando vino el conejo le dijo que el padrino se había muerto y

el ahijado le dijo: — ¿Cuando él se murió no meneó una pierna? — y ella le dijo que no. Y el conejo le dijo: — El que se muere menea una pierna. Y el tigre meneó los piés, y el conejo le dijo: — ¡Anda! a mí no me comes tú — y se fué para su casa.

El conejo tenía un rancho y una noche salió y el tigre se escondió en el rancho del conejo y cuando el conejo vino le dijo al rancho: — Buenos días, mi rancho. Y el rancho no se los contestó y él dijo: — ¡Adios! ¿qué tiene mi rancho que no me contesta los buenos días? Y el tigre se los contestó y él le dijo: — ¡Anda! a mí no me cojes tú. Y cuando el tigre lo cogió y lo echó entre un saco y cuando él se salió cayó entre el agua caliente y lo que había echado era una piedra y al padrino le cayó el agua caliente encima y a la señora y se murieron.

14. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Había un tigre y un conejo y el tigre era padrino del conejo. Y un día se efectuó un baile en casa del pavo. Pero resultó que el tigre no tenía zapatos.

Cuando llegaron a la palma de *colloro* estaba el conejo trepado allí. Y le dijo al tigre que qué buscaba. Y él le dijo: — ¡Oh! ahijado, al baile. Y se encaminaron los dos para el baile. Al llegar a la mitad del camino le puso los zapatos de casco de *colloro*. Y el tigre tenía muchas niguas y no podía andar. Cuando le puso el conejo al tigre una piedra en el camino para que se lastimara y el tigre se lastimó. Y el conejo se escondió.

Cuando llegaron al baile el conejo y el tigre subieron los dos. Y el tigre se amontonó en el balcón y el conejo estaba velando que se quedara dormido para hacerle maldad. Y lo cogió dormido y lo tiró por el bache abajo. Y salieron todos a ver lo que era. Cuando llegaron todos abajo y lo vieron metido en el bache lo sacaron y el conejo se fué huyendo. Y el tigre dijo que dondequiera que le encontrare, lo mataba.

Cuando llegó el tigre donde estaba el conejo le dijo: — ¿Qué haces ahí? Y él le dijo: — Estoy cortando bejuco para amarrarme, que viene una tormenta *toconera* y él que no esté amarrado se lo lleva. Y el tigre dijo: — Amárrame a mí, y después tú te amarras. Y el conejo cortó un bejuco y le dijo al tigre: — ¡Compai, ahí va la primera fuga! Y después lo dejó medio muerto. Y el conejo se fué huyendo.

Y se escondió debajo de la tierra y dejó un ojo para afuera. Y llegó el tigre donde estaba el conejo y él se asustó en ver el ojo en la tierra. Y lo pinchó y le sacó el ojo. Y cuando el tigre iba lejos salió el conejo y le dijo: — Mas vale tuerto y no muerto.

Cuando el conejo fué donde Dios a pedirle ciencia, Dios le dijo: — ¡Vete abajo! Que yo te la mandaré. Y Dios le dió una dita para que se metiera. Y el Conejo se metió un rato. Y se salió; no tardó un minuto aunque Dios mandare una centella. Y desbarató la dita. Y entonces el conejo dijo: — Y no quiero mas ciencia de la que tengo.

15. LA MUJER Y EL CONEJO.

Había una vez una mujer que tenía un huerto de coles, pero el conejito todos los días le comía unas pocas y un día ella hizo un muñeco de barro y por la noche lo puso en el huerto sentado en una mesa con un cigarro prendido en la boca y él estaba pintado de brea.

Entonces el conejito vino y vió al muñeco y se creía que era un hombre que estaba jugando solo. Entonces el conejito le dijo: — ¡Oh! amigo, ¿usted jugando solo? ¿quiere que yo juegue con usted? — Amigo, déme para fumar de su cigarro. Pero el muñeco no le decía nada.

Entonces el conejito le dió con una pata y se quedó pegado del muñeco, pero cuando el conejito vió que estaba pegado le dijo: — ¡Amigo, suélteme, que era jugando! Pero como no hablaba, el conejo le dió con otra pata y le dió con todas y se quedó pegado. Entonces le dijo: — ¡Suélteme, porque le doy con la cabeza! Pero el muñeco no le habló y el conejito le dió con la cabeza y se quedó pegado.

Por la mañana vino la mujer y cogió al conejo y lo ató y lo ató de la escalera y se fué a calentar agua para matarlo, pero antes de que la mujer viniera con el agua llegó el tigre. Cerca del conejo estaba un cerdo. Entonces el tigre le preguntó al conejo que porqué lo tenían allí atado. El conejo le dijo que para que se comiera aquel cerdo, pero que él no se atrevía. Entonces el tigre le dijo que se soltara y lo atara a él, pero el conejito no podía soltarse; entonces el tigre lo soltó y el conejo lo ató a él.

Cuando vino la mujer con el agua le dijo al tigre: — De conejo te has vuelto tigre, pero lo mismo es la carne. Entonces el tigre se soltó y se fué y la mujer cuando fué a subir se cayó y quedó muerta en el acto.

16. EL CONEJO.

Esta era una vez que había muchos animales juntos que eran grandes amigos, pero el que mayor astucia tenía era el conejo.

Una vez en que el compadre conejo fué cogido preso por un hombre y amarrado frente a la casa para hurgarlo con una púa caliente, pasó el compadre tigre y le dijo: — *Compay* conejo, ¿por qué está usted allí? — ¡Ah! *compay* tigre, porque quieren obligarme a que yo me coma esos dos becerros que usted vé allí ¿y como quiere usted, que yo siendo tan chiquito, me los pueda comer? — Pues compadre, — le dijo el tigre — yo lo suelto a usted y usted me amarra y yo me como los dos becerros. — Pues convenido, — dijo el *compay* conejo, y así lo hizo.

Claro está, cuando vino el hombre con la púa caliente se la enterró al *compay* tigre, el que reventando la sogá se fué dando grandes alaridos y jurando vengarse del compadre donde quiera que lo encontrara. — El *compay* conejo — decía — me la pagará en todo tiempo.

Este sabiendo que el *compay* tigre se vengaría de él, se subió a un palo que estaba cubierto de zarzas. Un día acertó a pasar por allí el *compay*

tigre y mirando al palo vió a su *compay* conejo; tan pronto como lo vió le dijo: — ¡Ah! so perro, ya me la pagará. Pero el conejo sabiendo el peligro que corria le dijo en seguida con un fingido acsento: — No me diga usted nada, compadre tigre, que va a venir una tormenta que no van a quedar ni los tucos. — Pues mi querido compadre — dijo el tigre — amárreme a mí también.

El tigre fué amarrado y el conejo se escapó. Cuando el tigre vió que su compadre lo había vuelto a engañar se fingió el muerto por lo que todos los animales empezaron a llorar a gritos. — Compadre conejo — le decian, — vaya a ver a su difunto amigo y compadre. Y el conejo contestó: — Yo no lo voy a ver, porque muerto que respira no es muerto.

· 17. EL CONEJO.

Una vez había un conejo que era compadre de un tigre.

Un día el tigre encontró al conejo amarrado de un palo; el conejo lo vió y le dijo: — *Compay*, va a hacer una tormenta que no va a quedar gente viva, me he tenido que amarrar de este palo para que no me lleve — *Compay*, amárreme a mí, que yo no tengo sogas y me va a llevar — dijo el tigre. — *Compay*, pues suélteme usted a mí, para yo amarrarlo a usted.

El tigre lo desató y el conejo lo amarró a él. Entonces el conejo cogió un palo y le dió una fuetiza, que lo dejó casi muerto y le decía: — ¡Toma, ahora es que viene la tormenta, ruan, ruan, ahora es que está fuerte! El conejo ya que estaba cansado se fué y lo dejó por muerto. El tigre estuvo allí un día amarrado; por fin se soltó y dijo: — Yo voy a matar a mi compadre, donde quiera que lo encuentre.

El conejo se fué a comer unos melones y por donde él se metía, le pusieron un muñeco de brea. Cuando el conejo llegó le dijo: — ¡Oh! *compay*, ¿qué hace usted allí? El muñeco no le contestó y el conejo le dijo: — ¿Qué vamos a jugar baraja? El muñeco tampoco le contestó. — *Compay*, usted está medio serio conmigo, mire que yo doy unos puños que no hay quien los resista; yo como garbanzas todos los días y tumbo al mundo si quiero. *Compay*, ¿pero por qué es que usted no me habla? yo le voy a meter un bofetón que no va a quedar ni un cantito de usted. ¡Oh! No me contesta. ¡Bum! ¡Va! El conejo se quedó pegado de las dos manos. — *Compay*, ¡suélteme, que si le doy con los piés lo voy a matar! El muñeco no le contestó. — ¡Oh! no me suelta ¿verdad? ¡pues toma! ¡pam! Se quedó pegado de los piés. — *Compay*, ¡suélteme usted, porque si le llevo a dar con la barriga lo voy a reventar! porque aquí es que yo tengo los garbanzos vivitos. Y el muñeco no le contestó. — ¡Ah! no me suelta ¡pues toma! ¡plam! Y se cayó el muñeco y se quedó el conejo pegado. — ¡Ay! mire bendito *compay*, suélteme usted, mire yo le lavo la carita, las patitas, las manitas, la barriguita.

Entonces la vieja ama de los melones vino y cogió al conejo y se lo llevó y lo amarró de un espeque y fué a calentar el agua y decía la vieja:

— Hoy yo como arroz con conejo. Pasó el tigre por allí y le dijo: — *Compay*, buscándolo andaba. — Cállese *compay*, usted no sabe para que me tienen aquí. Mire *compay*, es que para comerme un caldero de arroz y dos de habichuelas; pero mire usted no sabe, yo soy tan chiquito que no me va a caber todo eso. El tigre le dijo: — Pues *compay*, amárreme a mí que soy grande. El tigre lo soltó y el conejo lo amarró lo más que pudo. Al momento viene la vieja y dice:

— ¡De tan chiquito a tan grande! Y le tiró el agua caliente al tigre y este del brinco que dió cayó muerto y el conejo después se murió de arrepentimiento de lo que había hecho con su *compay*.

18. COMPADRE CONEJO.

En una ciudad había un conejito. Ese conejito fué a hablar con Dios para que le diera una mujer. Dios le dijo que llevándole las lágrimas del león, el diente del caimán y la sangre del tigre.

El conejo se fué para la montaña encontró al tigre y le dijo al conejito que para qué cortaba bejuco, y el conejito le dijo que para amarrarse, porque iba a hacer un temporal. El tigre le dijo que lo amarrara a él. El conejito lo amarró y le cortó el rabo y recogió la sangre en un pote.

Pasó más adelante y encontró al león, el león le dijo: — ¿Qué pasa por casa, *compay* conejo? Y el conejito le dijo que su mamá se había muerto. El león se echó a llorar y el conejito le recogió las lágrimas.

Pasó más adelante y se puso a sujetar una peña, el caimán le dijo: que qué pasaba que sujetaba aquella peña y el conejo le dijo que si aquella peña se caía mataría a la ciudad. El caimán sacó los dos dientes y se puso a sujetar la peña con los dos dientes. El conejito sacó el martillo y le tiró y le rompió un diente y se lo echó al bolsillo.

El conejito fué a donde estaba Dios y le dijo que le diera la mujer porque había conseguido sus tres cosas que le había encargado. Dios le dijo que siendo un conejo tan pequeño atreverse con las tres personas bravas ¿qué sería si tuviera mujer?

19. LA LIEBRE Y EL TIGRE.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, en que un tigre vigilaba a una liebre. La liebre por ser tan astuta, siempre vencía con sus tretas a su vigilante.

Bueno, pues un día en que estaba la liebre sentada sobre una piedra comiéndose un pedazo de pan con queso, se le apareció el tigre y le dijo: — ¡Oh! *comae* liebre, venga acá. — ¡No! tú me comes. Y el tigre volvió a decir: — No, si solo quiero saber a donde usted consiguió eso que se está comiendo. La liebre se tragó un bocado que estaba masticando y luego contestó al que le estaba preguntando: — Pues el pan lo cogí de aquella canasta que ves allí y el queso lo cogí de ese que ves en el charco.

Y no sabe usted que el pan lo llevaba una mujer que estaba esperando al tigre con un palo en las manos. Llegó el tigre a la canasta y la mujer

le aflojó el garrote dejándole medio muerto. Entonces el tigre volvió a donde estaba la liebre para preguntarle el sitio de donde cogió el queso.

La muy astuta le señaló para el charco y le dijo que aquello redondo que veía era un queso bonísimo, del mismo que ella comía; pero el tal queso era el sol que solo al reflejarse en el agua siempre aparece redondo; pero la astuta le dijo al tigre: — Mire, compadre, que se tiene que tirar con fuerzas (pero era para ver si se achocaba con alguna piedra), porque es hondísimo.

Entonces se tiró y salió medio achocado, pero él no esperó, se le fué detrás en seguida. Cuando la liebre se vé obligada a detenerse, es en una piedra y le dice: — ¡Oh, compadre tigre, mire que se cae el mundo, si no me ayuda a sujetar esta piedra!

Entonces el tigre se pone a sujetarla. Cuando vé el tigre que se fué la liebre, suelta la piedra y se queda admirado, porque no se cayó el mundo. Entonces dice: — Esta liebre no dura a mañana. Y se le va detrás. Entonces la encuentra en una palma y le dice: — ¡Oh! comadre liebre ¿qué hace allí? Y entonces ella le dice: — ¡Pues nada, que vienen tres ciclones. Entonces el tigre se sube y le dice: — Enlíeme igual que usted — y ella coge y lo amarra bién y coge un garrote y le dá el primer cantazo y entonces el tigre dice que ese es el primer ciclón y ella le dice: — Sí, ese es el primero. Y entonces él dice: — ¡Qué fuertes son estos ciclones! Entonces le da los otros dos y lo deja muerto. Se acabó mi cuento y se lo llevó el viento.

20. EL TIGRE Y EL CONEJO.

Éstos eran una vez un tigre y un conejo e hicieron un trato: que el primero que se hallara la madre se la comían. Entonces cada uno principió por esconder a su madre.

El tigre la escondió en la montaña y el conejo en las ramas de una palma de coco. El conejo hizo un canasto para traerle la comida a la madre y al tiempo de llegar al tronco de la palma empezaba a decir: — ¡Ay! ¡madrina la rondalí yo; quien, quien, si, quien, quien no, ay, mira la gracia de Dios! Y entonces la coneja soltaba el canasto dejando un cordón arriba para luego subir para arriba el canasto con la comida.

El tigre se puso en vela para donde quiera que hallara a la coneja comérsela, pero pasaron día tras día y no podía encontrar a la coneja hasta que un día que iba por la montaña oyó las palabras del conejo y entonces se escondió y después que se fué el conejo fué él y le dijo las mismas palabras que el conejo usaba para que le tirara la canasta, pero como el tigre tenía la voz más gorda que la del conejo, ella no le tiró el canasto porque pensó que sería otro.

Entonces el tigre se fué para una herrería y mandó a que le martillaran la lengua hasta estar tan fina como la del conejo y así se lo hicieron, pero pasó que en el camino se halló con un palo de almendras y se comió

una y cuando llegó a donde estaba la coneja y le dijo las mismas palabras del conejo, tenía la voz tan gruesa como al principio y la coneja no le echó el canasto, porque como al principio, extrañó la voz del tigre, que no era igual a la del conejo su hijo.

Entonces volvió para atrás el tigre y fué otra vez a la herrería y les dijo que ya se la habían dañado que se la compusieran bién hasta que fuera bién fina. Así se la hicieron, pero le dijeron que no comiera nada en su camino, porque se le dañaba la voz otra vez.

Así lo hizo el tigre y al llegar a la palma donde estaba la coneja le dijo: — ¡Oh! madrina la rondalí yo; ay quien si, ay quien no, ay mira la gracia de Dios. Y entonces la coneja pensaba que era su hijo el conejo y le tiró el canasto como lo hacía cuando era el conejo, pero el tigre entonces subió y se la comió a la coneja y bajó por la palma hartó como una ballena.

Al poco rato llegó el conejo y le dijo las mismas palabras de siempre, pero las repitió dos o tres veces y no le tiraba la coneja nada. Entonces empezó a llorar y a dar exclamaciones y se fué andando por la montaña hasta que se halló con el tigre que estaba acostado con su madre, en la montaña.

El conejo se dió de trazas para matar a ambos y empezó por sujetar una gran peña y a hacer muchas fuerzas y a dar gritos y a llamar al tigre. Cuando vino el tigre, el conejo le dijo que si no le ayudaba a sujetar aquella peña, se le caía y hundiría el mundo. Y el tigre por evitar que se hundiera el mundo, le ayudó a sujetar la peña y el conejo se fué por la parte arriba y le tiró otra mayor y lo mató al tigre y entonces se fué andando por la montaña y encontró a la madre del tigre tumbada en el tronco de un árbol y la mató también y así los mató a ambos y desquitó la muerte de la coneja su madre.

21. EL CONEJO Y EL TIGRE.

Había una vez un tigre y un conejo que eran compadres. Una viejita tenía un huerto y en él tenía sembradas unas matas de pepinos. El conejito, como era tan sabio, se iba todas las noches a comerse los pepinos hasta que la vieja una noche se puso en vela y vió que el conejo era quien le comía sus frutas. La vieja dijo: — Yo te cojo a tí. A la otra noche le puso en la puerta un muñeco de brea.

Cuando el conejo iba para el huerto se encontró un negro en la puerta y le dijo: — Quítate de ahí o te doy un bofetón. Y como no se quitaba, le dió el bofetón y se le quedó la mano pegada. Pero fué dándole bofetones y patadas y cabezadas, hasta que se quedó todo pegado.

Al otro día, cuando vino la vieja y vió al conejo, lo cogió y se lo llevó para su casa, lo ató bien y se fué a buscar agua y leña. Mientras que la vieja fué a hacer sus mandados, se le apareció su compadre tigre y le preguntó porqué lo tenían amarrado allí. El le contestó que querían

que se comiera un cerdo, y él no podía porque era muy chiquito. Entonces el tigre dijo que lo amarrara a él y el conejo como astuto en seguida lo ató.

Cuando vino la vieja, notó que el animalito se le había puesto más grande. Puso el agua para pelarlo. El tigre decía: — ¿Qué será lo que está haciendo esta vieja? Cuando estaba echando el agua hirviendo para pelarlo decía: — Yo me lo como, yo me lo como. La vieja le dijo: — ¿Qué es lo que te quieres comer? Y el tigre le contestó: — El cerdo, el cerdo. Y la vieja le contestó: — Pues ahí va agua caliente en vez del cerdo.

Cuando estaba echándole el agua se escapó el tigre y echó a correr diciendo: — Hoy mato yo a mi compadre conejo. Pero cuando se encontró con el conejo no le hizo nada, pues el conejo le dijo muchísimas mentiras y el tigre se las creyó.

Después el conejo convidó a su compadre a comer cocos. Cuando estaban comiendo cocos, el conejo se subió a la palma y empezó a comer. Entonces el tigre le preguntó que como era que abría los cocos, el compadre conejo le contestó que los tiraba para arriba y después los esperaba en la cabeza. El tigre quiso hacer como le dijo su compadre y cuando le cayó el coco en la cabeza lo dejó achocado y se le salió un grito. El conejo le dijo que así le había pasado a él.

Cuando bajó su compadre conejo se fueron los dos para su casa y se acostaron a dormir. Al otro día el conejo le dijo a su compadre tigre: — Compadre, me dijeron que va a haber una tormenta que no va a dejar nada que no se lleve.

El tigre le preguntó al conejo que cómo se iba él a escapar de que no se lo llevara y le contestó el conejo que se iba a atar de un palo de los más gruesos que encontrara en el monte. El tigre le dijo al conejo que lo atara a él primero. El conejo lo ató muy bien y buscó una vara de Juancaiente y le dió una fuetiza de padre y muy señor mío.

Le dió el primer cantazo y le dijo al tigre: — Compadre, esta es la primera ventolera. Y le siguió dando cantazos hasta que acabó con él.

22. EL COMPAY TIGRE Y EL COMPAY CONEJO.

Una vez había un tigre que se hizo amigo de un conejo.

En el cielo había una fiesta y el *compay* tigre se había vestido para ir a la fiesta. — *Compay* tigre, yo quiero ir a la fiesta también, — le dijo el conejo al tigre, y el *compay* tigre le hizo un traje de papel.

Un águila era quien los conducía al cielo. Cuando ellos iban por el aire, el traje del *compay* conejo se había despedazado. — *Compay* tigre yo no puedo ir a la fiesta por no tener traje, el que usted me hizo está roto, — le dijo el *compay* conejo al *compay* tigre. — *Compay* conejo, cuando lleguemos al cielo, usted se esconde detrás de una puerta y de todo lo que a mí me den, le traigo.

Cuando llegaron al cielo, el conejo se escondió detrás de la puerta y de todo lo que le daban al *compay* tigre, se lo traía al conejo. Al tiempo de marcharse a sus casas, el *compay* conejo no se dió cuenta. Juan Bobo estaba barriendo y lo encontró detrás de la puerta. — Conejo ¿Qué tu haces allí? — Esperando que se acabe la fiesta parairme — contestó el conejo. — Ya la fiesta se acabó, ahora yo tiro una sogá y usted se *areguinda* de ella y lo voy soltando. — Pero Juan Bobo, cuando yo te meneo la sogá tú me sueltas.

Juan Bobo lo fué soltando y los judíos le tiraban piedras y él decía: — No le tiren a la sogá, tiren a mi cabeza. Y en una los judíos le dieron a la sogá y soltó al conejo y cayó abajo muerto.

23. EL CONEJO Y EL TIGRE.

Esta era una vez en que había un conejo y un tigre que eran compadres.

Un día, el tigre empezó a perseguir al conejo y el pobre conejo no sabía que hacer, porque ya el tigre lo iba a coger para comérselo y el pobre conejo no hallaba dónde meterse.

El tigre entonces le dijo: — Te estoy velando. Y el conejo le contestó: — Si me estás velando cógeme. Y así se estuvieron por largo tiempo.

Después el conejo llegó a una cueva y como era pequeño se metió en ella, pero el tigre, como era tan grande, no pudo entrar. Al conejo se le quedó un ojo de fuera y el tigre creyó que era una gota de agua y como tenía tanta sed, por lo mucho que había corrido, se la quiso tomar; vaciándole el ojo al conejo, al que siguió persiguiendo porque no se figuraba que estuviera en la cueva.

El conejo, después que el tigre estuvo lejos de él, se salió de la cueva y gritó: — *Compai* tigre, más vale tuerto que muerto.

24. RATONCITO PÉREZ.

Un día la cucarachita Martina se encontró un centavo, pero como ella nunca había tenido un centavo se volvió loca de alegría. — ¿De qué lo compraré? — dijo. — Si lo compro de arroz, se me gasta; si lo compro de café, se me gasta; si lo compro de pan, se me gasta; si lo compro de carne, se me gasta y todo lo que compre se me gasta; pues déjame comprarlo de almidón.

Se fué a comprarlo de almidón y dejó al ratoncito Pérez cuidándole la olla hasta que ella viniera y sucedió que el ratoncito se cayó dentro de la olla. Cuando ella vino se puso a buscar al ratón, que era su compañero y lo encontró dentro de la olla. El ratoncito Pérez cayó dentro de la olla, la cucarachita Martina lo canta y lo llora.

Entonces la cucarachita se empolvó bien con el almidón y se sentó en la puerta. Pasó un buey y le dijo: — Cucarachita Martina, ¿quieres casarte conmigo? — ¿Cómo haces tú? — le preguntó ella. — Moo, moo. — ¡Oh! no, yo no me caso contigo porque me asustas.

Pasó un caballo, le hizo lo mismo; pasó un león, le hizo lo mismo; pasó un perro, le hizo lo mismo; pasó un cabro, le hizo lo mismo; pasó un gato, le hizo lo mismo y pasó un conejo y le hizo lo mismo. — ¿Cuándo yo encontraré otro como el ratoncito Pérez? — decía la cucarachita, — que todos estos me espantan.

Estaba muy triste al verse sola, cuando pasó un ratón. — Cucarachita Martina ¿quieres casarte conmigo? — le preguntó el ratón. — ¿Y como haces tú? — le preguntó la cucarachita Martina. — Pues yo hago: ¡chuí! ¡chuí! — dijo él. — ¡Ah! pues sí, ¡como no me voy a casar contigo! Si tú te pareces y haces como mi ratoncito Pérez.....!

Se casaron y volvió la cucarachita a vivir con el ratón como si fuera con el otro y por nombre le puso el segundo ratoncito Pérez.

25. LA ARAÑITA Y EL RATONCITO PÉREZ.

Había una vez una arañita que vivía con el ratoncito Pérez. Un día en que la arañita estaba barriendo se encontró un centavo. — ¿Qué compraré con este centavo? — se puso a pensar. — ¿Carne?, no, que se me acabará muy pronto; ¿pan?, tampoco, también se me acabará pronto; ¿azúcar?, no, se me acabará pronto. Después de pensar mucho, dijo: — Ya sé, compraré una cinta y me la pondré en el cuello.

Se fué a comprar la cinta y dejó al ratoncito cuidando la olla. Cuando la arañita se fué, el ratoncito fué a menear la olla y se fué dentro. Al poco rato llegó la arañita y no encontró al ratoncito y se puso a buscarlo por detrás de la puerta, en el ropero, en el baúl, en el tocador; después dijo: — ¡Oh! quizás adentro de la olla. Y se fué a ver si estaba dentro de la olla y lo encontró allí.

Se puso a cantar y a llorar: — Ratoncito Pérez cayó en la olla, arañita Martínez lo canta y lo llora. Después cogió la cinta y se la amarró en el cuello y se sentó pensativa en el balcón de su casita.

Al poco rato pasó por allí un buey y le dijo: — Arañita, ¿te quieres casar conmigo? — ¿Cómo tú haces? — le dijo — moo, moo. — ¡Ay! no, me asustas. Después pasó un perro y le dijo: — Arañita ¿te quieres cascar conmigo? — ¿Cómo tú haces? Y le ladró. — ¡Ay! no, que me asustas. Después pasó un lobo. — Arañita ¿te quieres casar conmigo? — ¿Cómo tú haces? — Y le dijo el sonido. — ¡Ay! no, que me asustas. Por fin pasó un ratoncito y le dijo: — Arañita ¿te quieres casar conmigo? — ¿Cómo tú haces? — ¡Chuí! ¡chuí! ¡chuí! — ¡Ay! sí, sí, sí, que me haces recordar a mi maridito el ratoncito Pérez.

La noche de las bodas el ratoncito Pérez llevó pan, azúcar, queso y arroz. Se casaron y vivieron felices. Desde entonces no se quema el ratoncito.

26. LA CUCARACHITA MARTÍNEZ Y EL RATON PÉREZ.

Había una vez una cucaracha; ella encontró un centavo, pero ella nunca había tenido un centavo. La cucaracha no encontraba de que

comprarlo; ella decía: — Si lo compro de arroz, se me gasta; si lo compro de maíz, también; pues lo compró de almidón. La cucaracha cuando vino de la tienda, encontró al ratón en la olla. Empezó a cantar y a llorar: — El ratoncito Pérez cayó en la olla, la cucaracha Martínez lo canta y lo llora.

La cucaracha se empolvó y se sentó en la puerta y pasó un buey y le dijo: — Cucaracha ¿quieres casarte conmigo? — y le dijo ella: — ¿Cómo tú haces? El buey le contestó: — ¡Muu....! muu.....! Y ella le dijo: — ¡No! que me asustas. Pasó un caballo y le dijo: — ¿Quieres casarte conmigo, cucaracha? — ¿Y cómo tú haces? El caballo le dijo: — Yo hago: ¡Ge! ¡ge! ¡ge! Y la cucaracha dijo: — ¡No! que me asustas. Después pasó un león y le dijo: — Cucaracha ¿quieres casarte conmigo? Y ella le dijo: — ¿Y cómo tú haces? Y se sacó un bramido y le dijo: — ¡No! que me asustas. Y pasaron muchos y le decían lo mismo.

Por último, pasó un ratón y le dijo: — Cucaracha ¿quieres casarte conmigo? Y ella le dijo: — ¿Y tú cómo haces? — ¡Chuí! ¡chuí! ¡chuí! — ¡Ah! sí, contigo sí, porque me acuerdo de mi ratoncito Pérez.

Y se casó con él.

27. LA CUCARACHITA MARTINA.

Una vez y dos son tres que había una cucarachita Martina que estaba barriendo la puerta de su casa y se encontró un centavo y dijo: — Si lo compro de cebolla, se me acaba.

Se fué a la tienda y compró un centavo de harina de pan se metió en el papel se salió del papel y se asomó a la ventana. Pasó un caballo y le dijo: — Caballo, ¿te quieres casar conmigo? Y él le dijo: — Sí. Y entonces ella le dijo: — ¿Cómo tú haces? — ¡Gí! ¡gí! ¡gí! — no; que me asustas. Pasó un gato y le dijo: — Gato, ¿te quieres casar conmigo? Y él le dijo: — Sí. Y ella le dijo: — ¿Cómo tú haces? — ¡Miau! ¡miau! — no; que me asustas. Paso un perro y le dijo: — ¿Te quieres casar conmigo? Y le dijo: — Sí. — ¿Cómo tú haces? — ¡Jau! ¡jaú! ¡jau! — no; que me asustas. Pasó un ratón y le dijo: — Ratón ¿te quieres casar conmigo? — Sí. — ¿cómo tú haces? — ¡Juí! ¡juí! ¡juí! Y se casaron.

Por la mañana era domingo, se fué ella a misa y lo dejó a él al cuidado, de la sopa que estaba hecha y que no la meneara con la cuchara chiquita, sino con la grande; pero él la meneó con la chiquita y se cayó dentro de la sopa. Y nadie le contestaba cuando vino la cucarachita a tocar a la puerta. La empujó y la abrió y vió que el ratón estaba en la sopa y se puso a cantar: — Ratoncito Pérez cayó en la olla, la cucarachita Martina lo canta y lo llora.

La cucarachita convidó al ratón y al gato, perros, cucarachas, y se comieron entre todos sus sopas.

28. LA CUCARACHITA MARTINA.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que había una cucarachita que se puso a barrer detrás de una puerta, se encontró un centavo y se puso a pensar que de qué lo compraba para que le durara para toda su vida. Ella decía que si compraba biscocho, se le acababa y si compraba azúcar, se le acababa y acabó por comprarlo de almidón.

Se fué a su cuarto y se empolvó la cara bién. Después se asomó a la ventana y pasó un gato. La cucarachita le dijo: — Gatito, ¿te quieres casar conmigo? El gato le dijo que sí. La cucarachita le dijo: — ¿Cómo tú haces de noche? — ¡Miau! ¡miau! ¡miau! — ¡Ay! no, no, me asustas mucho.

Al poco rato pasó un gallo; la cucarachita le dijo: — ¿Te quieres casar conmigo? Y el gallo le contesto: — Yo sí. Y la cucarachita le preguntó: — ¿Cómo haces tú de noche? — Y él le contestó: — ¡Cucurucú! ¡cucurucú! ¡cucurucú! — ¡Ay! no, no, me asustas mucho.

Al poco rato pasó un ratón y la cucarachita le dijo que si él quería casarse con ella y el ratoncito le dijo que él sí. La cucarachita le preguntó que cómo hacía él de noche: — ¡Chuí! ¡chuí! ¡chuí! — ¡Ah! sí sí ¡como no! pues adelante, ratoncito. ¿Cómo tú te llamas? dime tu nombre. El ratoncito le dijo: — Yo me llamo ratoncito Pérez.

Al día siguiente se casó la cucarachita Martina con el ratoncito Pérez. A los dos días de haberse casado, por la mañana la cucarachita se fué para misa y dejó al ratoncito para que le meneara la olla pero al ratoncito al menear la olla se le fué la cuchara de la olla. El ratoncito fué a coger la cuchara y se le quedó la mano, fué a coger con la otra mano la cuchara y se calló dentro de la olla.

Cuando llegó la cucarachita a su casa, se desvistió y empezó a llamar al ratoncito, pero al ver que el ratoncito no venía empezó a buscarlo, pero no lo encontraba y dejó de buscarlo. Se puso a comer, pero cuando fué a sacar la comida, vió al ratoncito quemado y se puso a llorar: — ¡Pobre ratoncito, pobre ratoncito! ¡El ratoncito Pérez se cayó en la olla y la cucarachita Martina lo canta y lo llora! ¡Pobre ratoncito Pérez que se cayó en la olla y la cucarachita Martina lo canta y lo llora!

Se acabó mi cuento con ajís y pimienta.

29. LA HORMIGA.

Había una vez una hormiga que quería casarse. Un día estaba barriendo al frente de su casa y se encontró un centavo; ella compró un sombrero, un vestido y puso un puesto.

Al siguiente día ella se vistió y se fué a pasear. Cuando iba se encontró con una changa; ella le dijo que si se quería casar. El le dijo que sí, pero le dijo que cantara y cuando empezó a cantar le dijo que no, porque la asustaba. Luego encontró un zángano; le preguntó lo mismo pero tampoco sucedió.

Siguió su camino y encontró un ratoncito, le preguntó lo mismo y él le dijo que sí y se casaron.

Un día ella salió a hacer la compra y le dijo que se quedara cuidando una comida que ella había dejado y le dijo que no la meneara con una cuchara que ella había dejado aparte, pero el ratoncito por curioso la meneó a al menearla se fué dentro de la olla.

Cuando la hormiga vino se cansó de buscar a su ratoncito y no lo encontraba. Ella empezó a llorar muchísimo, pero después pensó que lo había dejado cuidando la comida y se fué en busca de él. Cuando fué lo encontró muerto dentro de la olla.

30. EL BURRO.

Pues señor, esta era una vez que había un hombre que tenía un burro. Ya el burro estaba muy viejo y como no podía trabajar el dueño dijo que lo iba a matar. El burro oyó estas palabras que dijo su amo, le causó maravilla al burro y decía para sí: — ¡Como podrá ser que después de yo haber trabajado tanto me vayan a matar en pago de mi trabajo! Yo me he de huir esta noche y echarme a andar.

La noche siguiente el burro salió huido de la casa y echó a andar y después de haber andado mucho llegó a una casita y allí encontró a un gato que de viejo que era, lo iban a mandar matar, porque era bonísimo y cuidaba mucho la casa de los ratones, y maullaba el gato con muchísima pena y el burro le dijo: — ¿Por qué aullas así, camarada? Y entonces el gato le dijo lo que le pasaba en su casa. Entonces el burro le dijo: — Pues ven conmigo. Y echaron a andar y después de haber andado muchísimo encontró un perro que ladraba con muchísima pena, y el burro le preguntó: — ¿Por qué ladras así, camarada? Entonces el perro le contestó: — Porque yo cuidaba muchísimo el armazón y como ya estoy viejo y como no puedo cuidar más, me van a mandar matar. Y entonces el burro le dijo: — Pues ven conmigo.

Y se fueron los tres anda y anda y anda y anda, y después de haber andado mucho más, encontró un gallo que cantaba con muchísima pena y entonces el burro le dijo: — ¿Qué te pasa, camarada? ¿por qué cantas así? Y entonces el gallo le dijo que él era bonísimo y ahora como estaba viejo y no podía hacer una buena pelea, lo quieren matar. Entonces el burro le dijo: — Pues ven conmigo. Y se fueron todos juntos y después de haber andado muchísimo se encontraron un chivo y el burro le dijo: — ¿Por qué berreas así, camarada chivo? El chivo le dijo que él era un buen padrón y que como ya estaba viejo y no podía estar con sus compañeras, lo querían matar, y entonces el burro le dijo: — Pues vente con nosotros. Y echaron a andar y después de haber andado una larga distancia llegaron a un camino que cogía para una montaña y ellos dijeron: — Vámonos por aquí. Y echaron a andar.

Después de haber andado muchísimo, llegaron a un árbol muy alto

y el burro le dijo al gallo: — Compadre gallo, súbase a ese árbol y mire a ver si ve alguna lucecita por esta lejana montaña. Y él se encaramó en el árbol y miró y no vió nada. Entonces el burro les dijo: — Pues vamos a seguir andando hasta ver si encontramos una casa por allí para ver si encontramos que comer en ella. Y entonces siguieron todos juntos.

Poco después de haber andado mucho, se subió el gallo otra vez a un árbol más alto y entonces vió una casita a lo lejos de la montaña y se lo dijo al burro. Entonces siguieron andando con dirección a la casita donde llegaron a los dos días, jadeantes. Cuando llegaron era ya de noche y se subieron todos a la casa donde encontraron mucho que comer y la casa sola, pues como la casa estaba sola, todos ellos se apoderaron de la casa, pero en la casa habitaban una familia de hombres nada más. Los dueños de la casa estaban trabajando y por la tarde cuando llegaron no vieron nada, porque el burro y sus compañeros se habían escondido, porque ellos siempre creyeron que allí habitaba una familia. Poco después ellos salieron de donde estaban escondidos, porque ya se calculaban que los dueños de la casa se habían acostado a dormir en sus camas.

Así había resultado y entonces ellos se acostaron a dormir debajo de la casa y antes de amanecer, el burro y demás salieron, cosa que los dueños de la casa no los vieran. Entonces siguieron andando por la montaña y después de haber andado mucho vieron por entre la montaña una lucecita que se movía con rapidez y estos echaron a andar con rumbo a la casa donde se veía la luz y después de haber andado mucho vieron la luz cerca de ellos y era que en aquella casa vivían muchos bandidos y tenían una gira aquella noche, que era Noche Buena y la estaban celebrando juntos. Pues fué el caso que el burro se escondió detrás de unos arbustos muy bajitos y copiosos, cosa que nadie los viera. Entonces el burro les dijo a los compañeros: — Ahora nosotros nos quedamos aquí hasta que ellos se acuesten a dormir y cuando se acuesten, todos ustedes se encaraman uno encima del otro y nos subimos a la casa por la ventana del aposento y cuando nos sentemos en ella, todos cantamos. Y así lo hicieron todos.

Cuando ya se habían acostado, el burro se paró y se le encaramó encima el perro; encima del perro se encaramó el chivo; después del chivo se encaramó el gato; después el gallo y entonces el burro puso las dos patas delanteras encima de la ventana y todos ellos se fueron acomodando cada uno en su lugar y resultó que como la casa era de altos y bajos, ellos se subieron al piso de arriba y a media noche al chivo le dieron unas ganas de orinar muy fuertes y en el piso había un roto y el chivo empezó a decir: — Me meo. Y entonces los compañeros le dijeron: — No te mees por allí, que vas a mojar esa gente que duerme allí y nos van a matar. Y el chivo siguió diciendo lo mismo y entonces el chivo que estaba meando chorrito a chorrito por las esquinas y en una echó

un chorro grande y cayó por un roto abajo un chorro grande que mojó a uno de los que dormían abajo, que ya se había despertado y estaba rezando y cuando de pronto sintió un chorro agudo que caía sobre su cabeza y eran los orines del chivo entonces llamó a todos los demás que estaban durmiendo allí y registraron la casa y los encontraron. Pero ya el burro se había tirado abajo desde que sintió el ruido de cuando se levantaron los que estaban durmiendo y se puso de guardia en la puerta del corral de la casa.

Entonces los dueños de la casa armaron un escándalo al encontrar allí todos aquellos animales y los animales se sublevaron contra la gente y ellos después de encontrarse azorados por la gente empezaron a herirlos. La gente echó a huir porque ellos no podían hacerles nada a los animales y entonces bien lejos de la montaña se reunieron todos e hicieron juntos el chiste de lo que les había pasado en su misma casa.

El burro se había quedado en el corral y cada vez que pasaba uno, lo achochaba de una patada y ellos decían unos a los otros: — ¡Muchacho! qué malo era aquel de las macanas que estaba acá en el corral, que cada vez que uno pasaba lo achochaba con aquellas dos macanas. Y otro decía: — Y aquel otro de las siete navajas, qué guapo era. Y otro decía: — ¡Muchacho! porque tú no viste aquel otro de los dos sables; ¡mira cómo me ha cortado todo! Y entonces otro dijo: — ¿Y tú no viste aquel de las veinte navajas, que cada vez que subía para arriba eran veinte tajos. Era chiquito que casi no se veía. Y aquel otro más grandecito que tenía dos banderas en la cabeza, cada vez que se sejaba para atrás e iba para adelante era un golpe que uno se caía; pero calla, el más bravo era aquel chiquito.

Pues bien, el caso fué que los animales se quedaron con la casa y el día siguiente por la mañana uno de ellos dijo: — Vamos a ver si se han ido. Y ninguno se atrevía a ir, porque tenían miedo.

El caso fué que ellos tenían mucha hambre y el hambre les obligó a ir. Uno de ellos se fué poco a poco y llegó a la casa ya por la mañana que los animales se estaban lavando las caras, y el que fué vió al gato que se estaba lavando la cara y como los gatos se pasan las patitas por la cara, él lo vió y creía que el gato estaba jurando y le cogió miedo de nuevo y si mucho le tenía antes más le tenía ahora, y entonces se fué corriendo a donde estaban los demás compañeros y dijo: — ¡Muchachos! aquel de las veinte navajas, jura que por esta y la que Cristo nació, que nos ha de matar.

Pero esto quiere decir que cuando el gato se pasaba la patita por la cara o sea su mano, él creía que estaba persignándose y decía así; pero no era tal cosa, era que él estaba lavándose la cara. Pero ninguno creyó esto, pues de tanto miedo que le tenían creían que era verdad que los iba a matar.

Todos se desparramaron por la montaña como bandidos, y los animales se quedaron viviendo allí todos juntos y salvaron sus vidas de esa manera.

31. LOS ANIMALES MÚSICOS.

Había una vez un señor que tenía un burro viejo y como estaba tan viejo lo mandó botar a una montaña. Allí se encontró el burro a un perro que lo habían botado porque ya no ayudaba en nada a su amo. Se juntaron los dos animales y se hicieron amigos y continuaron su camino.

A poco andar se encontraron con un gato que por no servir para coger ratones lo habían botado también; al encontrarse le dijo: — ¡Ah! gato ¿qué buscas por estas montañas? — Que mi amo me botó porque yo no cogía ratones. — Pues vente a buscar fortuna.

Luego se encontraron un gallo que se le escapó a la cocinera y un pato que tenían destinado para una cena. Se juntaron todos estos animales y acordaron formar una banda de música y llegaron a la casa de los bandoleros, se pusieron al frente de la ventana. El burro enganchó las patas en la ventana; el perro se puso sobre el burro; el gato sobre el perro; el pato sobre el gato y el gallo sobre el pato y rompieron a un mismo golpe la música. El burro rebuznaba, el perro ladraba, el gato maullaba, el pato pedía la paz y el gallo cantaba. Al oír ésto los bandoleros creyeron que iban a matarlos y les dejaron la casa con cuanto había. Los animales se comieron cuanto había y luego se fueron en busca de dormitorio. El gato se acostó en el fogón; el perro en la meseta; el burro en el pesebre; el gallo en el cucurucho de la casa y el pato en el batey.

Como los bandoleros no habían comido, el capitán preguntó quien quería ir a buscar candela a la casa, para hacer ellos su cena. Había uno que era más listo y se dispuso a ir. Llegó a la casa, subió por una puerta de la cocina y por coger dos brasas de candela, cogió los ojos del gato; brincó el gato y lo arañó; fué a tirarse por la escalera y el perro lo mordió; corrió por detrás de la casa y el burro le dió dos patadas. Llegó a donde estaban los bandoleros y les dijo: — Allá no hay quien vaya. En el fogón está un barbero, que me cortó con las navajas; en la escalera está el sastre y me cortó con las tijeras y en el pesebre un hombre que me jugó dos palos. Momentos después en el cucurucho de la casa había otro que decía: — ¡Échamelo para acá! ¡Échamelo! y había otro en el batey que decía: ¡La paz! ¡La paz!

Así fué que los bandoleros olvidaron la casa y todavía los cinco músicos viven en ella.

32. EL HOMBRE, LA SERPIENTE Y EL ZORRO.

Pues bién, vivía un hombre en una casita en el campo y salía a trabajar fuera, y en ratos de descanso hacía sus talitas, cuidaba de sus gallinas y todo lo tenía al día. Pero lo más que tenía eran gallinas.

Un día salió para su trabajo; encontró una serpiente encima de una piedra sepultada por la nieve; es decir, que esperaba los rayos del sol que le quitaría una muerte segura. Pues el hombre la vió y se dijo: —

¡Pobre animal, como vas a morir! Bueno, tanta fué la compasión, que cogió su saco vacío que acostumbraba llevar, lo tendió y cogió a la serpiente y la envolvió bien, se la echó al hombro y siguió con ella a cuestras.

El sol venía saliendo con más ligereza que en ninguno de los otros días, los rayos empezaron a darle al saco, la serpiente fué sintiendo mayor calor y como a esto de media hora le dijo al hombre: — Suéltame del saco, que ya yo estoy caliente y si sigues me voy a ahogar. Entonces el hombre se puso y la sacó. Como a esto de una hora le dice la serpiente: —Tengo mucha hambre y te voy a comer. El hombre le expuso sus razones diciéndole: — ¡Pero mira, después de que yo te he salvado la vida, me quieres pagar con comerme! Y entonces ella dice: — Ya he esperado mucho y prepárate. Al decir esto le dice el hombre: — Pues no me comas todavía; vamos a poner tres testigos. Si ellos están conformes con que me comas entonces tú me comes.

Quedaron conformes. A los pocos pasos encontraron un buey muy flaco, que al ver al hombre le dió un mareo, pero ellos se le acercaron y le contaron la historia según había pasado. Después que el buey hubo oído la historia dijo: — ¡Nada! Debes de comértelo, pero ligero, porque el hombre es muy malo. Mira como me tiene de salud. El buey se fué llorando y lamentándose de su suerte y maldiciendo al hombre.

Como a esto de diez minutos encontraron a un burro y al ver al hombre le dió un temblor que se cayó. Ellos se le acercaron y le contaron lo sucedido. Entonces dice la serpiente: — Mira que ya yo tengo uno de mi parte. El burro dijo: — Mucho has tardado, cómetelo en seguida. Y prosiguió diciendo que el hombre era muy malo, que él por no andar ligero había llegado a aquel estado. Prosiguió su camino con igual suerte que el buey, maldiciendo al hombre.

Anduvieron algunos pasos y encontraron a un señor lobo vestido de punta en lanza con un bombo y un bastón regando sus piquetes. Éste no se azoró, vino hácia ellos y le contaron todo, todo lo pasado. Entonces dice el lobo: — Tienes que poner la serpiente según la encontraste, bueno, bueno; los ademanes, según pasó la historia.

Entonces el hombre cogió a la serpiente y la echó encima de una piedra y dice: — Así fué como yo la encontré. Y entonces dice el lobo: — Bueno, siga su operación. Y el hombre cogió a la serpiente, la echó dentro del saco y la amarró bien y dice: — Esto fué todo, y después que la calenté y le salvé la vida, me quiere ahora comer.

Entonces el astuto lobo dijo: — ¡Hombre! ¡y tú sabiendo que ese es un animal dañino que no se le puede hacer favor, y además teniéndola presa no coges una piedra y la matas! El hombre cogió el consejo del lobo y la mató precipitadamente.

Después el lobo le dice: — Yo te he salvado la vida, en pago de ella lo que quiero es que me regales aquellas dos gallinitas blancas. El hombre dijo: — ¡Como no! y agarró un palo y le entró con tantas ganas, porque de doscientas gallinas ya le había llevado treinta y siete, que no hay que decir que lo dejó en el último sueño.

33. EL PAVO DE LA ABUELA ZAPATONA.

Un día en que la abuela zapatona estaba barriendo el frente de su casa, se encontró una moneda y dijo: — ¿Qué haré? Iré a la plaza y compraré un pavo.

Se fué y lo compró. Entonces tenía que pasar una cerca y el pavo no quiso pasar la cerca. Iba un perro con ella y le dijo al perro: — Perro, muerde al pavo que no quiere pasar la cerca y no voy a poder llegar hoy a casa. El perro no hizo caso y siguió como si con él no fuera. Entonces vió un palo y le dijo: — Palo, pégale al perro que no quiere morder al pavo, este no quiere pasar la cerca y yo no voy a llegar hoy a mi casa. El palo se quedó igual.

Entonces vió un fuego que ardía bastante y dijo: — Fuego, quema al palo que no quiere pegar al perro, porque este no quiere morder al pavo y el pavo no quiere pasar la cerca y hoy no voy a poder llegar a casa. El fuego siguió ardiendo mucho más. Entonces vió un río y le dijo: — Río, apaga al fuego que no quiere quemar al palo, este no quiere pegar al perro y el perro no quiere morder al pavo, el pavo no quiere pasar la cerca y no voy a poder llegar hoy a mi casa. Pero el río siguió corriendo muy bien.

Después vió un buey y le dijo: — Buey, bébete el agua que no quiere apagar al fuego y éste no quiere quemar al palo, el palo no quiere pegarle al perro, el perro no quiere morder al pavo y hoy no voy a poder llegar a mi casa. El buey siguió caminando. Entonces vió a un carnicero y le dijo: — Carnicero, mata al buey que no quiere beberse el agua, ésta no quiere apagar el fuego, el fuego no quiere quemar al palo y éste no quiere pegarle al perro, el perro no quiere morder al pavo y no voy a poder llegar hoy a mi casa. El carnicero no hizo caso y siguió caminando.

Después vió una sogá y le dijo: — Soga, ahorca al carnicero, que no quiere matar al buey, éste no quiere beber el agua, el agua no quiere apagar el fuego, éste no quiere quemar al palo, el palo no quiere pegar al perro y el perro no quiere morder al pavo y hoy no voy a poder llegar a mi casa. Pero la sogá siguió amarrada al palo. Entonces vió una rata y le dijo: — Rata, roe la sogá que no quiere ahorcar al carnicero, éste no quiere matar al buey, el buey no quiere beber el agua, ésta no quiere apagar el fuego, el fuego no quiere quemar al palo, éste no quiere pegar al perro y el perro no quiere morder al pavo y no voy a poder llegar a mi casa. Y la rata le dijo que sí.

34. LA VIEJA Y SU CABRA.

Una vez había una vieja que tenía una cabra. Un día unos hombres pasaron con unas matas de higo, se les cayó una y la vieja la sembró en el jardín. Un día la cabra se comió la mata y cuando vino la vieja a buscar la planta, vió que la cabra estaba comiéndosela y se le fué detrás

gritando: — ¡Cabra, dame mi higo, pues ese higo no es mío, que es de los hombres que pasan por los caminos.

Entonces se le cayó un cuerno a la cabra y la vieja lo cogió; se fué a lavarlo en el río, pero el río se lo llevó. Entonces empezó a gritar: — Río, dame mi cuerno; ese cuerno no es mío; ese cuerno es de la cabra; la cabra se comió a mi higo; el higo no es mío, que es de los hombres que pasan por los caminos.

Entonces el río le dió una liza y se fué a su casa a asarla, pero la candela se la quemó. Entonces empezó a gritar: — Candela, dame mi liza; la liza es del río; el río cogió mi cuerno; el cuerno no es mío, que es de la cabra; la cabra cogió mi higo; el higo no es mío, el higo es de los hombres que pasan por los caminos.

Entonces la candela le dió un hacha, pero vino una leñadora para que le prestara el hacha con la condición de que la primera raja de leña que cortara sería para ella. Pero la leñadora le rompió el hacha y la vieja empezó a gritar: — Leñadora, dame mi hacha; el hacha no es mía, es de la candela; la candela quemó mi liza; la liza no es mía, es del río; el río se llevó mi cuerno; el cuerno no es mío, que es de la cabra; la cabra se comió mi higo; el higo no es mío, que es de los hombres que pasan por los caminos.

Entonces la leñadora le dió la raja de leña, pero entonces vino una aplanchadora para que se la prestara y que la primera falda que aplanchara sería la de ella. Pero le quemó la raja de leña y entonces la vieja empezó a gritar: — Aplanchadora, dame mi leña; la leña no es mía; la leña es de la leñadora; la leñadora rompió mi hacha; el hacha no es mía, es de la candela; la candela quemó mi liza; la liza no es mía, la liza es del río; el río se llevó mi cuerno; el cuerno no es mío, que es de la cabra; la cabra se comió mi higo; el higo no es mío, el higo es de los hombres que pasan por los caminos.

Entonces la aplanchadora le dió la falda y ella se la puso muy contenta después de haber gritado tanto.

35. LOS CABRITOS Y EL LOBO.

Una vez había una cabra que tenía siete cabritos y los quería como una madre quiere a sus hijos.

Un día quiso ir al bosque a pacer, llamó a sus siete hijos y les dijo: — Hijos míos, me voy al bosque, tened cuidado con el lobo, porque si entra os devora a todos. El malvado se disfraza pero lo conoceréis por su ronca voz, por sus negras patas y además, porque huele que apesta. Es muy astuto y cuantas precauciones toméis para libraros de sus dientes, serán pocas. Los cabritos dijeron: — Querida madre, márchate sin miedo, ya nos guardaremos del lobo.

La vieja salió a buscar su comida. Al poco rato llamaron a la puerta diciendo: — ¡Abrid, hijos míos, soy vuestra madre que os trae algo

bueno para cada uno de vosotros! abrid, que vengo muy cargada y el peso me agobia. Pero los cabritos conocieron por la voz ronca que era el lobo quien llamaba. — No queremos abrir, — dijeron, — tú no eres nuestra madre, que tiene una voz dulce y agradable y la tuya es ronca, tú eres el lobo.

Entonces el lobo se fué a casa de un huevero, compró una docena de huevos, se los comió crudos para afinarse más la voz y se encaminó a casa de la cabrita. Luego llamó a la puerta y exclamó con voz de tiple: — ¡Abrid, hijos míos, soy vuestra mamá que trae algo para cada uno de vosotros! Pero el lobo había asomado su pata negra por la ventana y los cabritos que la vieron exclamaron: — No abrimos, nuestra madre no tiene una pata tan negra como tú; tú eres el lobo.

Se fué el lobo entonces a una panadería y dijo al panadero con voz quejumbrosa: — Me he dado un golpe en el pié, úntamelo de masa. Conseguido su deseo corrió a un molino y dijo al molinero: — Echame harina sobre la pata y Dios te lo pagará. El molinero pensaba: — El lobo quiere engañar a alguien — y se negaba a hacerlo, pero éste le dijo entonces: — Si no lo haces, te devoro.

Entonces el molinero se asustó e hizo lo que pedía. Entonces el lobo volvió a llamar a la puerta por tercera vez y con voz atiplada dijo: — Niños, abrid, soy vuestra mamá que ha vuelto y trae algo bueno del bosque para cada uno de vosotros. Los cabritos exclamaron: — Enseñanos primero tus patas, para que veamos si eres nuestra madre o no. El lobo les enseñó la pata, pero aunque estaba blanca olía muy mal y los cabritos dijeron: — Nuestra madre huele bien, generalmente a patchouli de establo y tú apesta; por consiguiente, eres el lobo. — No, hijos míos, es que al venir he metido la pata, Dios sabe donde, pero vuelvo a perfumarme y vuelvo en seguida.

El lobo marchó a casa de un perfumista y por cinco céntimos le compró un frasco de perfume con el cual se mojó las patas y volviendo a donde estaban los cabritos, dijo: — Esta vez no diréis que no soy vuestra mamá. Abrid pronto que hace mucho frío y no quiero pescar un catarro. Los cabritos creyeron que era su madre la que llamaba y abrieron confiadamente la puerta y el lobo saltó y penetró en la habitación. Entonces los cabritos se asustaron y querían esconderse. Uno saltó debajo de la mesa, otro se escondió en la cama, otro en la estufa, éste en la cocina, aquel en el armario, el sexto debajo del lavabo y el séptimo dentro de la caja del reloj. Pero el lobo los encontró a todos y no guardó con ellos muchos cumplidos; se los devoró uno después del otro, sin mascarlos siquiera para no perder tiempo, de modo que se los tragó enteros. Al único que no pudo encontrar fué al menor que estaba dentro de la caja del reloj.

Después que el lobo hubo saciado su hambre, se marchó; se acostó debajo de un árbol en el prado y se durmió profundamente. Al poco rato volvió la cabra del bosque. ¡Qué horrible espectáculo! La puerta estaba

abierta, las mesas, sillas y bancos por el suelo, la jofaina hecha pedazos, y las mantas y almohadas fuera de la cama y extendidas por la habitación. Buscó a sus hijos y no los encontró en ninguna parte; los llamó uno por uno, pero nadie contestaba, por fin nombró al menor, oyó una débil voceilla que decía: — Querida madre, estoy en la caja del reloj. Lo sacó y el cabrito le contó que el lobo había venido y que había devorado a todos sus hermanos. Fácil es comprender cómo lloraría la pobre madre por la pérdida de sus hijos. Llena de tristeza salió de casa y el cabrito corrió detrás de ella.

Cuando llegaron al prado vieron al lobo que dormía a la sombra de un árbol, haciendo temblar las ramas con sus ronquidos; lo examinaron por todos lados y vieron en su abultada panza algo que se meneaba. — ¡Dios mío! — pensó la cabra — ¿será posible que mis hijos a quienes acaba de cenarse, tengan aún vida? Mandó al cabrito a casa a buscar tijeras, agujas e hilo. Luego abrió al monstruo la barriga, sin que él se despertara, y apenas había dado un tijeretazo, un cabrito asomó la cabeza. Siguió cortando y salieron los seis, uno después de otro, sin haber sufrido el menor daño, porque la fiera en sus ansias se los había tragado enteros. ¡Qué alegría! Todos cubrieron de caricias a su querida madre y saltaron y brincaron.

Entonces su madre les dijo: — Id a buscar piedras con las cuales llenaremos al informe lobo la barriga, mientras esté dormido. Los cabritos trajeron las piedras con toda prisa y le llenaron el vientre. Luego la cabra lo cosió hábilmente sin que el lobo lo notara ni se moviera.

Cuando el animal despertó, levantóse y fué al pozo a beber agua, porque tenía mucha sed. Al andar, las piedras en su barriga, chocando unas contra otras, hacían mucho ruido y el lobo en extremo sorprendido exclamó: — ¿Qué es lo que hace tanto ruido en mi barriga? creía que eran cabritos y son piedras. Cuando llegó al pozo y se inclinó para beber, lo arrastró el peso de las piedras, cayó en el agua y no pudiendo nadar, se ahogó. Cuando los siete cabritos vieron ésto, se acercaron corriendo y en los mayores transportes de alegría exclamaron: — ¡El lobo ha muerto! ¡El lobo ha muerto! Y bailaban alrededor del pozo donde yacía su verdugo.

La madre les acompañó en su alegría y también se dió tres o cuatro volteretas y afiló los cuernos contra un árbol, pero luego reunió a sus hijos en corro y les habló con la mayor gravedad en los siguientes términos: — En el mundo, hijos míos, es preciso estar muy alerta si no quiere uno que le engañen. Para eso debéis tener presente lo que le ocurrió a un gorrión. — ¿Qué le pasó, mamá? — preguntaron a un tiempo los cabritos. — Yo les diré. Al lanzar el primer vuelo unos gorrioncitos recién salidos del nido, mamá gorriona les dijo: Si veis que algún muchacho se baja para coger una piedra, salid volando antes de que os la tire. Uno de los pequeños la interrumpió de pronto diciendo: — Mamá, y si la lleva en la mano, ¿no será mejor huir en cuanto se le vea? — Bien dicho, — exclamaron los cabritos aplaudiendo.

36. EL MEDIO POLLITO.

Había una vez una gallina que cuando sacó los pollos, sacó uno medio y resultó que él era muy trabajador y un día en que pasaba un hombre por la casa del medio pollito, le dijo que si quería un talego de dinero por maíz y el hombre muy alegre le dijo que sí, y cogió el talego de dinero y se fué para su casa.

Pero pasado algún tiempo el medio pollito al ver que el hombre no venía a pagarle el dinero, él se marchó de su casa con dirección a la casa del hombre, pero no pudo encontrar la casa del hombre. Una vez el medio pollito, después de haber andado tanto, encontró una mujer que era bruja y le dijo: — ¿Señora usted no podrá darme una cosa para ver si yo puedo encontrar a un hombre trapalero, que me cogió un talego de dinero por maíz y todavía no ha venido a pagarme? Y entonces ella le dijo que sí, y como ella era bruja en seguida le dijo: — Bueno, ven acá. Y le enseñó el camino para ir a la casa del hombre y le dijo que él había de encontrar por el camino un hormiguero, un pan de avispas y un río que le habían de decir que si lo llevaba, que le dijera que sí.

El medio pollito muy contento le dió las más expresivas gracias por el favor que le había hecho y entonces el medio pollito salió muy contento por el camino que ella le había dicho y al poco tiempo de haber recorrido algunas horas de camino se encontró con un hormiguero que le dijo: — ¡A donde vas? Y él le contestó: — A cobrar un dinero por allí, que me cogieron por maíz y no me han pagado. Entonces el hormiguero le dijo: — ¡Quieres que vaya contigo? Y él le dijo: — Vamos, métete entre mi medio culito.

Y siguieron andando otro largo tiempo y después de haber andado todo ese tiempo encontró un pan de avispas que le dijo: — ¿A donde vás? Y él le dijo: — A la casa de un hombre que vive en la ciudad y me cogió un talego de dinero por maíz y no ha venido a pagarme mi maíz. Entonces el pan de avispas le dijo: — ¿Quieres que vaya contigo? Y él le dijo: — Ven conmigo. Y siguieron andando, y después de haber andado otro largo rato encontró un río que le dijo lo mismo que les había dicho a los demás y se fueron andando a lo largo del camino y cuando de pronto vieron la capital y resulta que la primera casa que habían visto fué la casa del hombre, y cuando en la casa lo habían visto se escondieron para que no los viera el medio pollito.

Pero el medio pollito llegó y saludó a la familia y se subió a la casa y preguntó por el amo de la casa y le dijeron que no estaba allí el hombre, pero ya el medio pollito lo había visto y les dijo: — Bueno, pues yo lo voy a esperar hasta que venga. Y entonces la familia le dijo: — ¡Pero si él no viene!..... Y el medio pollito les dijo: — Yo lo espero.

Y se quedó esperándolo y al poco tiempo, ya casi de noche, le dieron unas ganas de hacer del cuerpo y cogió la escupidera y cuando se puso a hacer del cuerpo y sonó cuando echó la porquería y entonces el medio

pollito dijo: — ¿Y quien está evacuando allí? Y le dijeron que era un hermano de la mujer, que estaba enfermo y se había levantado a hacer del cuerpo. Pero como el medio pollito sabía que él se había escondido y él estaba allí escondido, entonces le dijo al hormiguero: — Salgan hormigas y préndansele del culo al hombre; avispas, sálganse y préndansele del culo. Y le dijo al río: — Salte y ahógalos a todos por trapaleros.

Y así lo hizo, los ahogó y perdieron todo lo que tenían y entonces el medio pollito se apoderó de todo lo que tenía el hombre en la casa y todavía está viviendo allí.

37. EL MEDIO POLLITO.

Esta era una madre que tenía un hijo bobo; su único capital era una gallina, pero nunca podía dejarla echada porque el bobo se le comía casi todos los huevos.

Una vez dejó echada a la gallina con siete huevos y el bobo se los comió y le dejó solamente la mitad de un huevo y la gallina sacó un medio pollo. El medio pollito se crió hasta que llegó a ser grande y una vez que andaba por la montaña buscando gusanos, se halló un tesoro de tres botijuelas de onzas. Entonces se las trajo para la casa y en el camino se encontró con un hombre y le dijo que le diera aquel dinero, que él le daba maíz para que comiera.

Entonces el medio pollo le dió el dinero y quedó de ir al otro día a buscar el maíz a su casa. Al otro día se levantó bien temprano y se fué a buscar el maíz. En su camino se encontró a un perro y le dijo que si se iba con él, y el pollito le dijo que sí, que se fuera. Entonces empezaron a caminar y anduvieron mucho y ya el perro andaba bien cansado y le dijo al medio pollito que no andaba más, porque ya estaba cansado, y entonces el medio pollito le dijo que se metiera en su medio culito, y así lo hizo el perro. Entonces empezó a andar el medio pollito hasta que encontró una piedra muy grande y le dijo que si se iba con él, y el medio pollo le dijo que sí. Entonces empezaron a andar hasta que se cansó la piedra de rodar y le dijo que no rodaba más y entonces se metió en el medio culito del medio pollito. Entonces empezó a andar solo hasta que se encontró con un río muy caudaloso y le dijo que si se iba con él. Entonces empezó a rodar hasta que se cansó también y tuvo que meterse en el medio culito, como los demás; y él siguió andando como siempre y sin cansarse hasta que se encontró con un avispero y le dijo que si se iba con él y el medio pollito le dijo que sí. Y entonces empezó a volar hasta que se cansó de volar el avispero y el medio pollito no se había cansado y todavía no había llegado a donde vivía el señor del maíz, pero después de andar un largo rato más, llegó a donde vivía el señor del maíz y le dijo que iba a buscar el maíz que le había prometido y si no que le diera su tesoro.

El señor le dijo que no le daba nada, que lo que podía hacer era comérselo, y lo cogió y lo amarró en la tablita donde estaba la loza y entonces por la noche le aflojó la piedra y derrumbó toda la loza. Por la mañana trataron de matarlo, pero como estaba tan flaco lo dejaron para el otro día, y por noche también sacó el río de donde lo tenía y entonces derrumbó la cocina sin dejar nada.

Entonces se lo llevaron para un cercado de reses y lo botaron allí hasta que engordara y por la noche se soltó el perro y mató casi todas las reses y por la mañana cuando se levantó el dueño de la casa se encontró con toditas las reses muertas. Entonces cogieron al medio pollo para matarlo y cuando ya iban a matarlo dijo la dueña de la casa que no lo matara hasta que no se le ensuciara en la cabeza y cuando se le fué a ensuciar salió el cacho de avispa y se le pegó de la frente a la vieja y ésta salió dando gritos y saltos y entonces el medio pollo se fué para su casa sin el maíz, pero dejó en la ruina al señor que le quitó el tesoro.

38. EL MEDIO POLLO.

Hubo un medio pollo que salió a buscar trabajo a una casa y le pagaron a doce pesos por mes. Todos los días lo ponían a apilar un grano de café. Trabajó un año, y el día que cumplió le pagaron cuarenta pesos y llegó a su casa y le preguntó la madre: — ¿Medio pollo, eso ganaste? Y le contestó: — Eso me pagaron, mi madre, usted se queda con esos ochavos que yo me vuelvo a ir para que usted se mantenga en lo que yo vengo. El día que cogí el camino me encontré en el camino una lechuza y dijo que se iba conmigo y yo le dije: — Yo no te llevo porque tú vuelas poco y te cansas; pero vente que yo no voy a volar por tí.

Y siguió el medio pollo con la lechuza y a poco la lechuza se cansó y le dijo el medio pollo: — Méteteme en mi culito. Y el medio pollo siguió con ella y más adelante encontró un puerco el medio pollo y el puerco le dijo: — Medio pollo, ¿me voy contigo? Y le dijo: — No, que tú te cansas. — Yo que tengo cuatro patas y tú una nada más. ¿Qué me voy a cansar? Primero te cansas tú.

Y se fueron y a poco que habían andado el puerco se cansó y el medio pollo le dijo: — Entrate en mi culito. Y el puerco se metió.

Y caminó el medio pollo y más adelante encontró una piedra y le dijo la piedra: — Medio pollo, ¿me voy contigo? — No, porque tú te cansas. Y dijo la piedra: — Yo corriendo y rodando llego primero que tú. Y le dijo: — Vente. Siguieron y luego se cansó y dijo el medio pollo: — Entrate en mi culito. Y la piedra se metió en el culito del medio pollo. Y siguieron caminando y más adelante encontró un río y el río le dijo: — Medio pollo, ¿me voy contigo? — No, porque tú te cansas. — Yo corriendo ando más que tú, ¡si tú no tienes mas que una pata! — Vente, yo no voy a correr por tí.

Y siguieron caminando y el río se cansó y le dijo el medio pollo: —

Yo te lo dije, pero ven y métete en mi culito. Y también se guardó el río en el culito del medio pollo y el medio pollo iba para casa del rey a cobrar el dinero de un trabajo que el rey le debía y como fué a cobrar allí el medio pollo su dinero que el rey le debía, le dió coraje al rey con el medio pollo y dijo el rey: — Lo voy a mandar matar. Y les dijo a los peones: — Cojan ese medio pollo y lo lleven al cercado de los animales para que el pollo se muera de estar allí amarrado. Soltó la piedra y dijo el medio pollo: — Piedra, mátame esos animales todos y no dejes ni un solo animal vivo en el cercado.

A los seis días mandó el rey a ver si el medio pollo se había muerto. Vinieron los peones del rey y le dijeron al rey que no había ningún animal vivo y dijo el rey: — Mañana se llevan al medio pollo a las nueve cuerdas de batatas y lo amarran a comer cizaña y allí muere.

Llevaron al otro día al medio pollo al batatal y llegó el medio pollo y soltó al puerco y el puerco llegó y limpió el batatal y a los seis días mandó el rey a ver si se había muerto el medio pollito y fueron los peones y encontraron el batatal sin batatas. Vinieron y le dijeron al rey lo que había hecho el medio pollo, que no había ni un pié de batata, y les dice el rey a sus peones: — Mañana lo llevan al gallinero para que aquellos gallos de buena clase lo maten al medio pollo.

Y al otro día lo llevaron los peones al gallinero y lo amarraron de una estaca y sacó a la lechuza y la lechuza no dejó gallo ni gallina que no mató y el medio pollo se mantenía con las mismas aves, y a los seis días mandó el rey a los peones que fueran a ver si el medio pollo se había muerto, y fueron y vieron lo que había pasado y era que no había ni un ave viva, y vinieron los peones y le contaron al rey lo que había hecho el medio pollo y entonces el rey mandó a los peones que hicieran un gran fogueretín y cogieran al medio pollo y lo quemaran hasta que se hiciera ceniza porque ya le había acabado todo lo que tenía.

Trajeron al medio pollo e hicieron el gran fogueretín y cogieron entre cuatro al medio pollo. Cuando lo alzaron mandó al río que apagaran el fuego y se llevara al rey, al palacio y al establecimiento con todo. Y salió el río y cargó con el rey y con todo y el rey gritó entonces:— Medio pollo ¡por Dios! yo te doy tu dinero y no me ahogues. Y dijo el medio pollo: — Pues dame mis cuartos y no te ahogo. Y el rey entonces le tiró el dinero y el medio pollo entonces mandó al río que se estuviera quieto y cobró sus cuartos y se fué.

39. LA ZORRA Y EL LEÓN.

Una vez había una zorra y un león que se trataban de compadres.

La mujer del león vivía a orillas del Nilo y estaba enferma. Como el león tenía ganas de comerse a la zorra, le dijo que fuera a recetar a su señora.

La zorra se fué a asistir a la leona, pero ésta resopló y la zorra dijo: — ¡No, no, los enfermos no resoplan! — y se tiró abajo y echó a correr.

Los leones se le fueron detrás. La zorra en el camino se encontró al compadre chivo y se juntaron a correr. El chivo pasó el río, pero la zorra no pudo y se hizo una piedrita. Cuando el león y la leona llegaron al río, no se atrevieron a pasar. El chivo le dijo al león: — ¡Tíreme acá esa piedrita, aunque me maté! El león la tiró y como la piedrita era la zorra, cayó saltando al otro lado y entonces le dijo al chivo: — ¡Qué te parece, compadre, que me querían comer!

40. LA ZORRA Y LA LIEBRE.

Había una vez en un campo una zorra y una liebre. Era un día de invierno que hacía mucho frío y ellas no tenían que comer. A lo lejos vieron venir por el camino, una niña con una cesta de quesos. La zorra le dijo a la liebre: — Tú te finges muerta y yo me escondo detrás de este árbol.

La liebre se acostó en el camino y la zorra se escondió. Cuando llegó la niña al árbol vió la liebre y puso el cesto en el suelo para cogerla. Entonces la zorra que estaba escondida cogió el cesto y echó a correr.

De un salto la liebre saltó y se echó a correr junto con la zorra. Después llegaron a un pantano y la liebre le dijo a la zorra que mejor sería coger algún pescadó. La zorra metió el rabo en el hielo y se quedó prendida del hielo.

Entonces la liebre se comió los quesos y la zorra se quedó rabiando prendida del hielo.

41. EL MÚCARO.

Se cuenta que una vez, cuando no había gente en el mundo, solo había aves. Las aves dieron una fiesta e invitaron a todas sus amigas y compañeras. Cuando se reunieron aparecieron todas, menos el múcaro.

El guaraguo quiso ir a buscar al múcaro y lo encontró. El múcaro le dijo que no iba, porque estaba desnudo. Entonces el guaraguo le pidió una pluma a cada ave y lo vistió; así el guaraguo lo llevó a la fiesta. El múcaro tocaba el cuatro.

A la media noche el múcaro se escapó llevándose el flux prestado. Desde entonces solo sale de noche, pues las aves lo buscan para quitarle la pluma.

42. EL GUARAGUAO Y EL MÚCARO.

Cuando yo era pequeño mis amigos me contaron un pequeño cuento en donde había una vez que el guaraguo y todos los pájaros tenían un baile.

Ellos convidaron al múcaro, pero él no quería ir porque no tenía traje y entonces el guaraguo le prestó uno y se fueron para el baile, pero al estar bailando se formó una relucha con el múcaro, el pitirre y el clérigo y cuando ya estaban para pegarse vino el guaraguo y dijo: —

¡Qué pasa aquí! Y dice el múcaro: — ¡Nada, que estos me quieren dar! Y dice el guaraguao: — ¡Aquí no se le dá a nadie! a bailar todo el mundo.

Y se fué el guaraguao a bailar y los dejó. Entonces dice el pitirre: — Yo tengo un cuchillo. Y el clérigo dijo: — ¡Pues tírale! Y el múcaro veló que no lo estuviera velando el guaraguao y se vino con el traje, y por eso dicen que el múcaro no sale sino de noche; siempre está en los bosques por el día.

43. MÚCARO Y CUERVO.

Pués esta era una vez y dos son tres que había la familia de los cuervos y los múcaros.

Cierto día tenían los cuervos que bautizar a uno de sus hijos, pero resultaba que tenían que ir de día y ellos de día no podían ver, pero de noche sí y fueron a casa de los compadres múcaros y se los cogieron prestados. — Nosotros se los prestamos, pero nos los devuelven en seguida.

Y resultó que no se los devolvieron y les llevaron los de ellos y por eso los múcaros ven de noche y de día nó.

44. EL GALLO Y EL MÚCARO.

Había una vez un gallo y un múcaro que eran muy amigos y andaban siempre juntos.

Las guineas y otras aves tenían un baile para la "Noche Buena". El múcaro dijo que acompañaba al gallo, con la condición de que salieran antes de amanecer. El gallo le prometió que saldrían a la hora que él quisiera.

Se fueron para el baile y allá el gallo le presentó las parejas al múcaro. El múcaro llamó mucho la atención a las muchachas.

Como a la media noche, el gallo se fué solo para su casa, sin decirle nada al múcaro. Un poquito antes de amanecer el múcaro buscaba al gallo, pero no lo encontró. Al amanecer se acabó el baile y como el múcaro ya no veía se arrinconó a una esquina debajo de una silla.

Cuando las muchachas, o sea las aves, estaban barriendo y arreglando el salón, una de ellas encontró al múcaro y empezó a llamar a las otras aves. Estas se rieron mucho del múcaro y este ciego como estaba, les cargó a picotazos. Entonces las muchachas lo mataron a tantos escobazos.

45. EL CALLO Y EL MÚCARO.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que en el mundo no había gallos y un señor tenía uno y lo tenía en una jaula y le tenía una sirvienta para cuidarlo; pero un día vino un múcaro y se quedó mirando por las rejas de la jaula al gallo. El múcaro de lo más admirado, le dice: — ¡Ay, *compay*, usted tan bonito y enjaulado! ¿Como pudiera usted salirse de allí? Allá hay un prado lleno de bonitas y hermosas gallinas, pero no

hay ni un gallo. Entonces el múcaro le dijo: — Mire *compay*, le voy a dar un consejo: mañana cuando le traigan la comida usted se pone triste y no la come pára que lo dejen salir.

Bueno, así lo hizo el gallo. Cuando llegó la sirvienta le puso la comida y el agua y no la comió; se puso triste. Entonces fué la sirvienta y le dijo a su amo: — ¡Ay! mi amo, si el gallo está lo más triste y no ha querido comer, más vale que se le abra la puerta para que se vaya a andar. Pero el amo le dijo: — Mira, ni por nada lo dejas salir, que tú sabes que en el mundo no hay más gallos que el mío y se me puede perder.

Ahora, por la noche va el múcaro a visitar al gallo y le dijo: — ¡Adios *compay*! ¿No ha hecho lo que yo le dije? Y el gallo le dice: — Sí, *compay*, ¡si estoy traspasado del hambre y no me han dejado salir! Entonces dijo el múcaro: — Bueno, pues más no es tanto, siga haciendo lo mismo.

Bueno, al día siguiente fué la sirvienta a ponerle la comida y el gallo ni siquiera la miró. Entonces dice la sirvienta: — ¡Bueno, ya el diablo del gallo este me tiene cansada!

Tanto estuvo, que por fin le dejó la puerta abierta. Por la noche, cuando vino el múcaro encontró al gallo afuera y le dijo lo que había hecho. Dice el múcaro al gallo: — ¡Ay *compay*, usted tan bonito y yo tan feo! Y el gallo le dice: — Nada, *compay*, usted se va y busca una pomarrosa y yo le hago un sombrero y se busca también una hoja de plátano para el flux. Bueno, así lo hizo y cuando se vistió el múcaro, se fueron a visitar a las gallinas al prado.

Cuando llegaron, se puso el gallo loco de contento a bailar y a cantar y las gallinas cantando y bailando al ver al gallo y al múcaro en una esquina diciendo: — ¡Cusumbá, cusumbá! Y el gallo: — ¡Cu, cu, ru cu; cu, cu, ru, cu; yo estoy entre las flores!

Pero una vieja y tuerta gallina, madre de las demás le cayó tan feo el múcaro, que no lo dejaba y el trató de esconderse.

Al amanecer los claros del día dijo el múcaro al gallo: — ¡*Compay*, vámonos! Y ahora dice el gallo: — ¡No!, lo que es yo no salgo de aquí; cu, ru, curucucú, curucucú; yo estoy entre las flores.

Ahora vuelve otra vez la gallina tuerta y no dejó más al pobre múcaro; tanto estuvo hasta que lo mató y el gallo se quedó gozando entre las gallinas.

Se acabó mi cuento. Salgo por un callejón y me meto por otro.

46. LA GALLINA Y EL GUARAGUAO.

Pues dicen las gentes que una vez la gallina cogió un aro prestado al guaraguao y se le perdió a ésta.

El guaraguao creo que vino a donde estaba la gallina a buscar el aro y la gallina no se lo devolvió porque le dijo que se le había perdido, que pidiera lo que quisiera por él.

Él le dijo que no quería que se lo pagara sino que se la comía a ella y .

a todos los demás de su familia. La gallina le dijo que no hiciera eso, que ella le buscaría el aro y se lo daría.

Dicen que por eso están siempre las gallinas cavando en la tierra en busca del aro del guaraguao, y por eso es que él mata a las aves y se las come, porque no le han devuelto su aro.

47. LA GALLINA.

Una vez Dios mandó a todos los animales del mundo a que fabricaran un algibe y todos se pusieron a fabricarlo, menos la gallina que se quedó escarbando con su pollito.

Después que todos lo hicieron, la gallina que estaba escarbando le dió sed y se acordó que no había ayudado a hacer el algibe. Entonces fué a donde estaba Dios para que le diera un poco de agua y Dios le dijo que lo cogiera y le enseñara lo que iba a coger.

Por eso es que la gallina cuando va a beber, le enseña a Dios el agua que coge.

48. LA ZORRA.

Pues señor, había una vez una casa de hotel y en la casa había un gallo muy viejo y sabía muchísimo. Siempre que lo iban a matar, no se dejaba coger.

Una vez se presentó por aquel barrio una astuta zorra; no dejaba gallinas ni pollos que no se comiera. Vivía en un cerrito muy cerca de la ciudad y todos los días iba al pueblo; cuando regresaba del pueblo, les llevaba a los zorritos la boca llena de pollos.

Un día se presentó la zorra en la casa del gallo; ese día iban a matar al gallo, pero se huyó al corral. La zorra lo llegó a ver, y tan pronto como lo vió se fué arrimándose a él hasta que lo cogió. Después que lo tuvo en la boca la criada lo vió y empezó a gritar: — ¡Zorra, zorra, deja al gallo; no te lo comas!. Y entonces el gallo le dijo a la zorra: — Dile que yo soy tuyo. La zorra abrió tanto la boca para gritar, que el gallo se fué a volar.

Desde ese día ni en la casa del hotel, ni la zorra, han encontrado al gallo.

49. LA GALLINA RABONA.

Una vez había una gallina y estaba muy gordita.

Un día ella fué a buscar leña y cerca de allí vivía una zorra y la madre. La zorra quería comerse a la gallina y toda la noche se pasó pensando cómo cogería a la gallina, hasta que por la mañana se levantó y le dijo a la madre: — Madre ten el agua caliente para cuando yo vuelva. Y la madre así lo hizo.

Por la mañana la zorra se fué a buscar a la gallina; llegó a la puerta y no estaba la gallina allí. Ella trató de escónderse debajo de la mesa,

pero se le veía el hocico, se escondió debajo de la cama y se le veía la cola. Después se escondió detrás de la puerta. Pronto llegó la gallina con el delantal lleno de palitos y al ver a la zorra se le cayeron los palitos y echó a volar.

Después la zorra empezó a dar vueltas y la gallina se cayó y la zorra la cogió y la echó en un saco. La gallina empezó a llorar tanto que no le fueron suficientes dos pañuelos que llevaba para secarse las lágrimas y se secó con el delantal.

Después buscó unas tijeritas que llevaba y rompió el saco; se salió y echó una piedra en el saco. Cuando la zorra llegó, le preguntó a su madre que si el agua estaba caliente, y ella le dijo que sí.

La zorra fué a echar a la gallina y cayó la piedra en la olla; el agua quemó a las dos zorras y se murieron en seguida y la gallina rabona siguió viviendo feliz.

50. LA GALLINITA Y LA ZORRA.

Había una vez una gallinita que vivía por un monte.

Un día por la mañana que iba a buscar leña se encontró una zorra que la fué corriendo hasta su casa. La gallinita voló a una ventana y la zorra la fué a coger, pero la gallinita voló de nuevo para la tablilla. Allí la zorra como no la pudo coger se puso a dar vueltas hasta que la gallina se puso mareada y cayó al suelo. La zorra la cogió y se fué.

Ya que estaba muy cansada se acostó, pero dió la casualidad que la gallinita tenía un delantal, el delantal tenía un bolsillito y dentro de éste unas tijeritas y unas agujas. La gallinita cortó el saco, después cogió una piedra grande, la metió en él y lo cosió y se fué. Después se despertó la zorra, se fué y le llevó el saco a la madre. — Madre, aquí traigo esta gallina para comérmola. La madre cogió el saco, pero cuando la fué a sacar cayó la piedra en la olla del agua caliente que se viró y ellas que estaban al lado se quemaron y se murieron.

51. LA BANDA DE ANIMALES.

Una vez en un pueblo se reunieron el chivo y el lobo, el perro, el gato y fueron al campo a dar una música y pasaron un pequeño río.

Llegaron a una casa y dieron una música, luego volvieron atrás y encontraron el pequeño río demasiado crecido, que el perro que sabía nadar se tiró cogiendo el gato al hombro y se paró en la otra orilla.

El chivo venía detrás huyéndole al lobo que se lo iba a comer y no pudiendo pasar el río para que el lobo no se lo comiera se enterró en la arena, quedándole la punta del rabo por fuera. Atrás venía el lobo, se paró en la orilla a contemplar el río, mientras el gato y el perro, que entonces eran grandes amigos, estaban en la otra orilla insultándolo. El lobo no había visto el rabo del chivo. Por último en un insulto el perro le dice al lobo: — ¡*Compay*, no tiene usted vergüenza, si no me tira con ese tronconcillo!

Este tronconcillo a que el perro se refería, era la punta del rabo del chivo. El lobo lo cogió con coraje y sin fijarse lo mandó a la otra orilla. Entonces el perro le dice: — ¡Huélase las manos! El lobo se olió las manos y no olían mas que a chivo y se quedó furioso mientras los otros tres siguieron dando su música.

52. CUENTO DEL PEZ Y EL MONITO.

Una vez había un monito arriba de un árbol, a la orilla de un lago. Al mismo tiempo venía una icotea y le dijo que si quería ir a dar un paseo al país de los dragones, que era un país lindísimo que tenía un clima excelente y que se pasaba una vida deliciosa; que le habían puesto el país de los dragones, porque las gentes que habitaban no entendían lo que quería decir dragón.

Pues bién, el monito se alegró muchísimo de haberse encontrado quien lo llevase a dar un paseo gratis a un país el cual él nunca había visto y que al mismo tiempo nunca lo había oído nombrar. Entonces le dijo: — ¿Pero en donde nos vamos a embarcar? Y él le dijo: — En mi concha, te sientas con confianza, que no te pasará nada.

Y entonces el monito brincó y se subió arriba del pez y continuaron nadando y cuando iban por en medio del mar le dijo el pececito al mono: — ¿Tú sabes para qué yo te llevo? Es para coger tu hígado para la reina de nuestro trono que se está muriendo y los médicos dicen que se pondrá buena con el hígado de un mono. Y entonces el monito le dijo: — ¡Sí! al bendito, pero sucede que el hígado se me quedó pegado de aquel palo en donde tú me cogistes, así es que vamos a volver hacia atrás a buscarlo, aunque lleguemos más tarde. Y entonces el pez le dijo: — ¡Vamos! Y viraron y cuando llegaron a la orilla, el monito brincó y cayó arriba del palo y le dijo: — ¡Ay! no está aquí, si te parece ve allá y diles que tú me llevabas por el camino y me dijiste para qué me llevabas y que yo te dije que el hígado se me había quedado y luego brincamos a buscarlo y yo te dije que se lo habían llevado, que volvieras al trono y dijeras que yo me había quedado buscándolo en lo que tú ibas y volvías.

Así lo hizo el pez; se fué y lo dijo a los demás de su trono y entonces el rey mandó que lo mataran.

53. PASCUALITO.

Esta era una vez que había una gallina que tenía ocho pollitos. Cuando los ocho pollitos estaban hechos unos jovencitos, buscó de comadre a una lechuza que constantemente la visitaba.

Por fin llegó el día de ponerles el agua a los pollos. La lechuza decía para sus adentros: — ¡Qué comida voy a hacer con estos hermosos pollos!

Al día siguiente fué a donde estaba la gallina y le dijo: — *Compay*, necesito a dos de vuestros hijos para llevarlos a bautizar y darles un

paseito. Y la gallina como tenía confianza en su futura comadre, les dió permiso. Pero la astuta lechuza hizo con los pobres pollos un gran almuerzo. Así hizo con los demás y solamente dejó a la pobre gallina un solo pollito y ella todavía no escarmentaba con esto.

Un día la gallina llamó a la lechuza y le dijo: — Comadre, un hijo de mis entrañas me queda, éste jamás se separará de mi lado. A mi hijito querido voy a ponerle el nombre de Pascualito. La lechuza le decía que hacía bien, de no dejar a su hijo juntarse con nadie, solamente con ella. Esta muy contenta decía para entre sí: — ¡Qué hermoso está! ¡cuando podré arrebatarse esa presa! La gallina quería muchísimo a su comadre, pero sabía las mañas de ésta y no quería que su querido Pascualito se le quitara del lado.

La lechuza cada día que pasaba, le aumentaban las ganas de comerse a Pascualito, y viendo que ya estaba hecho un gallo, resolvió pedirselo a la comadre prestado para un viaje que tenía que hacer. Al siguiente día le dijo a la comadre: — Comadre, me han convidado para una boda en el campo, yo quiero que usted, como buena comadre deje ir a Pascualito conmigo al campo, que yo lo cuidaré lo mismo que si fuera hijo mío. La gallina, aunque con mucho disgusto le dijo, que por ser ella su única comadre y amiga íntima, dejaría ir a su hijo con ella, con la condición de que lo cuidara bien y no lo dejara solo.

Al otro día madrugaron *compay* lechuza y Pascualito, para irse al campo. Se fueron anda, anda y anda, hasta que llegaron a un bosquecillo. En una rama de un árbol vieron una paloma. La lechuza le dijo: — *Comay* paloma, ¿quiere venirse con nosotros, a unas bodas no muy lejos de aquí? Y como los animales son unos amigos de los otros, aceptó y se fué con ellos.

Siguieron anda, anda y anda, hasta que llegaron a un río; se encontraron con un pato. La lechuza le dijo: — *Compay* pato ¿quiere venirse con nosotros a una boda que hay muy grande cerca de aquí? — Ya que me han convidado, acepto. Y se fué.

Anda, anda y anda, se encontraron con un cuervo, lo convidaron, y se fué.

Anda, anda y anda, más adelante encontraron una guinea. — *Comay* guinea, ¿quiere venirse con nosotros? Le contaron para donde iban y se fué también.

Como ya anohecía y no podían continuar su viaje, según decía la lechuza, decidieron quedarse en un palo de mango que estaba cerca del camino. El pato dijo a sus compañeros: — Como yo no puedo volar, me quedaré aquí en el tronco de este árbol hasta que amanezca para seguir nuestra marcha. La guinea dijo: — Pues yo me voy más arriba de mi *compay* pato. El cuervo dijo: — Pues yo me voy a las ramas de en medio. La paloma dijo: — Pues yo me iré más arribita del *compay* cuervo. La lechuza dijo: — Pues Pascualito se irá al pimpollo y yo más abajito de él.

Así lo hicieron, pero a media noche ¿qué sucede? La *comay* lechuza

se remontó llevando en el pico a Pascualito. Al mismo tiempo despertaron los otros compañeros. La paloma que era la más cerca que estaba de ellos dijo: — ¡Se lo llevaron! ¡se lo llevaròn! Y el pato que estaba oyendo dijo en voz baja: : — ¿A quién, a quién? Y la guinea le respondió: — ¡A Pascual, a Pascual! Y el cuervo dijo: — ¡Eso lo sabía yo, eso lo sabía yo!

Entonces los compañeros de la lechuza esperaron que amaneciera y cada cual se fué cantando bajito para su casa, jurándose no seguir más nunca aventureras.

La lechuza se comió a Pascualito y no volvió jamás a donde estaba su comadre. La gallina se quedó esperando a su comadre y a su hijo Pascualito, por el resto de su vida.

54. EL BURRO VIEJO.

Una vez había en un cercado un burro que de tanto muermo que tenía, había infestado a los otros que había en el cercado.

Una tarde que había caído un aguacero, el burro se ocupaba en rascarse el piojillo en un estante de un rancho, que le servía de guarnición. Entonces el amo dijo que al día siguiente iba a mandar a que matasen aquel animal.

Por la noche, al acostarse a dormir la gente, el burro siguió comiendo por los alrededores de la casa hallando la puerta abierta; y se salió de allí y se fué a correr fortuna.

Después que éste salió y había andado varias horas se encontró un perro ceniciento que al día siguiente le iban a echar un lazo para guindarlo de un árbol. El burro se le acercó y le dijo que si quería irse a correr fortuna y él le dijo que sí.

Después de haber andado largo rato llegaron a un árbol donde ya cerca de la mañana se encontraron con un gallo y que estaba despidiéndose de su amo, porque al otro día lo iban a matar. Estos se le acercaron y le dijeron que si no quería irse a correr fortuna con ellos y él dijo que sí.

Al haber andado poco rato, ellos empezaron a hablar y entonces el burro contó la historia de lo que le pasaba, y todos hicieron lo mismo.

Después de algunos días de caminata, ya no podían andar de tanta hambre que tenían y las fuerzas no les ayudaban para seguir caminando. Entonces el burro dijo que mejor quería que lo hubieran matado al otro día para no estar pasando tanta hambre. Todos dijeron lo mismo y empezaron a andar de nuevo.

Después de haber andado largo rato llegaron a un árbol donde el burro empezó a rascarse el piojillo mientras el perro se acostó en la raíz de un árbol y el gallo se subió a una de las ramas altas del árbol donde divisó una luz de una casa de los bandoleros. Estos emprendieron la marcha hacia la luz, por dentro de la montaña hasta que llegaron a

la casa. La manera como estos hicieron para poder llegar fué la siguiente: El gallo se subió a un árbol y empezó a volar de árbol en árbol, y el perro y el burro por el suelo, siguiéndole los pasos al gallo llegaron al sitio a donde iban.

Al llegar a la casa en seguida rompieron a cantar el aguinaldo, todos a una voz y la gente les cogió miedo y se echaron a huir. Estos se despidieron, entraron en la casa y se encontraron con una mesa puesta, en la cual había lechón asado y otras muchas cosas más. Estos se las comieron y después de un rato el perro se acostó en las cenizas, el gallo se subió a la cocina y el burro se fué a completar a una mancha de hierba.

55. LOS ANIMALES MÚSICOS.

Había una vez un hombre que tenía una mula, y porque ésta era muy vieja la abandonó, no dándole ni comida y pegándole hasta que un día ésta cogió y se fué andando por un camino donde encontróse con un perro que salió ladrándole y queriéndola morder. Entonces la mula le dijo: — ¡Hola! compadre perro, ¿usted por allí? Este le contestó: — Sí, porque mi amo me ha botado y ando errante. — Bueno, — le dijo la mula, — ¿quiere usted irse conmigo? Él le contestó: — Muy bien.

Siguieron juntos y encontraron un gallo que tenía un ojo sacado y una espuela rota. Ambos le hablaron para que se fuera con ellos; él los acompañó. Más adelante encontraron un pato y se fué con ellos. Siguieron su camino y vieron un gato, que también se lo llevaron.

Al poco rato llegaron a la casa de los bandoleros, los cuales estaban almorzando y al llegar ellos y darles una música, cogieron estos miedo abandonando la casa y corriendo lejos. Los animales subieron arriba y comieron algo de lo que los bandidos habían dejado. Después, al llegar la noche, el gallo se subió a una vara que había puesta en el tabique; el gato en las hornillas del fogón; la mula en la entrada de la puerta y el pato en el suelo.

Poco después uno de los bandoleros llegó a la casa de noche, a ver como estaba la cosa. Subió y fué al fogón donde estaba el gato y le cogió los ojos creyendo que era una brasita de candela; el gato lo arañó y él huyó en seguida, cogiéndolo el perro y mordiéndolo y al ir a bajar, la mula lo pateó tirándolo abajo. El pato bajaba, como ellos acostumbraban hacer y el bandido creía que era que el pato le decia que fuera allá para herirlo.

Este corrió donde estaban los otros compañeros y les contó lo que le había pasado. Entonces todos ellos juntos vinieron a la casa donde los animales les cayeron detrás y éstos huyendo cayeron en un río donde todos murieron ahogados.

56. EL HOMBRE Y EL LOBO.

Una vez un lobo estaba reposando en la sombra de un árbol y al mismo tiempo que el animal estaba dormido el árbol fué derribado por el viento atrapando al lobo con su tronco.

Después de permanecer por largo tiempo, se apareció por aquel sitio un leñador; entonces el lobo le dijo: — Sácame de aquí. — No, porque me comes. Y el leñador conmovido levantó el árbol y dió libertad al animal, pero al verse libre pensó devorar al pobre hombre que le había hecho tanto bien. El hombre le dijo con voz lastimera: — No me comas. Entonces hicieron un tratado: que si había tres animales que contestasen la misma pregunta que él hacía, no le haría daño.

Se pusieron en marcha y el primero que encontraron fué un buey y le preguntó el lobo: — ¿Con qué se paga un bien? — Un bien con un mal se paga, porque yo le he dado bastantes servicios a mi amo y ahora me hallo abandonado, sin protección. Ya ves si un bien con un mal se paga.

Pero el hombre no estaba contento con esa sentencia; siguieron adelante. Después de andar por mucho tiempo, encontraron un burro y le preguntó: — ¿Burro, con qué se paga un bien? — ¡Ah! si, un bien con un mal se paga, porque mi amo después de tantos trabajos recibidos de mí me ha abandonado! Me estoy muriendo de hambre y sed. — ¡Vamos! ¿No estás conforme?

Siguieron adelante cuando encontraron un zorro. Le preguntó en seguida: — Zorro ¿con qué se paga un bien? — Un bien se paga con un bien.

Entonces para sentenciar mejor hay que volver al árbol. El hombre alzó el árbol dejando al lobo atrapado, gracias al buen zorro.

57. EL HOMBRE QUE SABIA EL LENGUAJE DE LOS ANIMALES.

Había una vez un hombre que entendía el lenguaje de los animales. Llegó un día en que se casó, y por desgracia la mujer era de las que gustaba saberlo todo.

El se llamaba José y vivía en una casa de campo; tenía varios animales que él mismo cuidaba; entre ellos había un burro, un buey y algunas aves.

Cierto día que estaba él sentado en la escalera de la casa, oye que el buey le decía al burro: — Amigo, todo el día me tienen labrando la tierra para de noche ponerme a comer unas cuantas hierbas secas. Entonces contesta el burro: — Amigo, porque tú eres un bobo, haz lo que yo te voy a decir: mañana cuando te vayan a sacar a trabajar, hazte el enfermo y aunque te muelan los sesos a palos no vayas.

José que todo lo había oído, rióse del consejo que le estaba dando el burro al buey. En esto vino su señora y le preguntó que de qué se reía. El le dijo que no era de nada, pues se le estaba prohibido divulgar el secreto. Ella al ver que él no le quería decir, empezó a llorar.

Al otro día fueron a sacar al buey del establo para llevarlo a trabajar, pero por más que le dieron no fué a donde lo iban a llevar. Ya cansado el peón lo tuvo que dejar y entonces le tocó al burro hacer el trabajo del buey. Esto, por consiguiente no le gustó al burro, que pasó todo el día trabajando más que antes, y por la noche tenía muy poca comida.

Al día siguiente hizo lo mismo el buey y le tocó otra vez al burro, trabajar por el buey. Pero este era algo listo y por la noche cuando fué a donde estaba el buey le dijo: — Oye amigo, ¿tú no sabes lo que ha dicho nuestro amo? pues que mañana bién temprano si tú no quieres ir al trabajo, que te maten para aprovechar el cuero, porque tú estás muy viejo y no sirves para nada.

El buey al saber lo que le iba a suceder, tan pronto lo vinieron a buscar al otro día para enyugarlo se levantó y fué al trabajo más contento que nunca. El burro lo que le dijo al buey fué mentira, volvió a trabajar lo de costumbre y más nunca le volvió a dar consejos al buey.

Mientras esto pasaba entre estos dos animales, la mujer de José seguía preguntándole al marido la causa de su risa. Él al ver los deseos que ella tenía de saber porqué se reía iba a decirle el secreto que le costaba la vida. Por la tarde sentóse triste en la escalera, cuando salió un gallo cantando y un perro que se hallaba cerca de él le dice: — ¿Tienes cara de estar tan contento cuando nuestro amo va a perder la vida? Y el gallo preguntó la causa al perro y cuando supo lo que era dijo: — ¿Por qué nuestro amo no coge a su señora y le dá un buen castigo, para que no vuelva a preguntar lo que a ella no le interesa saber?

Tan pronto como José oyó lo que decía el gallo, fué a donde se hallaba la mujer y al preguntarle ella otra vez, éste le dió un merecido castigo, siguiendo el consejo del gallo, según el buey también siguió el del burro.

58. EL HOMBRE SABIO.

Una vez había un hombre que conocía el lenguaje de los animales.

Un día, estando en el balcón con su señora, se sonrió de lo que el buey le decía al asno. El buey le decía que él estaba muy estropeado, porque él tenía que trabajar todos los días. Y el asno le contestó: — Pues nada, haz lo que yo hago. Por la mañana cuando me vienen a llevar al trabajo, me hago el enfermo. El buey le contestó: — Pues nada, cogeré tus consejos.

Al otro día por la tarde le preguntó el asno al buey qué tal había pasado el día. El buey le contestó: — Cogí tus consejos y me dejaron descansar y mañana haré lo mismo.

Al otro día el buey no quería trabajar y el peón le dijo al amo lo que pasaba y entonces el amo le dijo: — Mañana hay que vender el buey.

Por la tarde el asno volvió a preguntarle al buey qué tal estaba. Entonces él le dijo que al día siguiente le costaría trabajar porque lo iban a matar. Desde aquel día la señora del hombre quería que él le dijera

cómo él podía entender a sus animales. El hombre se puso muy triste porque no podía declarar su secreto, porque le causaba la muerte. Así fué que se negó a hacerlo y su señora no lo dejaba tranquilo preguntándole lo mismo todo el día.

Una tarde, asomado otra vez el hombre muy triste en el balcón oyó al asno que le decía al gallo: — Mi amo está triste, porque la mujer quiere que le descubra el secreto de como nos entiende a nosotros. Y el gallo le contestó: — Pues nada, que haga como yo hago, que tengo dos o tres mujeres y cuando se ponen a pelear les entro a palos y las compongo en seguida. Oyó el hombre lo que el gallo le decía al asno. En seguida el hombre cogió un palo, encerró a su mujer y le entró a palos.

Pronto la mujer le pedía a voces que no la castigara más, que ya no quería saberlo.

59. LA AVISPA Y EL MOSQUITO.

Había una vez una avispa y un mosquito los cuales tenían una amistad muy buena y ya se trataban de compadres.

Cierto día la avispa dijo: — ¿*Compay*, vamos a pescar al río? Y el mosquito respondió. — Vamos, *compay*.

Salieron el mosquito y la avispa a ver si cogían algún pez, porque querían aquel día comer pescado.

Cuando llegaron al río se pusieron a pescar y el mosquito decía: — *Comay*, yo estoy en una parte en que hay muchísimas anguilas. Y la avispa contestaba: — Mire, *compay*, aquí *onde* yo estoy está el *pé* a montón y *toavía* no he *podío* cogé ninguno.

El mosquito, que mientras la avispa le hablaba estaba luchando con una anguila, hizo un esfuerzo, llegó y la agarró bién y dijo: — ¡*Compay*, mire *pequé* una anguila del gordo de mis *pienas*!

La avispa al oír tal exclamación por su compadre, se echó una carcajada tan grande que se partió en dos mitades.

60. LOS TRES AMIGOS.

Una vez había tres amigos: el gato, el chivo y el pato.

Salieron a correr fortuna y se encontraron una cabeza de león vieja; la metieron en un saco y se la llevaron a su casa.

Al mucho tiempo fueron al bosque y se llevaron la cabeza del león. Se perdieron, y buscando por donde salir vieron una luz a lo lejos y siguieron en su dirección. Por fin llegaron y hallaron una casa. Era la casa de los leones.

Cuando notaron que era una vivienda de leones, se aterrorizaron mucho, pero como tenían mucha hambre, dijeron a los leones que allí vivían que les dejaran coser unas cabezas de leones que llevaban estos consigo, a lo que los leones contestaron, con mucho gusto que sí. Su intención era la de comérselos y querían que murieran satisfechos. El

chivo le dijo al gato que le diera una de aquellas cabezas de leones para hacer la cena. Cuando le presentaba la cabeza decía que se la cambiara por otra más pequeña, lo que repitieron varias veces, para hacer creer los leones que ellos eran matadores de leones.

Después de cenar les dijeron que si los dejaban pasar allí la noche. Ellos no con mucho gusto les dijeron que se quedaran allí.

Entre los leones había uno muy fiero llamado el bolo, a quien habían encargado la matanza de los tres amigos. Los tres amigos se subieron a una solera que había en la casa y como a media noche se cayó el chivo al suelo, haciendo gran ruido al caer, lo que hizo despertar y amedrentar a los leones más. Cuando cayó el chivo, el gato dijo: — ¡Chivo, al bolo que es el más malo!

El león bole creyó que el gato le había dicho que matara primero al bolo que era el más malo, y se fué a donde estaban sus compañeros y les dijo: — ¡Huyamos, que estos visitantes nos quieren matar! Así es que lo mejor es que nos vayamos para el bosque. Todos los leones se fueron y les dejaron la casa a los tres amigos.

Por la mañana el gato se paró en la puerta y empezó a pasarse la pata por la cara, el chivo se paró en otra puerta y empezó a mirar a todas partes y el pato se fué a meter el pico a un lodazal que había en los alrededores de la casa.

Uno de los leones se puso a mirar hacia la casa y vió lo que los amigos hacían y dijo a sus compañeros: — Aquel señor está amolando una navaja para matarnos; el otro más chiquito está haciendo el hoyo para enterrarnos y el otro más grande mira para ver si nos ve. Entonces dijeron los leones: — No podemos volver más a nuestra casa, porque perderemos nuestras vidas; así es que debemos irnos más lejos donde no nos encuentren y dejémosles la casa a ellos.

Así lo hicieron, y los tres amigos fueron dueños de toda la casa de los leones.

61. EL ÁGUILA Y LA GATA.

Allá, por tiempos remotos había un águila y una gata que eran comadres. Luego pasaban sus ratos hablando de sus asuntos.

Un día se le ocurrió a la gata decirle a su comadre que tenía muchos deseos de ir al cielo. Entonces el águila le dijo que eso era muy fácil y ella misma podía llevarla. — ¿De qué modo, comadre? — preguntó la gata. — Pues usted puede agarrarse bién de mí, pero con mucho cuidado, no me vaya a arañar, porque si no la suelto. Dijo el águila. — Haré todo lo posible, comadre.

Cuando iban ya bién alto, la gata se iba mareando y le parecía que se iba a caer y se agarraba cada vez más. — ¡No me arañe comadre, porque la suelto! — repetía el águila. Pero la gata lo que quería era no caerse.

Tanto fué que el águila no pudiendo resistir tantos arañazos, la soltó. Cuando la gata venía para abajo decía: — ¡Si de esta escape y no muero, no vuelvo al cielo!

62. EL SAPO Y LA GUINEA.

Una vez un sapo y una guinea se pusieron en porfía a ver quien corría más, pero el sapo le ganó a la guinea del siguiente modo:

Antes de ir a la porfía el sapo se puso en combinación con los demás sapos, de que cuando se fueran a la porfía o cuando se fueran a echar, todos los demás sapos se pusieran en fila uno detrás del otro, derechos hasta el sitio destinado.

Antes de ponerse a correr hicieron un convenio de que si el sapo ganaba se treparía en la cabeza de la guinea a hacerle una calva y si la guinea le ganaba lo mataría.

Bueno, el caso fué de que al ir a la porfía, claro está, que como los sapos eran tantos, la fila de sapos casi llegaba hasta el lugar destinado y el sapo que había hecho la porfía y que iba delante llevándole muchas leguas de ventaja, le decía:

— ¡*Compay*, eche *pa lante*, que yo no estoy *cansao*!

Y al terminar la carrera o la porfía llegó el sapo que había hecho la contrata al lugar destinado, primero.

Y según la contrata que habían hecho, el sapo se le trepó encima de la cabeza de la guinea y le hizo una calva y por eso es que todas las guineas son calvas.

63. LA GATA EN EL ALMACÉN.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que si no es harina será café, que allá en épocas muy remotas había una gata que tenía cuatro gatitos y vivían en una cueva y todos los días salía la gata a robar a las tiendas para traerles el sustento a sus hijos, pero ella no quería que sus hijos supieran como ni de donde ella sacaba aquello, para que ellos no aprendieran a robar. Ella les decía que era en una tienda donde ella cogía y pagaba semanariamente, porque a ninguna madre le gusta que sus hijos tengan malas costumbres. La gata traía tocino, jamón, bacalao, manteca y muchas cosas más, pero buenas todas.

Un día fué tanto lo que robó que los amos del almacén la estaban velando para cuando volviera. Al otro día volvió, pero eran tantos los vigías que no pudo robar nada aquel día. — ¿Qué hago yo sin llevar nada para aquellos animalitos? Y después pensó ir a una botica a pedir una receta a ver qué se podía robar de allí. Ella le dijo al amo de la botica: — Aquí vengo a que me de una medicina y los alimentos, porque yo soy una pobre y no los puedo comprar. — ¡Como no, hija, yo te doy la medicina y los alimentos, pero ven mañana y llevarás todo, medicina y alimentos!

Y ella se fué y vino al otro día. Cuando ella llegó le dijo que había venido a lo que antes le había dicho. Entonces el boticario le dió una receta y además le dió un saco lleno con la boca amarrada con un señor

perro llamado "veneno" y le dijo que no soltara el saco hasta que no llegara a un prado donde no hubiera árboles de ninguna clase. Y ella le dijo: — Doctor ¿y cómo voy yo a tomar todas estas medicinas? — No, hija, dale el papel a un señor que te lea la receta, que allí va todo explicado como las vas a tomar. Pero eso sí, cuando las estés tomando no puedes salir ni nada. Ya sabes lo que te dije de los alimentos; no sueltes el saco sino donde yo te dije. — Sí, señor — dijo ella. Y se fué y cuando anduvo una distancia muy larga donde no halló ni un árbol, ni matas ningunas ella dijo: — Aquí es buen sitio de yo hacer lo que el doctor me dijo. Y soltó el saco y cuando ella vió que era un perro tan grande, arrancó adelante y el perro se le echó detrás a matarla y ella corre y corre y alcanzó a pasar por la puerta de la cueva donde estaban los gatitos todos asomados esperándola con mucha hambre.

Cuando ella venía un poco lejos de la cueva, uno de los gatitos se asomó y dijo: — Allá viene mamá y el dependiente mayor la viene corriendo detrás. Y cuando ella pasó por la cueva todos los gatitos le gritaban: — ¡Ay, mamá va pagando las verdes y las maduras! ¡Uy! mamá.

Y cuando al fin la gata ya muerta de cansada encontró una palma y se pudo salvar el perro regresó a su casa y la gata a su cueva y cuando los gatitos la vieron venir salieron diciendo llorando: — ¡Mamá! ¿usted era la que iban corriendo por allí? — Sí, yo era, porque todo lo que yo traía aquí para ustedes era robado y hasta hoy estuve yo robando para ustedes; desde hoy en adelante ustedes tienen que vivir como puedan. Si robando, robando; si trabajando, trabajando.

Y por eso es que los gatos roban tanto, porque la gata se fué y no les dió más alimento.

Colorín colorado, ya mi cuento está terminado.

64. EL BAILE DE LOS ANIMALES DE CUERNOS.

Se reunieron una vez los animales que tienen cuernos para dar un baile en un vapor.

Como todos ellos querían bailar y necesitaban un animal que no tuviera cuernos para que les tocara la bomba, que era por aquel entonces el instrumento por ellos preferido, al efecto, alquilaron un perro muy humorista y buen músico de bomba.

Un gato muy buen mozo y por ende muy enamorado, quiso asistir al baile. Es bien sabido que los gatos no tienen cuernos y por tanto, nuestro gato no podría asistir a dicho baile; pero él era muy astuto y decidido e inmediatamente compró dos velas de sebo y se las puso de cuernos.

Se celebraba el baile y en medio de su pompa y esplendor, se presentó el gato danzando con una gran pareja. Al notar el perro que el gato se había puesto unos cuernos empezó a tocar y cantar: — ¡Tuntucutún, cutún, tucututucutún! Ese gato tiene los chifles de sebo, ese gato tiene los chifles de sebo.

Entonces lo cogieron, le quitaron las velas de sebo y lo arrojaron al mar.

Desde esta vez, los gatos le tienen mucho miedo al agua y son enemigos a muerte del perro.

65. UN BAILE A BORDO.

A bordo de un buque hubo una vez un concierto de los animales que tenían cuernos.

Esta noticia llegó a oídos del perro y del gato, pero como ellos no los tenían decidieron hacer unos de papel. El perro se los puso en las orejas y meneó la cabeza a ver si se le caían; pero se le aguantaron. Quiso el gato probarlo también, pero se le caían cada vez que meneaba la cabeza. Tan cansado estaba ya el perro de tanto esperar a su amigo que le dijo que se iba solo, y se lanzó al mar. Antes de llegar el perro a bordo el gato le gritaba al capitán del buque que aquel que iba para allá era un perro.

Por fin llega a bordo donde están sus compañeros tocando y bailando al compás de la música. Tomó asiento y se puso a tocar con su violín.

Llegó entonces la hora de comer; todos dejaron de tocar y se sentaron a la mesa. Quiso el capitán probar al perro y empezó a cortar la carne dejando un hueso con alguna y lo tiró debajo de la mesa. Saltó el perro y lo cogió y entonces vieron los allí presentes que aquel era un perro. El perro antes de que lo cogieran se lanzó al mar por una ventanilla del buque.

El gato estaba en la orilla riéndose y gozando de haberle hecho pasar un susto a su amigo. Llegó el perro a la orilla, pero el gato antes que su amigo le diera, se subió a un árbol.

Desde entonces se dice que el gato y el perro son enemigos.

66. HISTORIA DEL CONEJO.

Esta era una vez que había un conejo que tenía un baile en el cielo y convidó a todos los pájaros; convidó a las garzas, los pitirres, a los ruiseñores, etc., y la noche del baile fueron todos los que eran invitados, pero el conejo era el único que no podía ir al cielo porque no tenía alas.

Pero los otros que iban para el baile se fueron. ¿Y el conejo que hizo? Se habló con una garza y le dijo: — ¿Amigo, de qué manera usted me llevaría al cielo? — Pues de esta manera — dijo el conejo; — usted me coge ahora, me envuelve en un paño y la dice a uno de sus compañeros: 'Tenga ese lío, como usted se vá primero que yo, llévemelo, es de ropa; cuando llegue me lo pone detrás de la puerta'.

Así lo hizo la garza, lo cogió y le dijo a su amiga: — ¡Tenga, lléveme este lío. Y cuando llegó al cielo, la garza cogió su lío y lo puso detrás de la puerta y cuando llegó la otra garza, le preguntó: — ¿Dónde está el lío? — Allí está detrás de la puerta. Y la garza fué detrás de la puerta y

le dijo: — ¡Yo estoy aquí! Ahora van a tocar. Cuando empezaron a tocar decían los otros pájaros: — ¿Dónde está el amo del baile? Y dijo la garza: — ¿Dice usted el amo del baile? Yo lo dejé por el camino. Pues la garza hizo lo mismo que le dijo el conejo. Cuando los pájaros preguntaron la garza dijo: — Cuando yo venía lo encontré por el camino.

El conejo no venía y los músicos empezaron a tocar y los pájaros a bailar, cuando al poco rato fué la garza detrás de la puerta y soltó al conejo. Entonces salió y dijo: — Buenas noches. Y los otros pájaros le dijeron: — Buenas noches. Y el conejo dijo: — ¡Música, música! Y empezaron a tocar y estuvieron bailando hasta por la mañana.

Entonces cogieron para sus casas, pero la garza no se acordó del conejo y se fué y el conejo se quedó. Cuando lo vió la Virgen le dijo: — ¿De qué manera te irás para la tierra? Yo voy a coger muchas tiras para añadir las y amarrarte.

Cuando lo echó para la tierra le dijo: — Cuando llegues, mueve la tira. Pero el conejo cuando iba por el medio del camino, para acabar de llegar más pronto, movió la tira y la Virgen la soltó y el conejo cayó al suelo, se achocó y se murió.

67. EL LEON, EL CABRITO Y EL CHIVO.

Una vez, hace mucho tiempo, vivían en una cueva un león, un cabrito y un chivo. El cabrito y el chivo tenían que buscarle el alimento al león todos los días.

Sucedió que un día llovió mucho y estos no pudieron salir a buscarle comida. Entonces el león que ya tenía hambre, trató de cogerlos para comérselos, pero ellos echaron a correr y el león echó a correr detrás de ellos hasta la orilla de un río, donde el cabrito saltó al otro lado y el chivo no pudiendo brincar se escondió debajo de unas basuras.

Luego llegó el león a la orilla también y tampoco pudo brincar, pero le tiraba al cabrito con todo lo que encontraba; piedras y basuras. Una vez cogió la basura donde estaba el chivo escondido y la tiró al otro lado. Ya el chivo también estaba salvo y el león enfurecido trataba de pasar al otro lado, pero no lo consiguió. Cada uno de ellos se echó a andar por su lado.

Largo tiempo después, el león encontró al cabrito en un gran bejucal; entonces el cabrito pensó que iba a morir, pero muy pronto buscó manera de salvarse, pues le dijo que estaba en aquel bejucal empatándose en bejuco, porque iba a venir una tormenta y todos los que no estuviesen empatados en bejuco iban a perecer de frío y a ser arrebatados por el viento. El león viendo que estaba en aquel peligro le dijo al cabrito que si quería salvarse que lo empatara a él primero. El cabrito se puso a cortar bejuco y en poco rato tuvo el que necesitaba. En seguida se puso a la obra; al cabo de dos o tres horas tenía al pobre león que ya no podía ver, ni casi respirar, pues le había tapado con el bejuco toda la

cabeza. Allí se quedó el pobre león sin poderse mover y unos cuantos meses estuvo sin comer, hasta que se pudrieron los bejucos. Entonces salió flaquísimo, muriéndose. El cabrito se había ido no se sabía para donde. Lo cierto fué que hasta mucho tiempo después no se volvieron a encontrar y el león lo buscaba para matarlo.

Cuando el león lo volvió a encontrar estaba arrimado a una pared y cuando el cabrito vió al león pensó que ya no encontraría medio de salvarse, pero en seguida puso las patas delanteras en la pared y cuando el león estaba debajo de esta, le dijo: — ¡Yo aquí estoy sujetando esta pared que se está cayendo y si la suelto nos va a caer encima y nos matará; usted debía sujetármela aquí mientras yo voy a buscar una estaca para ponérsela para sujetarla! El león pensó y dijo: — Tan pronto como aseguremos la pared me lo comeré. Pero el propósito del cabrito era dejarle allí y él irse, y así lo hizo: se fué.

El león se quedó sujetando la pared y el cabrito no aparecía y allí murió de hambre, el pobre león, porque después no se atrevía a soltar la pared creyendo que le iba a caer encima. El chivo se había muerto, con seguridad, porque no se había vuelto a oír hablar más de él, pero el cabrito como astuto, vivió mucho tiempo después.

Salgo por un callejón y entro por otro y el que me está oyendo que me cuente otro.

68. EL GATO Y EL RATÓN.

Esta era una vez que había un ratón que tenía una hacienda y tenía los otros ratones trabajando en la hacienda. Ahora él les decía a los peones: — ¡Hale, hale, *compay*! todavía no ha ganado los cuatro reales, ni el terrón de azúcar.

Bueno, un día se aparece el *compay* gato y en seguida todos los ratones se escondieron, menos el amo de la hacienda y le dice el *compay* gato: — Buenos días, *compay* ratón.

El ratón se los contestó, pero cagándose de miedo. En seguida el gato se fué a vivir a la casa del ratón y mandó a buscar a la familia; la gata y los gatitos. En seguida el ratón lo puso de mayordomo, pero siempre estaba con la idea de matarlo descuidado, pero el gato le dijo a su mujer: — Ahora yo me voy a hacer el enfermo, a ver lo que hacen los ratones. En seguida el ratón Bombón fué a buscar al médico, pero le dijo cuando venían por el camino, que le diera veneno al gato, para que se muriera.

Así lo hizo el médico, pero el gato no lo bebió, y cuando el médico se fué el gato se hizo el muerto. En seguida se pusieron a llorar la familia del gato y los ratones estaban muy contentos.

En seguida el ratón Bombón mandó a hacer la caja; ya hecha metieron al gato y lo embarcaron en un bote para echarlo en los golfos de la mar, y el ratón Bombón era el cura y cuando iban por el mar, el ratón Bombón que era el cura y cantó al muerto: — Ahora sí el mundo está bueno, que ya el gato se acabó — y los ratoncitos contestaban: — ¡Chuí, chuí! — Ahora sí el mundo está bueno, que ya el gato se acabó. ¡Chuí, chuí!

Pues bién, cuando iban bién lejos se levantó el gato y dió un salto y cojió al ratón Bombón y lo mató y los otros ratoncitos se tiraban al agua y los que no lo hacían el gato los mataba.

Entonces volvió el gato a tierra y se quedó con la hacienda para él.

Y se acabó mi cuento, con ají, limón y pimienta y los amigos que me están oyendo que me cuenten otro.

69. COMPAE GATO Y COMPAE RATÓN.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que había un gato que andaba por un bosque cuando se encontró con un ratón y le dijo: — ¡Oh! *compae* ratón, ¿qué dice? Pero el ratón no se le acercó creyendo que el gato se lo iba a comer. Entonces el gato le dijo que él no se lo comería, pero que si quería hacer una sociedad. Entonces se juntaron los dos y se fueron a hacer una casa.

Al día siguiente, el gato le dijo al ratón que se fuera a sembrar un maíz, que él se quedaba haciendo la grosura. Entonces el gato le dijo que si le llevaba el almuerzo a la tala, pero el ratón le dijo que él vendría a la casa a almorzar, pero que no se le olvidara de llamarlo.

Entonces el ratón se fué y al llegar a la tala llamó a todos los ratones del bosque para que le ayudaran, pero ya era hora de almorzar y el gato dijo: — ¡*Compae* ratón, véngase a almorzar! Entonces el ratón vino y almorzó y se volvió a ir y al llegar a la tala hizo lo mismo. Pero ya habían cosechado el maíz y cuando el ratón se iba para la tala venía y le decía al gato que se habían robado el maíz.

Al otro día el gato compró velas y dijo para sí: — Esta noche voy a ver si *compae* ratón me quiere mucho. Cuando el ratón se fué para la tala, el gato prendió las velas en una mesa, se acostó y se hizo el muerto. Cuando el ratón vino y encontró al muerto, llamó a todos los ratones pata el velorio, hasta que se llenó la casa de ratones; unos tenían guitarras y otros huesos para tocar.

Entonces empezaron a cantar y a tocar y los que cantaban decían: — ¡Ahora sí que estamos bién! que ya *compae* gato murió.

Pero mientras ellos estaban cantando, el gato abrió los ojos y entonces cantaban de esta manera: — ¡Ahora sí que estamos mal! que ya *compae* gato vive.

Entonces el gato se levantó a comer ratones y hubo ratón que pagaba las cuerdas a veinte reales.

Me meto por un callejón y salgo por otro, y a mi compañero que me cuente otro, que mi cuento se acabó y se lo llevó el viento.

70. LA CABRITA Y LA NINA.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres que había una madre que tenía una niña. La niña encontró unas semillas de calabazas y le dijo que no las sembrara pero ella siempre las sembró.

Al otro día nació una mata con una calabaza del tamaño de la casa. La niñita decía que la iba a cortar con un hacha y fué y la cortó. Después de cortarla, la calabaza le siguió detrás; ella se metió en la casa pero ella la sacaba.

Después la niñita fué a donde estaba un buey y el buey le dijo: — ¡Por mis cuernos te he de salvar! Y cuando llegó a donde estaba la calabaza le dijo: — ¡Corre tú, que yo también correré!

Después fué a donde estaba un burro y un caballo y el caballo le dijo: — ¡Por mis largas patas te salvaré! Y cuando llegó la calabaza le dijo: — ¡Corre que yo correré también! Entonces la niña cogió por una montaña muy alta por la que tenía que pasar un arroyo y como sabía nadar lo pasó al cabo del momento. Ella decía que ella no iba hasta allá.

En medio de esa montaña había una casita en la que vivía una cabrita y estaba cocinando tres granos de arroz; sacaba uno y le quedaban los tres mismos. Cuando llegó la niñita le dijo: — ¿Qué traes? Y ella le dijo: — ¡Una calabaza que me quiere comer! — ¡Pues métete allí debajo de mi cama. Y ella se metió.

Cuando la calabaza estaba llegando la cabrita empezó a cantar: — ¡Mee, mee, mee, yo soy la cabrita de Santa Fe, que al que le doy lo hago saltar! La calabaza cantaba: — ¡Abriu, abriu, abriu, con gallosina, con gallosina!

Empezaron a pelear y la cabrita de dos patadas la mató y hubo calabaza para todo el mundo.

71. CUENTO DE UNA GALLINA.

Había una vez una gallina enamorada de un gato llamado cielín y vivían en una misma casa.

Estando un día la gallina muy triste recostada en una piedra cerca de la cocina, se presentó su compadre conejo y le dijo: — ¿Comadre, por qué está tan triste? Y ella le contestó: — ¡Ah! si usted supiera lo que me pasa. — ¿Qué le pasa? — dijo el conejo. — Pues mire — dijo la gallina — mi pensamiento es espiritual, y es que estoy enamorada de cielín el de esta casa. — ¡Qué lástima! — dijo el compadre. — Usted va a ser comida por esa clase de gente. — No — respondió ella, — yo lo quiero mucho y él no me hace eso.

Pocas horas después estaba ella en el mismo estado y entonces apareció el dichoso gato.

Él le hizo la misma pregunta que le había hecho anteriormente el conejo y ella respondió inmediatamente lo mismo.

El gato hizo un gesto de alegría y con la patita la acarició y la besó. Luego la invitó a pasear y la llevó a un monte donde se la almorzó lo más feliz.

72. LOS ANIMALES Y EL HOMBRE.

Había una vez un tiempo en que no había con qué ni en qué trabajar y un hombre que tenía muchísimos animales que se componían de caballos, mulas, bueyes, ovejas, chivos, etc. Un día salió un león de un bosque y pasó cerca de un cercado donde estaban todos esos animales y los vió que estaban todos estropeados y cuando pasó cerca del caballo, lo vió todo destrozado y matado del espinazo y flaco y le preguntó que qué le pasaba y él le dijo: — ¡Ah! señor león, usted es mi compadre, pero ese es el poder del hombre, y si lo coge a usted también le hace lo mismo! — ¡A mí! si es verdad que no, yo soy el rey de los animales y si cojo al hombre lo devoro. Y en seguida le preguntó que donde vivía ese hombre y el caballo le dijo: — Mire, allí en aquella casita que está más allá.

Y cuando el león fué más adelante encontró a un buey con el cogote hinchado y le preguntó que qué le pasaba y el buey le dijo que ese era el hombre. El león siguió más adelante y encontró una mula muy flaca muriéndose y le preguntó que qué era lo que le pasaba y ella le dijo que era el hombre y entonces se fué a la casa del hombre y lo llamó y le dijo: — ¡Hombre, apéese usted para abajo, que tengo que hablar con usted. Y el hombre le dijo: — No me puedo apear. Y era que el hombre estaba haciendo un hoyo para meter el fusil y tirarle al león. Cuando acabó el hombre de hacer el hoyo dijo el león: — Que salga ese hombre que dice que compone a todos los animales y tienen que obedecerle; que salga a verse la cara conmigo. Pero cuando el hombre metió el fusil por el hoyo el león no lo había visto y cuando el león estaba más caliente llamando al hombre para combatir con él, pues el hombre le arrió un tiro al león que llegó a acertarle en un ojo y al mismo tiempo el león dió un brinco y arranca a correr gritándole al hombre que no saliera más y se quedara, que no tenían que verse las caras ya.

Y entonces el león fué a donde estaban los animales y les enseñó lo que le había hecho el hombre y más nunca dijo que él era más poderoso que el hombre y así de esa manera se convenció el león y más nunca lo ha vuelto a decir.

73. LA BRUJA Y SUS HIJAS.

Había una vez una madre que tenía tres hijas, cuyas tres se llamaban Selesamando, Deseparación y Asporido y a esas tres hijas las tenía su madre en una casa encerradas y venía todos los días y llegando a la cueva les decía: — Biaca tu diarboni y suérvetelo. Y se la trajo hasta la mitad y ella abrió los brazos e hizo una cruz y la paloma se paró en un palo que había en el cercado de la casa y le cantaba: — ¡Musiú, alamor, tenguer, musió, alamor.

Y el padre se dejó ir por la paloma y cuando llegaron a la cueva la abrieron y le sacaron la muchacha y se la llevaron para su casa, a traerle la comida y la madre le cantaba: — ¡Oh! Sele, Selesamando, ¡oh! fras Asporido y anselín drú, drú.

Y luego se enamoró un príncipe encantado y se valió de un burro y le dijo: — *Compay* burro, si usted me canta como canta la madre de esas tres muchachas, yo le doy una tala de trigo. Y él le dijo: — Yo sí, *compay*, mañana si Dios quiere, le canto yo. Y al otro día siguieron los dos para la casa; el burro adelante y él detrás y el burro se arrimó a la puerta y empezó a aznar y el hombre le cayó a palos, diciéndole: — ¡Lárguese, que usted no sabe!

Y entonces el príncipe se buscó al caballo y le dijo: — *Compay* caballo, si usted me canta como canta esa vieja, le doy una tala de trigo. — Sí, mañana si Dios quiere cantaremos como canta ella.

Y al otro día se fueron a la casa y el caballo comenzó a relinchar y él cogió una estaca y le cayó a estacazos y le dijo: — ¡Váyase que usted no sabe!

Y entonces buscó a la cotorra, lo supo y vino a la casa y le cantó con coraje y no salía nadie y se llenó de impaciencia y ella misma *sorrajó* la casa y entró y les dijo: — ¿En dónde está Sele? Y ellas le dijeron: — Vino una cantando como usted y se la llevó. — Bien, yo se lo decía que tuvieran mucho cuidado y las encerró y se fué otra vez para su casa. — Ahora voy yo a buscarla a ver si la encuentro.

Y se fué a buscarla y todavía no ha aparecido. La pobre vieja se murió buscando a su hija.

74. UNA CABRA.

Una vez había un hombre que tenía un cercado de cabras y solo tenía un padrón y ese cabro padrón, según nacía un pichón de cabro macho, se lo tragaba y nunca se conservaba uno solo, él nada más.

Un día parió una cabra un pichón de cabro muy bonito, y ella para que el cabro no lo supiera y no lo viera, se fué para una montaña a criar a su hijo para que fuera un principal también, como era su padre, y se fué y cuando fué el cabrito un poco grande le dijo a la madre: — Mamá, ya yo puedo reñir con mi padre. Y ella le dijo: — No, todavía no puedes reñir con él; así que tumbes ese palo que tiene una cuerda en cuadro.

Fué a ver si lo tumbaba y no pudo, lo meneó del tronco pero no lo arrancó y ella le dijo: — Todavía no puedes. Y se puso a engordarlo y cuidarlo y un día le dijo: — Ya puedo, mamá, reñir con el cabro. Y ella le dijo: — Vete y si tumbas el palo nos vamos.

Y él en seguida fué y con pocas fuerzas lo tumbó, y al ver eso la madre se vino con él y cuando subieron a un alto berreó el cabro y cuando el otro cabro del cercado le oyó dijo: — ¡Oigan! ¿han oído un cabro berreando? Y a todas se les puso el pelo de punta y dijeron: — Ahorita hay una pelea. Y siguieron caminando de parte y parte, pero el cabro grande y más viejo decía: — ¡Cabros machos, yo solo aquí! Pero siguió caminando y se encontraron y rompieron a pelear y la madre del más pichón le gritaba: — ¡No te dejes matar, mátalos tú a él! y al poco rato el cabro le tumbó al pichón un chifle y la madre decía: — ¡No te dejes ganar,

tumbale tú uno! Y él le tiró con todas las fuerzas y le tumbó uno. — ¡Échale mano que ya están parejos y tumbale el otro! — decía la madre a su hijo, y después el más viejo le tumbó el otro chifle al hijo y ella muy triste le decía: — ¡No te dije, que todavía no podías reñir con tu padre! — ¡No se apure! — le decía él, y le tiró al padre y le tumbó el otro chifle y quedaron chivatos los dos; pero al mucho rato de tumbarse de parte y parte los chifles, se arrinconó a una peña muy llana y puso el culo el más nuevo y le pegó un resoplido y se tragó al padre y lo ahogó en el estómago y después al poco rato lo cagó y salió hecho un bagazo que apenas se sabía que era cabro y después quedó en el cercado por padrón de las cabras y aquél dejaba las crías que nacían machos y siguieron en progreso los cabros y al mucho tiempo que vino el amo, encontró el adelanto que había.

75. EL RATÓN DESPABILADO.

Esta era una vez que había un hombre que tenía una hortaliza muy bonita. Era la envidia de toditos cuantos la veían y sucedió que una noche le robaron unas cuantas cosas de las que tenía allí sembradas.

Al otro día al levantarse, notó el daño que le habían hecho y le dió muchísimo coraje. Al otro día le pasó igual y entonces se puso en vela para ver si encontraba al ladrón para matarlo. Se levantó bien temprano y se fué en seguimiento del ladrón. Se dirigió por los rastros y anda que te anda, hasta que llegó a una cueva muy grande. Buscó en seguida a ver si había uno allí, pero no había nadie; solamente halló restos de las legumbres que le habían robado a él. Le dió mucho coraje y habló como loco allí para ver si aparecía el ladrón, pero nadie se llegó a donde él estaba, tan solamente oyó una voz muy fea y desconocida y unos silbidos pero muy fuertes; unos silbidos que dejaban a uno sordo con el retumbo.

Entonces a él le dió un poco de miedo, pero como tenía coraje se dirigió a donde salían los silbidos, cuando vió a una culebra, lo más deforme que pueda haber, pero estaba trampada con dos piedras y no podía salir de allí. Entonces le dice la culebra al hombre: — Buen hombre, yo he sido quien le ha robado a usted toditas las legumbres que le han hecho falta; sáqueme de aquí en seguida y yo le pagaré lo que me pida por ellas. Yo lo que hago no lo niego, y un bien que me hagan lo correspondo lo mejor que puedo. Así es, mi amigo, que si usted me saca de aquí yo le pago bien.

El hombre creyó en lo que la culebra le dijo y la sacó de entre las piedras en que estaba. Luego que la culebra se vió libre se dirigió a donde estaba el hombre y le dijo: — Mire hombre, un bien con un mal se paga y por lo tanto yo lo voy a matar a usted. Entonces el hombre se acongojó muchísimo y le dijo: — Así que me lo pruebe; yo convengo en que usted me coma y haga de mí lo que guste, pero antes no es muy posible, porque yo no creo como usted lo dice.

Entonces se fueron andando los dos por un camino. Cuando encontraron a un burro muy viejo que se estaba calentando al sol, al verlo la culebra le dice: — Verdad, *compay* burro, ¿que un bien con un mal se paga?

Entonces le contesta el burro: — ¡Hombre, yo estuve veinte años sirviéndoles a mis amos y ahora que no les puedo trabajar más, me han botado del cercado y no quieren saber de mí. Un día oí que querían matarme y por eso fué que yo me vine para acá sufriendo hambre como el demonio y a ver quien me tire con un mazo de hierba, ni por jugar, que es lo menos. Así es que yo creo que un bien con un mal se paga, porque tengo razón para decirlo. — ¡Ah! bueno, — contestó la culebra, — mi hombre, para que vea que yo tengo la razón.

Entonces dice el hombre: — No, yo no me conformo con eso, buscaremos otros testigos diferentes. No puede ser que un bien con un mal se pague; yo no entro por eso, así es que nosotros tenemos que andar más en busca de pruebas más lógicas que estas para que usted pueda matarme después.

El hombre lo que quería era llevarla hasta donde hubiera gente, con el fin de matarla. Siguieron por el camino, cuando llegaron a donde estaba un gato demasiado flaco y viejo. Al verlo la culebra le dijo en seguida sin esperar a que llegaran a donde estaba él: — *Compay* gato, ¿no es verdad que un bien con un mal se paga?

Entonces le contesta el gato: — ¡Hombre, yo estuve matándole los ratones a mi amo por espacio de doce años y después que no tenía ya más fuerzas para cazarlos y que no pude más que pedir que comer y dormir por las esquinas, cogieron un palo y si no huyo es seguro que me matan y no me daban comida, y hasta un día me echaron los perros para que me comieran; la suerte fué que anduve ligero y me trepé a un palo muy alto y así fué como pude salvarme; así mismo es que yo creo que un bien con mal se paga y nada más que eso lo digo porque creo tener razón de sobra. Entonces dice la culebra: — ¡Lo ves, como un bien con un mal se paga! Así mismo es que yo debo hacer igual que toditas esas gentes que se han portado mal con el *compay* gato y el *compay* burro, y como yo recibí de usted un bien así mismo es que lo debo recompensar con un mal, pero lo más grande posible que yo pueda. Entonces le dice el hombre: — Ya yo le he dicho a usted, señora culebra, que yo no puedo conformarme con la sentencia que dan estas gentes que se están muriendo de flacas; así mismo es que tenemos que irnos en busca de jueces que sean más gordos, que esos que me han juzgado.

Y se fueron andando hasta que llegaron a donde estaba un perro muy flaco y todo lleno de golpes. Al verlo, la culebra se asustó un poco y quería pasar, pero el hombre le dijo que según les había preguntado a aquéllos que estaban flacos, le preguntara al perro. Entonces le preguntó la culebra: — Bueno, *compay* perro, ¿verdad que un bien con un mal se paga? Entonces le contestó el perro: — ¡Hombre, yo le serví a mi amo

por espacio de quince años después de los cuales fuí viejo y no podía andar, ni voltear la finca; me dieron muchos palos y golpes, así mismo es que yo por lo que veo y por la experiencia que tengo hoy puedo decirle que casi siempre un bien con un mal se paga.

Entonces la culebra le dijo al hombre: — Ya usted puede ver que yo le estoy ganando; así mismo es que yo lo mato a usted ahora mismo, yo no ando más. Entonces le dice el hombre: — No, señora, usted tiene que andar hasta que yo encuentre uno gordo para que juzgue con una prudencia mejor.

Entonces se fueron y encontraron un ratón muy gordo y le preguntaron y el ratón les dijo que según y conforme fuera. El ratón exigió que lo llevaran a ver como era como estaba la culebra presa para ver a cual de los dos le daba la razón. Lo llevaron e hizo que la culebra se metiera a donde estaba y después le dice al hombre: — ¡A echarle piedras encima de ese demonio que está allí! Y en seguida, en lo que se pela un huevo la sepultaron viva con toditas las piedras que le tiraron los dos.

76. EL LEÓN DE LA SELVA.

En cierta ocasión había un león en una selva que se comía a cuantas personas pasaban por aquel camino. Se regó la fama de aquel animal tan feroz que le había causado tanto terror al pueblo; ya ninguna persona humana pasaba por aquel camino, temerosos de que llegaran a caer en las garras de aquella fiera tan terrible.

Una vez una viejecita muy anciana salió fuera de la ciudad para conseguir alimentos para ella y un hijo que estaba paralítico desde muy niño, y ya tenía ochenta años de edad y la madre era quien lo mantenía siempre, pues eran los dos solos y muy pobres en la tierra. La pobre viejita después que había andado mucho, quiso volver a su casa para atender a su hijo a quien tanto quería y amaba, pero la suerte fué que la pobre vieja no recordando bién el camino, cuando vino a darse cuenta ya estaba en poder de la fiera, que tanto ella como todos temían.

Ese león, primero tenía que pelear con la víctima para después comérsela y por tanto no había quien pudiera pasar por allí sin que él no se lo comiera; cuando tropezó con la viejita se alegró mucho, pues ya tenía la presa muy segura, según su fama. Entonces le dijo a la vieja que ella eligiera las armas que quisiera para ir al combate, que él tenía de todas clases de armas de guerra. Si quería una espada, o un rifle, o una cimitarra, o una hacha, o una flecha, que él de todas clases de armas tenía.

La pobre vieja temblando de miedo rogaba a Dios que la protegiera y uanado vió que era todo trabajo perdido le dijo al león que ella no sabía pelear más que con un arma muy antigua que se llamaba zurriaga. Entonces la vieja le dijo: — Ya hace noventa años que tuve una batalla, de la cual he quedado inútil para los restos de mi vida. El león quiso ver la herida de la vieja y le dijo: — Deje ver la cicatriz para yo saber como

es eso. La vieja temblando de miedo casi no podía estar en pie, pero apoyándose del palo que llevaba empezó a levantar la pierna para mostrarle la cicatriz de la herida que aun no se había sanado todavía.

El león entonces se acercó a la vieja aproximó la nariz y limpiándose rápidamente y restregándose contra la hierba, le dijo a la vieja que se fuera, que ella no servía ni para comer, que era lo menos y que él no se quería ver tan gravemente herido con esa arma tan extraña, que no sanaban las heridas nunca.

Y la vieja fué la única persona que pudo pasar por la selva del león encantado y llegó contando maravillas a la ciudad.

77. LA GARZA Y LA GATA.

Una vez había una garza y una gata y se trataban de comadres y siempre estaban en convite. La garza tenía una gran fiesta y mandó a convidar a su comadre gata a celebrar su fiesta y le había preparado una olla de majarete y lo echó en un *candungo* muy hondo. Pues llegó la comay gata y le dijo la garza: — *Comay*, vamos a comer un majarete que tengo preparado.

Y cuando fueron a comer, la garza metió el pico y se lo comió todo, porque la garza tenía el pico muy largo y el coco era muy reducido y la gata no pudo meter la cabeza y no llegó a probar el majarete.

Ahora la gata estudió la manera para desquitarse la acción de su comadre garza. Entonces le dijo la gata a la garza: — El domingo la espero en casa para celebrar una fiesta que tengo.

Ahora la gata hizo otra paila de majarete y lo extendió en una batea y el domingo cuando fué la garza dijo la gata: — Comadre, véngase a comer. Y la garza metió mano a picar y no cogió nada, y la gata metió mano a lamer y de cuatro lametazos acabó con la batea; pues como la gata no probó el majarete de su comadre garza así tampoco la garza probó el de su comadre gata, porque una lo echó en un coco y la otra lo extendió en una batea. Una tenía buen pico y la otra buena lengua.

78. EL LOBO.

Este era un lobo que había muy dañino y tuvo una enfermedad que no podía menear el rabo, ni las patas, ni comer y que estuvo mucho tiempo enfermo y luego que se levantó de la enfermedad salió un día cuando se encontró una puerca con un bando de lechones y dijo el lobo: — Buenos días, *comay*, puerca, quiero que usted me dé uno de sus hijos para yo comérmelo, porque mi barriga me pide mucha carne y poca vianda. Dijo la puerca: — *Compay* lobo, tiene que ir a lavarla al río.

Y el lobo que estaba bañando su lechona cuando la puerca vino, le metió con la trompa y lo tiró al río y la puerca salió corveando con todos sus lechones y lo dejó ahogándose y luego que salió siguió caminando,

cuando más adelante halló una yegua con una gran potranca y dijo el lobo: — Buenos días, *comay* yegua. — Buenos días, *compay* lobo. — Mi barriga me pide mucha carne y poca vianda y quiero que usted me dé a su hija para yo comérmela.

Y la yegua le dijo que sí, pero que tenía que leerle una cartilla y el lobo dijo que sí y se puso a leer la cartilla, cuando la yegua le metió la pata y se fué corriendo con la potranca.

El lobo se fué y llegó muy cansado a donde estaba el cabro peleando y llegó cerca y le dijo: — Buenos días, *compadre*, quiero que uno de ustedes se vaya conmigo para comérmelo, porque mi barriga me pide mucha carne y poca vianda. Y le contestaron los cabros: — Pues *compay* lobo, venga y nos parte esta herencia que es de lodo y hace mucho tiempo que estamos peleando, porque no estamos conformes con lo que nosotros partimos y quiero que usted nos comparta esa herencia y luego usted se mete en medio y allí estará bién. Pues el lobo llegó y se metió en medio y marcó la mitad y los cabros se arriman uno de aquí para allá y el otro de allá para acá y cogen al lobo en el medio y lo dejaron a cuestión de muerte.

Luego que se levantó de allí llegó a la casa en donde había muchas cabras y fué el lobo y lo saludó y le dijo: — Mi barriga me pide mucha carne y poca vianda y quiero que una de ustedes se vaya conmigo para yo comérmela. Bueno, *compay* lobo, pero tiene que ayudarnos a cantar unos rosarios y si usted nos ayuda a cantar esta promesa, entonces se lleva una de nosotras.

Y el lobo que rompe a cantar y le sueltan un perro que tenía aquel hacendado y quisieron matar al lobo, pues de allí salió casi muerto y se metió debajo de un palo y dijo: — Pues mi padre no me dijo que yo fuera a bañar muchachas al río, que yo no fuera a leer cartillas si yo nunca he sido lector, que yo no fuera a partir herencias si yo nunca he sido repartidor y que no fuera a cantar rosarios si nunca he sido cantor. ¡Ea, rayo, baja y párteme! Y uno que andaba tumbando monte le tiró con un hacha y le mató.

79. EL LOBO CARNICERO.

Una vez había un lobo que no se mantenía más que de carne, pero era tan ocioso que no trabajaba y se pasaba siempre andando y bajando hasta que un día se encontró con una puerca y le dijo que si le daba una de sus hijas para él comérsela. Entonces ella le dijo que se la daba con mucho gusto pero que tenía que bañarla en el estanque antes de dársela.

Entonces él la aprobó y se fué a bañarla al estanque y cuando él la estaba bañando le pegó una trompada y lo tiró en el estanque y entonces la puerca sacó carrera con sus hijas y se escapó y el lobo se vió que por obra de Dios no sale. Pero allá a lo último pudo salir, pero era más el agua que tragó que otra cosa; y entonces se fué corriendo hasta que llegó

a donde se encontró con una yegua y le dijo que si le daba a su hija para comérsela. La yegua se murió de miedo y le dijo que sí, que se la daba, pero que le firmara un papel en el trasero y el bobo se fué a escribir y entonces sacó las patas y le tiró a la larga y lo dejó casi muerto.

Al poco rato se pudo levantar y entonces se fué y al cabo del día por la tarde se encontró con unas cabras y él le dijo que si le daba una de sus hijas y las cabras le dijeron que sí, pero que les tenía que ayudar a pagar una promesa, y entonces él le dijo que sí, pero que la promesa era pagar unos rosarios. Entonces por la noche bien tarde empezaron los rosarios; y como bien se sabe que los cabros no pueden cantar, empezaron a berrear y el amo entonces llegó y mandó al peón con los perros y le cayeron encima y si no se trepa en un tablero lo acaban de matar, pero siempre, por siempre lo dejaron en cama.

Entonces él se fué y por la mañana se encontró con dos chivos y al verlo a él no encontraron qué hacer y entonces se colocaron cada uno en una esquina y cuando llegó el lobo, antes que el lobo les dijera algo, ellos le dijeron que si les ayudaba a partir una herencia que su padre les había dejado y ellos habían tenido unos cuantos disgustos y no habían podido partirla.

Entonces el lobo como entremetido, se metió en medio para que cada uno cogiera su parte y entonces ellos dos se vinieron a escape y lo atraparon en el medio y le sacaron las tripas; y el pobre lobo se fué caminando poco a poco y se fué y se acostó debajo de un árbol maldiciendo lo que le había pasado y rogándole a Dios que bajara un rayo y lo matara viendo que él era tan desgraciado. Y al mismo tiempo un hombre que le estaba oyendo se había trepado a un palo muy alto con un hacha que tenía en la mano pues estaba haciendo leña en un bosque y cuando lo vió, se subió con el hacha en la mano y como tenía miedo al lobo la dejó caer y lo mató en el acto y así fué como el pobre desgraciado murió y nunca pudo comer carne, como él quería.

80. EL RATÓN AVARO.

Pues señor, esta era una vez que había un ratón riquísimo y tenía una rana de comadre que tenía que poseía unas cuantas cuerdas de terreno bien fincado que producían un furgón de café y chícharos.

Un día le propuso comprarle la finquita, pero ella no quiso vendérsela y entonces se fué pensando el modo de que fuera la finquita de él. Se puso a pensar y se dijo para sí mismo: — Pues yo llego y le llevo un par de botellas de ron; la emborracho y después le hago una apuesta que a que no me gana corriendo de aquí de mi cueva a la casa del señor Pedro Candela; y yo le gano, seguro que sí.

Bueno, al otro día se fué por la tarde para casa de la comadre rana y se llevó dos botellas de anisado, de ese dulce, pero bravo como él solo. Llegó y le dijo: — Buenos días, *comay* rana. — Buenos días, *compay*

ratón. — Vengo acá a celebrar esta noche, porque según razón, es la Noche Buena y es preciso celebrarla. Entonces le dice la rana: — *Compai* ratón, yo no tengo nadita con que celebrarla, así es que si usted quiere vamos a dejarla para otro día. Entonces el ratón le contestó: — No le hace, *comay* rana, yo tengo aquí dos botellas de anisado, y un par de *chagaras* que pesque usted allí y un par de frutas que busque, es lo suficiente. Vamos a celebrar y usted no tema, que conmigo no hay que tener mucho cumplido, pues usted sabe que yo soy compadre de usted y nos tratamos con confianza.

Hicieron el contrato y por último se efectuó el convite. En seguida empezaron a beber hasta que emborrachó al parecer a la rana e hicieron el contrato que aceptó la rana para el otro día. Entonces el ratón se fué contento, porque al otro día se iba a ganar el terreno de la rana y se acostó a dormir tranquilamente; pero la rana no durmió y en seguida comenzó a avisar a toditas las ranas para ponerlas en el camino, y por la mañana cuando el ratón vino al sitio donde tenían que principiar la carrera la encontró.

Allí firmaron el contrato y en seguida dieron el aviso y principiaron a correr y fué visto que el ratón del primer salto la dejó atrás y después que estaba más adelante gritó: — ¡*Comay* rana! Entonces una que estaba bien adelante gritó: — ¡Eh! ¡Adelante voy! Y vuelve el ratón a correr y después que le pareció que la había dejado, gritó: — ¡*Comay* rana! Y otra que estaba bien delante contestó: — ¡Eh! ¡Adelante voy! Y vuelve el ratón a despedir y al mucho rato gritó: — ¡*Comay* rana! Y la rana contestó bien adelante: — ¡Eh! ¡Adelante voy! Y vuelve a correr todo lo más que podía hasta la casa del señor Pedro Candela, cuando se encontró allá a la rana muy tranquila y riéndose.

Así fué como la rana le ganó al ratón y fué doblemente más rica que el ratón entonces, porque la apuesta no era juguete.

81. EL PERRO Y EL CABRO.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres que había dos compadres que se llamaban *compai* perro y *compai* cabro. Un día que salieron de paseo se encontraron con un león, éste los convidó a su casa a jugar un juego. Se pusieron a jugar el juego de la pelota.

Coge el león la pelota, la tira para arriba y dice: — *Rin, plin, plan*, la carne que entra en casa no sale más. Entonces coge el perro la pelota, la tira para arriba y dice: — *Rin, plin, plan*, el que menos corra que coja la punta de adelante. Coge el cabro la pelota, la tira para arriba y dice: — *Rin, plin, plan*, de esta vuelta a otra me voy a orinar. El león le dijo que no, que se orinara allí y el perro le dijo que no, que lo dejara ir.

Y se fué corriendo hasta que se encontró con el río que estaba crecido. Ya que no parecía, dice el perro: — Yo voy a buscar a mi *compai* cabro. Y se fué corriendo hasta que se encontró con el cabro. El perro pasó el

río, pero el cabro no lo pudo pasar; entonces el perro le dijo al cabro que se enterrara y se le quedó el rabo por fuera. Llegó el león rascándose la cabeza porque se le había ido la carne.

Luego le dice el perro: — Amigo león, si me quiere matar tíreme con ese renuevo que le queda al lado. El león cogió el renuevo, que era el rabo del cabro y le tiró al perro. Cuando el león vió que era el cabro, se puso más furioso, pero entonces el perro y el cabro se echaron a reír de ver al león y se fueron y se quedó el león rascándose la cabeza.

Colorín colorado ya este cuento ha terminado.

82. LA TORTUGA MENSAJERA.

Cuéntase que hace muchos años, debido a la gran escasez de lluvias, los campos se encontraban sumamente estériles y los animales no hallaban medios de sustentarse y la situación llegó a tal punto, que todos ellos se reunieron para idear la manera de remediar el mal.

Después de calurosos debates, quedó unánimemente acordado escribir una carta a Dios, rogándole enviara lluvias que fertilizaran los campos y acto contínuo dicha carta fué escrita por tío conejo, que dijo haber sido secretario de un gran Ministro en otra ocasión.

Llegado el momento de remitir la carta, ninguno de los animales quiso ofrecerse para llevarla. Se acordó entonces decidirlo por medio de la suerte, habiéndole tocado esta comisión a la señora doña tortuga. Después de algunos refunfuños, nuestra viajera preparó su maleta y se puso en marcha. Desde su partida renació la esperanza entre los animales; sabían que Dios no se negaría a socorrerlos.

Transcurrió una semana sin que se supiera noticias de doña tortuga; transcurrieron semanas y semanas con igual resultado agravándose cada nuevo día, la situación de los que esperaban. Se mandaron emisarios a los picos más elevados con la esperanza de divisar a nuestra mensajera, mas todo en vano.

Al cabo de dos meses, la situación era insostenible y la mayor parte de los animales partieron en diferentes bandos en busca de doña tortuga.

A la falda de un cerro se hallaban reunidos tío venado, tío chivo, tío tigre y el escribano tío conejo y como es de suponerse, trataban del asunto palpitante: el resultado de la carta, pues con algunos días más de espera, todos morirían de hambre y de sed. — Indefinidamente, tío chivo, me alegraría que se hubiera caído por un barranco. — La muy floja, tío venado, no importa, sea lo que fuere, cuando vuelva le daremos la gran paliza del siglo.

En esto, doña tortuga sacó la cabeza por debajo de unas piedras y les dijo: — Sigán hablando mal de mí, para que vean como no voy a ninguna parte.

Colorín colorado, este cuento ha terminado.

83. EL CABRO Y LA HORMIGA.

Había una viejita que tenía una hortaliza para vivir y un cabro iba todos los días a comerse las plantas y ella iba a espantarlo y la quería matar.

Ella un día estaba llorando cuando llegó un buey y le dijo: — Señora vieja, ¿por qué llora? Y ella le dijo que un cabro le estaba comiendo las plantas que tenía sembradas en la hortaliza para vivir. El buey le dijo: — No te apures, señora vieja, yo voy a sacarlo.

Y se fué el buey y cuando llegó a donde estaba el cabro le dijo: — Yo soy el cabro de San Granel, que al que aquí viene me lo he de comer. Y el cabro le cayó a cabezadas al buey y lo hizo ir.

Después llegó un caballo y le dijo: — Señora vieja, ¿por qué llora? Ella le dijo que un cabro le estaba comiendo la hortaliza con que vivía y el caballo le dijo: — No se apure, yo voy a sacarlo. Y se fué y llegó a donde estaba el cabro y le dijo: — Yo soy el cabro de San Granel que al que viene aquí me lo he de comer. Y el cabro le cayó encima al caballo y lo hizo ir.

Después llegó una hormiga a donde estaba la vieja y le dijo: — Señora vieja, ¿por qué llora? Y ella le dijo: — Quítateme de delante. Y la hormiga: — Dígame señora, dígame. Y la vieja le dijo que un cabro le estaba comiendo la hortaliza con que vivía. La hormiga le dijo: — Yo lo saco si me da unos granos de azúcar. La vieja le dijo: — ¡Anda! No lo han podido sacar ni un caballo, ni un buey y vas tú a sacarlo. Ella dijo: — Sí, yo voy. Y se fué y el cabro la vió venir y le dijo: — Yo soy el cabro de San Granel que al que viene aquí me lo he de comer. Y la hormiga le dijo: — Yo soy hormiga del hormigal que pico a cualquiera y lo hago saltar. Y picó al cabro y lo hizo que se fuera.

84. LA CABRITA Y LA HORMIGA.

Había una vez una cabrita que se metió una vez en una finca. El amo de esta finca cuando fué a voltearla, como de costumbre, encontró a la cabrita y le dijo: — Cabrita, sal de ahí. La cabrita le contestó: — No salgo nada; yo soy cabrita de Santa Fe, que a todo el que venga aquí me lo comeré.

El hombre se fué. Luego vinieron las gallinas, el gato, el perro, el pato, el ganso y el pavo y le dijeron: — Cabrita, sal de ahí. Y la cabra les dijo lo mismo que al hombre y los animales se fueron.

Otro día vino la hormiga y le dijo: — Cabrita, sal de ahí. La cabra le contestó: — No salgo nada; yo soy cabrita de Santa Fe y a todo el que venga aquí me lo comeré.

La hormiga se fué a donde estaba la cabra y se le subió por las patas y la picó.

La cabrita salió corriendo de la tala y la hormiga decía: — Yo soy hormiga del hormigal que pico duro y hago saltar. Pues señor, desde aquel día la cabra no ha vuelto a la finca y yo no la he vuelto a ver.

85. LA MUJER Y LA CABRA.

Había una vez una mujer que tenía un huerto de habichuelas y maíz. Solía venir por allí una cabra a comerse los productos de su huerto y la señora siempre alquilaba a alguien para que se la espantara.

Un día en que la cabra estaba en el huerto se apareció un culebro y la señora le ofreció una mosca por tal de que la espantara. Empezó el culebro a darle con su cola, pero la cabra no le hizo caso.

Después llegó una hormiga y la mujer entonces le ofreció un poco de melado para que le espantara la cabra. La hormiga se fué en seguida y se le subió por una de las patas a la cabra y le picó dentro de una oreja. Al sentir tan fuerte picadura la cabra salió corriendo y no volvió más al huerto.

Después la hormiga fué a buscar su paga y la señora estuvo muy complacida.

86. LA VIEJA Y SU BATATERO.

Había una vieja que tenía un batatero y no quería que le comieran sus batatas y había un vecino que tenía una chiva y la chiva se metió dentro del batatero a comerse las batatas, y pasó un buey y la viejita le dijo: — Señor buey, sáqueme esa chivita de ahí. Y el buey le dijo: — Chivita, sal de allí — y la chivita le dijo: — No salgo nada. — ¿Y por qué? — Porque soy chivita del chival. Y el buey la dejó.

Y pasó una hormiga loca. — *Comay* hormiga, sáqueme esa chivita de allí. Y la hormiga le dijo: — Sal, chivita. — No salgo nada. — ¿Y por qué? — Porque soy chivita del chival. Y la hormiga le dijo que la chiva no quería salir del batatero.

Y pasó la hormiga brava y la vieja le dijo: — *Compay* hormiga, sáqueme esa chiva de allí, que le daré una poquita de azúcar. Y la hormiga fué y le dijo: — Chivita, sal de allí. — No salgo nada. — ¿Por qué? — Porque soy chivita del chival. — Y yo soy hormiga del hormigal, porque te pico en el culo y te hago saltar.

87. LA ARAÑITA.

Una vez, no recuerdo donde, existió una arañita que era muy holgazana. Tenía por compadres a un tigre y a su mujer. Esta arañita tenía un hijito al que mantenía con la poca comida que le daban sus compadres. Los dos vivían en una casita sin techo.

Por aquellas cercanías vivía un gran plantador que tenía una gran plantación de calabazas. El tigre acostumbraba coger todos los días de las calabazas para comer. La arañita mandaba todos los días a su hijito a buscar de las calabazas que el tigre cogía. A ella le gustaron tanto, que dijo un día al tigre que ella iría con él a coger calabazas.

Por la mañana se fueron los dos; el tigre cogió dos grandes y empezó a llamar a la araña para irse, pero ella no respondía; el tigre se fué y la dejó. La araña estaba tan asombrada que empezó a arrancar calabazas y a amontonarlas en la puerta. Cuando ella se vió sola empezó a gritar.

A los gritos vino el amo de la finca y al ver tal destrozo empezó a talar las matas. La araña se había metido en el tronco de una mata; esta mata era la última. El hombre le dió un tajo a la mata y ¡ah, desgracia! la arañita había sido herida.

La arañita con las tripas por fuera se fué arrastrando poco a poco hasta que llegó a la casa del tigre. Allí la cosieron con una aguja y tuvieron que estarle dando alimentos por unos cinco meses hasta que la arañita pudo andar. La arañita estuvo tan mala que por poco se muere; su hijito se hubiera muerto también a no ser porque sus padrinos, que eran los tigres, lo mantuvieron. Los tigres aconsejaron mucho a la araña para que trabajara. Tantos fueron los consejos, que por último se decidió a trabajar. Desde este tiempo es que las arañas trabajan.

88. EL CUCUYO Y LA ARAÑA.

Había una vez un cucuyo y una araña que vivían en el campo. La araña era un animalito que estaba siempre muy gordo.

Un día llegó el cucuyo a casa de la araña y le preguntó: — Comadre araña, dígame que es lo que usted come que yo la veo tan gorda. La araña le dijo: — ¡Oh, compadre cucuyo, yo a usted no me atrevo a decirle, porque es usted un hombre grosero!

Entonces el cucuyo le dijo: — Comadre araña, no sé que si yo antes me comía diez libras de carne ahora me como quince. Y la araña le contestó: — Ya usted vé, compadre, si usted es grosero. Y el cucuyo le dijo: — No, comadre, si fué que me equivoqué; si yo antes me comía tres libras de carne ahora me como una. Y la araña dijo: — ¡Ah! entonces si le puedo decir. — Pues mire, compadre, usted vaya a aquel cercado y cuando usted llegue busca el buey más gordo que usted crea y se va frente a frente de él y le dice. — Abre la boca pepita. Y cuando él abra la boca usted brinca y se le entra y cuando usted esté dentro del buey empieza a cortar carne de él y a comer, pero no coma mucha porque va y mata al buey. Y él le dijo: — Comadre, usted pierda cuidado.

El cucuyo entonces cogió seis sacos y un cuchillo y se fué para el cercado. Cuando el cucuyo se hallaba dentro del buey, entro a cortar carne de él y cuando llenó los seis sacos, se encontró después con el corazón del animal y el cucuyo dijo: — ¡Ave María! Si esto tiene péndulo como si fuera un reloj. Y era el corazón del buey.

Cuando le cortó el corazón el buey se cayó. Entonces el cucuyo dijo: — ¡Ave María! Qué temporal está haciendo en otra parte y el viento llega aquí. ¿Cómo estará mi familia? Y cuando el sabanero llegó al pasto y vió al buey, fué y se lo dijo al rey; entonces el rey dijo que cogieran al

buey y le sacaran el cuero y cogieran la carne y se la repartieran a los pobres.

Cuando el sabanero y las demás gentes abrieron el buey, hallaron los seis sacos de carne y el cuchillo. El cucuyo salió fuera cuando ya todo el mundo había cogido la carne.

89. LA ARAÑA Y EL CONEJO.

Una vez había un conejo y tenía una amiga a la que le decía: *comay* araña. Hacía muchísimo tiempo que la araña no iba a casa del conejo. Una vez fué y el conejo estaba haciendo un caldero de arroz.

El conejo le estaba dando conversación a la araña para que se fuera y no comiera del arroz, pero tanto se estuvo hasta que le tuvo que dar arroz, y como ya era de noche la araña se quedó a dormir con el conejo, y le dijo que si le podría encontrar un oficio.

Entonces el conejo le dijo que por las mañanas se fuera con él a donde estaban las vacas del rey y cuando las vacas estuviesen durmiendo que dijese: "A fi cun fin," y se metiese en la boca de la vaca y le cortara la carne que ella quisiera, pero que no le cortara el corazón porque se moriría y entonces no podría salir.

Por la mañana se fueron el conejo y la araña. La araña se antojó de la vaca de la reina y le dijo: — A fi cun fin — y se le metió por la boca a la vaca y le cortó muchísima carne y vió el corazón y dijo: ¡Mira qué pedazo de carne sin hueso! — y se lo cortó.

Entonces la vaca cerró la boca y cuando fué a salir no pudo. Entonces empezó a decir varias veces: — A fi cun fin — y no salía.

Entonces vinieron los pastores y fueron y se lo dijeron al rey y él dijo que la matasen para ver que tenía. La abrieron y encontraron a la araña llena de sangre y se echó a llorar y dijo que si no le daban cien pesos que los denunciaba. Entonces se los dieron y fué a la ciudad y compró todo lo que necesitaba y se fué para su casa.

90. EL CONEJO Y LA ARDILLA.

Una vez había una ardilla que tenía mucho miedo a cualquier cosa, hasta a su misma sombra.

Mientras esa ardilla comía una mañana bellotas que se habían caído, se dijo entre bocado y bocado: — Si ahora el cielo se viniese abajo ¿qué me pasaría? En aquel momento se oyó un estrepitoso ruido, como si algo se cayese en el agua.

— ¡Socorro! ¡Socorro! ¡El cielo se cae! — gritó la ardilla, echando a correr como si un cazador con su escopeta la hubiera visto.

Un conejito que la vió y se puso a gritar con mucha fuerza: — ¿Qué es esto? ¿Por qué corres así? — No me preguntes — le contestó la ardilla, y el conejito echó a correr como loco.

Entonces les preguntó un león que los vió correr tan apresuradamente:

— ¿Qué ocurre? Entonces el conejito miró al león y le contestó haciendo señas con las orejas y moviendo una patita, que él no sabía lo que pasaba.

Entonces el león notó que la ardilla estaba temblando de miedo y le preguntó: — Mira, tú fuiste quien viste caer al cielo. ¿Dónde estabas? — Estaba en el lago comiendo bellotas y sentí un ruido muy fuerte. — Bién, — dijo el león — ahora quiero ver el pedazo de cielo.

La ardilla se puso a temblar desde el hocico a las patas.

91. EL PERRO Y EL GORRIÓN.

Había una vez un perro que vivía en una casa y el amo no le daba de comer. El perro tenía que trabajar todos los días y de noche tenía que velar la casa para que nadie fuera por allí a robar.

Un día el perro se dispuso a no aguantar más y se fué a correr fortuna. Llegó por la noche a la ciudad y encontró muchos perros a la entrada de la ciudad y se pusieron a reírse de él, porque estaba sucio y hambriento.

Cuando llegó cerca de un corral se echó a dormir. Cuando despertó oyó a un gorrión que le dijo: — ¿Por qué tan triste? Y él le contestó: — Porque tengo hambre.

El gorrión se lo llevó a una carnicería y le dió carne y se la comió; después lo llevó a una tienda y le dió pan, y se lo comió y le dijo: — Para hacer mejor la digestión, vamos a dar un paseo.

Se fueron y anda, anda, anda hasta que llegaron a un árbol frondoso, allí se echó el perro a dormir y vino un carretero y lo mató. Entonces vino el gorrión y le sacó los ojos al carretero. Y por matar al perro tuvo que pedir limosna.

PART. VII. CUENTOS PORTORRIQUEÑOS.

A. CUENTOS, LEYENDAS Y TRADICIONES DE PUERTO RICO.

I. EL POZO DE LA GALLINA.

San Juan tuvo una vez un pozo, el cual se llamaba "El Pozo de la Gallina" por un triste incidente ocurrido allí, que le dió este nombre.

Cuentan que en un pequeño y miserable bohío, cerca del antiguo muelle del puerto de San Juan, vivía un muchacho llamado Antolín Barroso, aunque en la población era conocido mejor por el apodo de Rastrillo. Gozaba fama de hombre diestro en toda clase de hurtos y raterías.

Una madrugada en que éste había recorrido todos los sitios de la Marina, que él tenía por más favorables, sin provecho, atravesó sigilosamente por el cuerpo de guardia que había entonces en la puerta de San Justo, sin haber encontrado cosa alguna en que ejercer su habilidad acostumbrada. Después de haber pensado un rato, decidió tomar el camino de Puerta de Tierra.

Empezaban a llegar los campesinos con frutos y verduras para el mercado, pero Rastrillo cruzaba por entre ellos desdeñoso pero seguro de poderles tomar algo de provecho.

Lanzó desde allí una mirada de lince a lo largo de la carretera, y ya se disponía a regresar a la Marina, cuando vió venir apresuradamente a un muchacho con una gallina. Rastrillo le preguntó si la vendía. El muchacho le dijo que se la daba en cinco reales por lo hermosa que estaba, pero Rastrillo le ofreció tres. El muchacho le dijo le diera cuatro reales, pues era para su madre que estaba enferma.

— Pues ven conmigo.

Lo condujo a una calle donde él creía podría quitarle la gallina sin armar escándalo. Rastrillo iba delante con la gallina y el muchacho le seguía de cerca. Así llegaron a la primera curva del abanico. Quería darle esquinazo en una de aquellas revueltas y escurrirse luego hasta el foso de la muralla, pero el muchacho era listo y le seguía por todas partes como una sombra.

Viendo Rastrillo que no era cosa fácil desprenderse de su tenáz perseguidor y que no tardaría ya mucho en amanecer, resolvió bajar al foso y dar otro giro al asunto de la gallina. Descendió pues, seguido del inevitable muchacho, pasaron por debajo del puente levadizo y se deslizaron foso abajo hasta llegar junto al pozo.

Entonces Rastrillo le dijo a aquel:

— Aguárdame aquí un instante, que voy por el dinero.

— Pues déjeme la gallina, pues tengo necesidad.

Rastrillo dijo se la llevaría de todos modos. El muchacho le miró con expresión de angustia y empezó a llorar.

— Démela, por su madre, le dijo.

— Cállate y lárgate, contestó Rastrillo.

Rastrillo le tapó la boca al muchacho, temeroso de que oyeran en el cuerpo de guardia, pero como el chico gritaba y forcejeaba bravamente, puso la gallina en el suelo, pisó con un pié la cuerda con que estaba atada y se dispuso a luchar con él para imponerle silencio.

— ¡Ay de mi madre! ¡mi pobre enferma! — gritaba el muchacho.

Rastrillo le dijo que lo estrangulaba, si daba otro grito, y como el muchacho pidió socorro, lo estranguló y lo tiró al pozo.

Ocurrió allí un suceso muy extraño. La gallina que había estimulado tanto la codicia de nuestro héroe, sufrió una espantosa transformación. Sus plumas se alzaron y el animal cayó encima de Rastrillo. Este empezó a correr aterrorizado y perseguido a picotazos. Pasado algún tiempo, los vecinos oían de noche los exagerados gritos de una gallina, y deseosos de averiguar, bajaron una noche hasta las inmediaciones del foso. Uno de los soldados llevaba una linterna y otros dos pudieron bajar al pozo y sacar el cadáver. Se fijaron por todos lados, y no vieron la gallina; pero cual no sería su asombro al oír un cacareo hacia el lado de Marina. Al verlos el ave aumentó sus chillidos y echó a correr por entre las casuchas

de Yagua. Junto a una de ellas se detuvo y empezó a gritar con la mayor violencia. Los soldados observaron que la gallina escarbaba y aleteaba furiosamente como si tratase de abrir la frágil puerta del bohío. Por fin logró apartar hacia un lado una de las yaguas y entró alborotando de una manera singular.

— Cállate, condenada, que ya me voy, — gruñó adentro una voz temblorosa que oyeron los soldados.

Entonces Rastrillo abrió la puerta y se dió con los soldados, que lo cogieron preso.

2. EL POZO DE LA GALLINA.

Muchos vecinos de San Juan, todavía recuerdan un pozo que había cerca del sitio que ocupa hoy la casilla de retratos económicos. Algunos años después del derribo de las murallas, estaba este pozo lleno de piedras y palos, pero todavía algunas personas tomaban agua de él.

Se dice que a mediados del siglo anterior, en una casita cerca del antiguo muelle del puerto de San Juan, vivía un tal Antolín Barroso conocido popularmente por el nombre de Rastrillo. Tenía fama de hombre diestro en toda clase de hurtos. Vivía en La Puntilla.

Una madrugada en que nuestro héroe había recorrido todos los sitios de La Marina sin haber encontrado a donde ejercitar sus habilidades acostumbradas, se marchó para otro punto.

Luego marchó a San Cristóbal, pasó por detrás del polvorín y salió de la ciudad cogiendo el camino de Puerta de Tierra. Habiendo recorrido todas estas partes sin provecho alguno, ya iba a marcharse para su casa, cuando vió venir a un muchacho con una gallina.

— ¿La vendes?

— Sí señor

— ¿Cuánto pides por ella?

— Seis reales

— Es caro

— Pero cójala en la mano y tómela el peso

— ¿Quieres tres reales por ella?

— Deme cuatro reales, que son para mamá, que está enferma y vengo por medicinas.

— ¿De dónde eres tu?

— Del campo

— Bueno, ¿no la das en menos?

— No puedo, señor

— Pues ven conmigo.

Rastrillo iba delante con la gallina y el muchacho le seguía de cerca.

Así llegaron a una parte que le llaman El Abanico, que es una combinación de fosos, trincheras, baluartes y otros aparatos que hacen ese lugar muy complicado, que hasta las personas más expertas suelen extraviarse.

Rastrillo, lo que intentaba era dejar al muchacho perdido para él escaparse con la gallina, pero el muchacho era listo y le seguía de cerca. Viendo Rastrillo que no se podía desprender de su perseguidor, resolvió matarle. Al llegar junto al pozo le dijo Rastrillo al muchacho:

— Espérame aquí, en lo que voy por el dinero.

— Pues déjeme la gallina

— ¿Tienes desconfianza?

— Tengo necesidad — dijo el muchacho.

— Pues me la llevaré de todos modos, — añadió Rastrillo.

El muchacho hizo gesto como de llorar y se colgó del brazo izquierdo donde tenía Rastrillo sujeta la gallina.

— Démela usted, por su madre.

— No la tengo

— Pues por la mía, señor, que se muere si no vuelvo pronto.

— Calla y lárgate.

— ¡Démela, por Dios! ¡Se lo pido de favor!

Rastrillo le tapó la boca para que no lo fuera a oír la guardia. Soltó la gallina al suelo y pisóla con un pié, mientras se disponía a luchar con el muchacho.

Dióle algunos golpes en la cabeza para dejarle aturdido, para así él irsele; mas, viendo que el valiente muchacho se defendía y gritaba con mayor fuerza, tuvo miedo que los soldados lo cojiesen.

— ¡Ay! mi madre! ¡mi pobre madre enferma! — gritaba el muchacho.

— ¡Calla, o te ahogo! — gruñó Rastrillo

— ¡Caridad, caridad por Dios!

— ¡Te estrangulo si das otro grito!

— ¡Socooooooooo.....!

No pudo decir por completo la palabra, porque tanto le había apretado el criminal que sus gritos se convirtieron en estertor.

El criminal siguió mirando a ver si alguien le observaba y cogió al muchacho, se lo echó al hombro y lo tiró dentro del pozo.

Entonces ocurrió allí un suceso muy extraño. La negra gallina se erizó, brillaban sus ojos como el fuego y lanzóse tras el criminal dando chillidos espantosos y lastimeros.

Algunos días después, varios soldados notaban que todas las mañanas oían cacarear una gallina a la misma hora y fueron una mañana hasta donde se hallaba la gallina, y se fijaron donde señalaba la gallina, hasta descubrir el cadáver del muchacho.

Momentos después fué enterada la justicia, la cual un tiempo después había condenado al criminal a cadena perpetua.

3. EL POZO DE LA GALLINA.

En tiempo en que Puerto Rico estaba bajo la dominación española, existía en San Juan un hombre apodado Rastrillo, que se dedicaba al

pillaje y que tenía su morada en La Marina, sitió en que en aquel tiempo existían solamente algunas casuchas de gente pobre.

Una madrugada en que este hombre se había pasado la noche vagando por las calles de la ciudad sin encontrar nada a que echar mano, salió hacia Puerta de Tierra y vió venir un muchacho con una gallina. Llamóle y le preguntó que si la vendía. Éste le dijo que sí, porque quería el dinero para su madre que estaba enferma. Desde aquel momento solamente pensó Rastrillo en la manera de apropiársela y con este objeto condujo al muchacho hacia El Abanico, una combinación de fosos y reductos que estaba allí cerca. Caminaron buen trecho, pero cuantas veces intentó Rastrillo despistar al muchacho, otras tantas fueron en vano. Entonces recordó Rastrillo que poco más adelante había un profundo pozo que tenía una salida y hacia allí se dirigió.

Rastrillo intentó bajar solo, pero el muchacho se lo impidió. Entonces se entabló allí una lucha en que Rastrillo, casi sin darse cuenta, mató al muchacho.

La gallina erizó las plumas y se abalanzó a Rastrillo que emprendió la retirada hacia su casa. Desde aquel día fué la gallina la pesadilla de Rastrillo, yendo todas las mañanas a su casa y de allí al pozo.

Cierto día en que se paseaba un policía por frente a la casa de Rastrillo, vió venir hacia allí aquella gallina erizada, y vió que se paraba frente a la puerta de Rastrillo y emprendía la vuelta hacia el pozo. Siguióla el policía, encontrando el cadáver del muchacho. Rastrillo fué preso por sospecha y al poco tiempo confesó su delito.

4. SAN PÍO.

Dícese que había un hombre que era muy bueno y caritativo, llamado Pío. Éste señor era soldado, y como era tan bueno, los demás soldados le tenían envidia.

Un día después de haberle dado el pan a este señor de quien estoy tratando, uno de los otros soldados lo acusó y dijo que Pío había botado y pisoteado el pan que se le había dado. Entonces lo mandaron coger prisionero y lo mataron.

Mucho tiempo después de haber enterrado a Pío, fueron a sacar los restos, y cuando lo destaparon, encontraron que estaba intacto. Entonces fué cuando vinieron a comprender que este soldado era inocente. Lo sacaron y le hicieron una capilla en San Juan y todavía se dice que le cortan las uñas y la barba que le crecen y además le sale sangre por las heridas.

5. SAN PÍO.

Dicen que San Pío era un militar, y como en aquellos tiempos las raciones de los soldados no era pan de trigo, al darle la ración que le pertenecía la encontró muy dura y la retiró. Lo vió un compañero y lo

acusó de que la había botado. Como en aquellos tiempos castigaban con pena de la vida estas cosas, lo fusilaron.

Como murió inocente, quedó siempre su cuerpo intacto y a los tantos años fué canonizado.

Hoy se cree que es la imagen que veneramos en una capilla de la Santa Iglesia de la Catedral bajo la advocación de San Pío Martir.

6. LAS ONCE MIL VIRGENES.

Una vez hubo una guerra muy grande y las gentes pasaban muchísimas hambres.

Ellas tuvieron que comerse cuanto tenían y por más que pidieron caridad para que terminase la guerra no lo consiguieron y siguió la guerra y el hambre.

Los guerreros se salieron de la guerra y se fueron al campo a matar a las gentes para comérselas y llegó a tal punto el hambre que las madres mataban a sus hijos para comérselos.

Había una madre que era sola con su hijo y el hambre la obligó a matar a su hijo para comérselo. Lo cogió, lo abrió, lo saló y lo puso en una cueva para comer de él.

Un día vinieron unos hombres a la casa y le dijeron que les diera de comer si no la mataban. Ella les enseñó a su hijo y les dijo:

— Pueden comer de mi hijo, que es lo único que tengo y he tenido que matarlo para comer de él. Los hombres se tiraron abajo y se fueron huyendo.

Entonces aparecieron las once mil vírgenes donde estaban guerreando, cada una con su espada, y los enemigos dijeron:

— ¡Si estas son las mujeres! ¿qué tal seran los hombres?

Se echaron a huir y se tiraron al agua.

7. LAS ONCE MIL VÍRGENES.

Una vez los holandeses atacaron Puerto Rico. Habían puesto sitio y bloquearon la ciudad de San Juan.

Ya se proponía el ejército holandés marchar a través de la isla contando tanto con sus propias fuerzas como con la debilidad de los campesinos indefensos.

Cuando ya se proponían a marchar a través del país un ejército de mujeres se presentó a los holandeses marchando hacia ellos con aire fiero y varonil, todas vestidas de blanco y con los gritos de 'Santiago' atronaban el espacio.

A la vista de tan extraño ejército, los holandeses se dieron a la más desordenada fuga, pues se dijeron: — Si estas son las mujeres, ¿qué tal seran los hombres?

Aquel ejército era formado por las once mil vírgenes, protectoras de Puerto Rico.

8. EL PASTOR DE LAS OVEJAS.

Había una vez un niño que cuidaba unas ovejas. Este niño cuando le sucedía cualquiera cosa llamaba a la Virgen de Monserrate.

Un día él estaba cuidando a las ovejas cuando de pronto se le apareció un hermoso toro. Cuando el toro se acercó, él dijo: — ¡Ay, Virgen de Monserrate, favoréceme! Se le apareció la Virgen, y al aparecérselo quedó el toro arrodillado con las patas de adelante.

A esa Virgen le han hecho una capilla en San Germán, la pusieron allí, pero al otro día la fueron a buscar y no la encontraron.

Fueron después al sitio donde se le apareció al niño y allí estaba. Le hicieron otra capilla en Mayaguez, pero la Virgen no se quedaba en ninguna capilla que le hacían.

De la capilla de Mayaguez se vino y después le hicieron una iglesia en Hormigueros, en donde mismo ella estaba y allí se quedó.

Hace muchos años que sucedió ésto.

9. LA VIRGEN DE MONSERRATE.

Cierto día estaba un labrador arando, cuando de repente se apareció un gran toro y quiso estropear al hombre. Casi desesperado dicen que oyeron gritar: — ¡Oh, Virgen de Monserrate!

Y al mismo tiempo apareció la Virgen y el toro cayó al suelo.

Los parroquianos entonces dedicáronle una ermita para adornarla, mas dicen que la Virgen después de haber sido colocada allí, desapareció habiéndose visto luego aparecer en la cumbre del cerro donde había aparecido por primera vez.

Desde entonces resolvieron hacerle allí su capilla que luego convirtieron en iglesia, siendo muy famosa en aquellos lugares por su lujo y gran devoción que allí existía.

10. LA CRUZ DEL MUERTO.

Había una vez un hombre que vivía en Arecibo con su esposa e hijos.

Un día le mataron un hijo y el pobre hombre se puso a llorar. En seguida pusieron una cruz en el sitio donde mataron al hijo. Entonces un señor que pescaba salió a pescar y vió aquella cruz.

Un día él no tenía dinero para comprar tabonuco, cogió la cruz y la encendió para ver mejor la pesca.

Aquel señor se enfermó y como a los cuatro años se murió.

Entonces fué al cielo y Dios le dijo que había quemado la cruz de un muerto y que tenía que traerle las cenizas de la cruz, porque de otra manera no lo perdonaba y lo sentenció a buscar las cenizas de la cruz por seis meses por mar y seis meses por tierra.

Muy a menudo se vé una luz por los montes y se cree que es el pescador que anda en busca de las cenizas, para poder conseguir de Dios su perdón.

II. EL JACHO.

El jacho es una luz que sale por los ríos y por las partes que son húmedas.

El jacho sale por la noche y se ve solamente un brazo y una luz, que parece que está buscando algo que se le ha perdido.

El jacho dicen que es un hombre pescador, al que un día se le acabó la luz y quemó una cruz que encontró en el río.

Cuando ese hombre se murió, Dios no lo quiso y le dijo que hasta que no le llevase la ceniza de la cruz, no lo quería en el cielo.

Eso le pasó por no irse a su casa a buscar otra luz y no quemar la cruz.

I2. EL HACHO.

Aquí hay muchas gentes que creen en el hacho.

Dicen que había una vez un hombre que quemó una cruz. También dicen que él robaba muchísimo y que enterraba el dinero en la orilla del mar; siempre andaba huyendo.

Cuando él se murió, lo pusieron con un hacho con mucha luz para que buscara las cenizas de la cruz.

Dicen que cuando la gente va a coger jueyes por el mar y lleva una luz, él se le acerca a uno con su luz y hay que apagar la luz para que se vaya. Dicen que se vé nada más un brazo muy gordo con una luz.

Cuentan que una vez en un campo había una casita que tenía una luz en el balcón; él se paró en la beranda del balcón y la gente atrancó la puerta de la casa, de miedo que le dió.

En Salina hay una casa en la que dicen que el hacho se para todas las noches en el balcón. Como las personas están acostumbradas a ésto, ya no tienen miedo de verlo.

I3. LA MONTAÑA DEL GIGANTE.

Cualquiera que haya ido a Adjuntas, habrá notado, al sudeste del pueblo, entre las montañas de la cordillera que circunda el valle, una montaña que presenta la forma de un hombre acostado con la cara hacia arriba.

Hay una leyenda entre las gentes de aquel lugar, que da un origen muy curioso a tal apariencia, y es la siguiente: —

En tiempo muy remoto, existió, como señor y solo habitante de toda la comarca, un enorme gigante, cuya cabeza se asomaba fácilmente sobre las más elevadas cumbres, y cuyos brazos, cuando estaba dormido, se extendían a lo largo de todo el diámetro del valle.

Grandes habían sido los esfuerzos de las tribus de indios vecinos, para desalojar de su posesión al coloso y apoderarse de las fértiles tierras, tan inútilmente codiciadas por los más bravos caciques.

Cierto día, estando un indio brujo haciendo conjuros, vió sobre el cristal de la fuente donde aparecían las visiones que evocaba, la forma

del gigante, completamente dormido. Este consultó sus señales y pudo llegar al conocimiento de que podía ser muerto, hiriéndosele en el ojo derecho con una flecha envenenada. Rápido como el rayo, corrió el brujo hasta la cúspide del cerro mas próximo, y desde allí, con puntería certera, disparó su flecha en la dirección indicada. El gigante hizo una convulsión, se sentó derepente y dió un puñetazo, con el que hizo un hueco en la falda del monte, por donde se precipitó en seguida un torrente de agua fresca y espumosa. Luego dió un alarido y se dejó caer en la misma posición que antes para no levantarse más.

Nadie vió mover el cuerpo del enorme gigante, por temor a que despertase de lo que ellos creían encantamiento, y con los años y siglos se petrificó, formando lo que ahora se conoce con el nombre de La Montaña del Gigante.

El raudál de agua, es el magnífico chorro que surte hoy de ese importante líquido, a los pobres vecinos de Salsipuedes, y que llamamos: El Chorro de Doña Pilar.

14. HISTORIA DE UNA CEIBA.

En tiempos pasados había una ceiba a orillas de un río. Todos los transeúntes que pasaban por allí estaban con mucho miedo.

Una vez iba un hombre a media noche por allí, cuando el árbol se estremeció tres veces. El hombre se atemorizó y empezó a llorar. Entonces se le apareció una mujer andando en chancletas y le preguntó: —¿Por qué lloras?

El hombre le contestó: — Parece que me están haciendo aguajes. La mujer le dijo: — Eso no es nada, es que ese es un árbol encantado. Ella le dijo: — Al que pase por aquí a las doce, se convertirá en una ceiba. Este árbol fué un hombre que no le quiso hacer un mandado a su mamá y ella le dijo: "Te convertirás en un árbol," y se convirtió en una ceiba.

Entonces aquel transeúnte se asustó de tal manera, que siempre que su mamá le decía algo, él siempre la obedecía.

El hombre que pasó aquella noche, no volvió a pasar más por allí.

Aquella ceiba era un hombre muy malo y desobediente.

15. LA CUEVA INDIANA.

En las cercanías de Cabo Rojo, hacia el saliente, se halla una cueva en una montaña. La llaman indiana, porque la habitaron los indios. Esta cueva está construída de piedras, pero es obra de la naturaleza. Los indios le hicieron siete salas, una detrás de la otra. La primera sala no es muy oscura, pero tienen que entrar con hachas prendidas. En las piedras de las paredes se encuentran las caras de los indios y sus armas pintadas. Se encuentran piedras de destilar, que dan un agua muy fresca. También forman pilones con sus macetas, hechas de la misma piedra.

En la segunda sala se encuentran minas de azufre y de fosfatos, que sirven para construir loza.

En la séptima sala hay una fuente de agua azul. Cuando uno entra en ese salón, empiezan a llamarle una niña y un niño, pero no se les ve mas que las caras. Esta cueva es muy oscura y hay veces que los hachones no dan y hay que prender otro en seguida.

Gentes de todos los pueblos van a verla y se pasan días allí, porque es muy fresco.

16. EL PALMAR DE LAS RUINAS.

En las afueras de Vega-Baja, hay una finca llamada: El Tendal. Ésta era de extensión bastante regular, pero el continuado compra-venta la disminuyó.

Cerca de la estación del ferrocarril hay un pequeño palmar llamado: De las Ruinas. Éste pertenecía al Tendál, pero ahora se ha independizado, formando una finca aparte.

La gente antigua era demasiado beata y hacía muchas promesas. Los dueños del Tendal hicieron también promesas, y nada menos que a las ánimas, que, según la abuela, es la peor promesa que se hace.

Le ofrecieron todo el producto del Palmar, porque les otorgara no sé que cosa. Las ánimas cumplieron su parte con la exactitud de un cronómetro, pero, los dueños de la finca se guardaban bonítamente el producto del palmar, y con esto sí que las ánimas no transijen.

Como resultado de la falta de cumplimiento, las ánimas, desde hacía casi un siglo, vienen todas las noches, con formas diferentes, a reclamar lo suyo.

Unas veces se presenta un caballo blanco, sin ginete; otras, se presentan bultos de dimensiones que se estiran y encojen a capricho. Ya son muchas las supersticiones de que es objeto el Palmar de las Ruinas.

17. TRADICIÓN.

Era cuando la capilla pertenecía al adjunto convento de Santo Tomás.

Según la tradición, una noche los frailes se levantaron habiendo oído una dulce música que partía del algibe del convento. Era tan dulce, tan armoniosa, que todos la juzgaban celestial.

Fueron a llamar al superior, y entre tanto fueron los frailes acercándose al algibe, donde quedaron asombrados y estáticos, cuando al asomarse, vieron un cuadro que sobrenadaba en las aguas, entre mil luces.

En ésto llegó el superior y mandó sacar el cuadro. Cuando lo sacaron, notaron con asombro que el cuadro estaba seco completamente. Representaba el cuadro la Virgen de Belén y la imagen estaba estampada sobre una materia desconocida, que no era ni lienzo, ni papel.

Fué llevada a la capilla, donde si no la han quitado, permanecerá aún. Pero no fué ésto todo. Dicen que el cura de la parroquia se le antojó

que la Santa no debía tener un pecho descubierto, y así es que a instancias suyas, fueron llamados todos los pintores, pero ocurriales a todos, que según pasaban la pintura por sobre el cuadro, se corría la pintura para un lado.

Tocóle el turno al pintor Campeche, y cuentan que decía: — Mis manos de pintor no profanarán la obra de Dios. Esto es un milagro.

18. LA DIFUNTA.

He llegado a saber por personas antiguas, que una vez había una señora muy pobre y cuando se murió no había quien la trajera a enterrar al pueblo. Esto, dicen, sucedió cuando los españoles estaban en posesión de Puerto Rico.

Como no había hombres para que la trajeran, se reunieron siete mujeres para traerla.

Cuando venían por la mitad del camino se les presentó un viejito con dos velas prendidas, el cual las obligó a que la dejaran allí. La metieron en una casa deshabitada y la dejaron. Las gentes que pasaban por allí, decían que se les presentaba la señora montada en un caballo.

El que poseía la casa mandó quemarla a un hijo suyo, y después de haberla quemado regresó a su casa.

Dicen que desde aquel día en adelante, la casa andaba ardiendo detrás de dicho quemador.

Todavía, dicen, anda detrás de él.

19. LA MALA HIJA.

Una vez en la población de Carey, vivía una familia tan pobre que casi estaba desnuda, y había solamente una hija que se llamaba Luisa. Era hermosa, de nariz perfilada, ojos suaves y su boca era pequeña, pero era despreciada por todo el pueblo, por malcriada.

Por los alrededores de Carey, vivían algunas brujas que decían la buenaventura y un día dió la casualidad que pasó una bruja por frente de la casa de Luisa.

El padre de Luisa, que se llamaba don Juan, le dijo a la bruja que le dijera la buenaventura. La bruja le dijo que dentro de dos semanas o un mes, cuando él fuera para el trabajo, se caería por un precipicio y que su hija por ser tan mala con sus padres, se la llevaría el diablo.

Algunos días después, se cumplió la profecía de la bruja cayéndose el pobre viejo por un precipicio y la única palabra que dijo al caer fué: — ¡Pobre hija mía!

Pocos días después de la muerte del pobre hombre, cayó enferma la madre de Luisa. Había veces que tenía sed y como no podía levantarse, le pedía el agua a su hija, la cual se negaba a traérsela y la maldecía.

Un día la madre le pidió un poco de agua, la muchacha dió media vuelta y se fué de su casa maldiciendo a su madre, que tenía ganas de

que el diablo se la llevara. No bien llegó a la mitad de la calle, sintió un calor tremendo, todo el pueblo y todas las personas se salían de sus hogares.

Al poco rato se apareció el diablo en la población y con las uñas tan largas, agarró a su pobre presa, temiendo que se la fueran a quitar y subió a una altura que no se podía calcular.

Entonces las personas de la población fueron a donde estaba el cura para que dijera algunas oraciones y el diablo cansado de oír tantas oraciones, dejó en seguida a su presa despedazada.

20. EL FANTASMA.

En la carretera que conduce de Guayama a Arroyo, se presentaba todas las noches un buey con cara de hombre. Este mónstruo se ponía a gritar muchísimo.

Dicen que gritaba porque era un hombre que había sido muy rico y él había enterrado su dinero en la orilla de la carretera y por eso era que salía todas las noches y gritaba.

En las noches que ese hombre salía, iban los policías y las personas a verlo pero él se escondía y no se oía mas que el grito de él.

21. EL MILAGRO DE LA CRUZ.

Había en un pueblo una joven a quien perseguía un hombre que la quería matar. Ella huyendo se fué para un pueblo muy lejos de donde él estaba.

En esta ciudad se acostumbraba que los jóvenes fueran a adorar a la Santa Cruz, que estaba en las afueras del pueblo en una ermita.

Un día yendo ella de paseo después que había rezado, se le apareció el hombre. Corrió ella en seguida para huirle y no encontraba donde ir; por fin, ya que no sabía como escaparse de las garras de aquel hombre tan malo, se agarró de la Santísima Cruz y le pidió que la salvara.

Al llegar el hombre la quiso quitar, pero no pudo de ninguna manera desprenderla a ella de la Cruz y al mismo tiempo que intentó cogerla cayó un rayo y lo mató a él, quedando la joven salvada de las garras de aquel malvado.

22. LOS TRES AMIGOS.

Una vez salieron de Aguadilla tres hombres de edad mediana acompañados de tres perros, hacia la punta de Borinquen, una tarde fresca de primavera, a gozar de la hermosa playa.

Esos hombres iban caminando poco a poco, encaramándose por todas las peñas que se encuentran en la playa y buscando un sitio que a ellos les agradara para bañarse. Los tres perros siempre los acompañaban.

Cuando ya estaban cansados de caminar, encontraron un sitio donde el agua era tranquila, porque aquel sitio estaba rodeado por tres piedras

y las olas no entraban. Entonces uno de ellos dijo: — Este es un buen sitio para bañarnos. — ¡Oh! sí, — dijo el otro. — ¿Y no será muy hondo? — preguntó el otro. — ¡Qué va a ser, hombre! — le contestaron.

Estuvieron un rato sentados en la orilla refrescándose y cuando ya estaban frescos se tiraron al agua mientras que los perros se quedaban esperándolos en la orilla. Los perros ya cansados de esperar y viendo que los hombres no salían, se tiraron al agua a buscarlos. pero todo fué en vano, porque no los hallaron. Entonces los perros se volvieron para la ciudad a dar cuenta de lo que había pasado.

Cuando llegaron a la ciudad cada uno se fué directamente a su casa de su amo. Pero los perros no saben hablar. ¿De qué manera esos perros podrían contar lo que había pasado? Pues ellos llegaron a las casas azorados, ladrando y chillando, pero nadie sabía lo que querían decir hasta que una persona de las más maliciosas preguntó: — ¿Estos perros no fueron con aquellos señores que fueron a la punta de Borinquen? — ¡Ah, sí! — le contestaron los otros. — Pues algo ha pasado, — replicó la misma persona.

Entonces la mayor parte de las gentes que allí estaban dijeron: — Vamos con estos perros hacia la punta de Borinquen, hasta saber que ha pasado.

Cuando llegaron al sitio donde se habían ahogado los tres hombres, los perros se pararon y señalaban con las patas, como diciendo: — Ahí es donde están nuestros amos.

Entonces un hombre se tiró a buscarlos y los tocó, pero estaban tan hondos que no pudo sacarlos.

Se regó la noticia por la ciudad y le dieron el nombre a *Las Tres Piedras de Los Tres amigos*.

23. LOS TRES AMIGOS.

Hay en las playas de Aguadilla cuatro piedras, de las cuales tres están juntas y una aparte de las otras. A las tres juntas les dan el nombre de Tres amigos, y a la que está aparte le dan el nombre de Enojado.

Esta historia viene, de cuatro hombres que vivían hace mucho tiempo, los cuales eran muy amigos y siempre estaban en esa parte de la playa. Allí llevaban todos cosas para comer, pero había entre los cuatro uno, que comía más que los otros.

Una vez que ellos iban para esa parte de la playa convinieron en llevar algo para pasar el día y el que comía más, no quiso poner ni un centavo para la merienda que llevaban, y desde que salieron todos ellos iban peleando, no con trompadas, sino diciéndose palabras malas hasta que llegaron a la playa. Allí tres empezaron a comerse la comida. Se la comieron toda y no le dieron nada al que comía mucho. Al poco rato empezaron los tres a retirarse del hombre que comía mucho y lo dejaron sólo, se fueron y se sentaron a hablar del hombre. Desde entonces de ahí viene el enojo de tres contra uno.

Una vez hubo un derrumbamiento de un cerro que está cerca de la playa y se cayeron cuatro piedras; tres cayeron juntas en donde se sentaban los tres amigos y una cayó donde se sentaba el enojado. Después que cayeron las piedras los cuatro hombres se murieron y los pescadores que iban a pescar de noche decían que veían cuatro hombres peleando cada uno en su piedra.

Y de ahí les pusieron a las piedras Los tres amigos y el Enojado.

24. LA BAMBÚA.

Una vez había una princesita que era muy bonita y obediente con sus padres y por sus buenas cualidades era el encanto de su hogar.

También había una vieja que era muy mala y tenía una vista que hasta las piedras cuando la veían se echaban a rodar.

Un día en que la princesita se encontraba en su jardín, la vió venir, pero no pudo gritar.

Bajó un cuervo volando, que era la vieja, cogió a la princesita y se la llevó convirtiéndola en un chorrito de agua, que es el que nos da agua en Maricao.

25. EL RÍO MARICAO.

Hace poco más de once años que un pobre viejo habitaba en un bosque, debajo de una peña muy grande. Este pobre viejo no encontraba nada que comer, ni hallaba trabajo. Estaba muy delgado y tenía que comer hierbas.

Un día en que una muchachita se paseaba por las cercanías de su peña, vió con sorpresa que debajo de la peña había una cueva; en la cueva había muchas piedras y muchas caras pintadas en las paredes. La muchachita empezó a mirar, pero el viejo no estaba allí, estaba buscando hierbas lejos de allí. La madre de esta muchachita era una bruja. Estaba llena de cólera y le echó una maldición a su querida hija.

— Te convertirás en una gran corriente de agua, — dijo la madre. En seguida que la madre le echó esta maldición se convirtió en una gran corriente de agua.

Esta gran corriente de agua corrió por el valle de Maricao y en la actualidad se le da el nombre de Río Maricao.

26. LA LEYENDA DE MONTOSO.

Había en Maricao una señora que tenía una bonita hija de catorce años de edad. Esta muchacha se llamaba Isabel y no le gustaba trabajar: solamente quería estar de ociosa deseando ser bien grande para que su mamá no la pudiese gobernar.

Un día su mamá le dijo: — Isabel, tú te quedas aquí en la casa cuidando a tu hermanita. La niñita todavía no sabía andar, pues no tenía mas que nueve meses.

Se fué su mamá para el pueblo más cercano a visitar a una amiga y la niña dijo para sí: — Estoy muy alegre, porque no voy a pasar más trabajo con mi hermanita. Cojo a mi hermanita, la echo en el río para que se la lleve la corriente y cuando venga mi mamá le digo que se apareció un lobo por aquí y cogió a la niñita y si no corro me come a mí también.

No pasaron cinco minutos de haberse ido la madre, cuando cogió a su hermanita, se fué a la orilla del río cercano y la arrojó al agua, la cual fué arrastrada por la corriente. Inmediatamente se apareció un hada que la arrebató lo mismo que el viento arrebatara una hoja seca y la vino a soltar en las cercanías del pueblo convirtiéndola en una gran montaña a la que luego le dieron el nombre de Montoso.

Por haber hecho esa crueldad, fué por lo que el hada la convirtió en esa montaña.

27. LA INDIA FIEL.

Hace mucho tiempo vivía en San Germán un jefe indio y era elegante, bien hecho, ágil, fuerte y de ñapa, lo que se llamaba un hombre *de pantalones*, tuvo la suerte de conseguir y ponerse a vivir bajo techo, con una de su raza, que era la única en el vecindario, que emparejaba con él.

Como a quinientos metros de donde ellos vivían, tenía su casa otro salvaje, que estaba locamente enamorado de la condenada india y todo el día estaba picándole el ojo, silbándole y cantándole coplitas de amor, mientras el marido de ella andaba por el monte en su trabajo, como todo buen hombre debe hacer.

Por fin, el marido averigua el lío y llama a su mujer a capítulo. Le pregunta qué buscaba aquel mozo por allí y ella le contesta que seguiría sin hacerle caso como antes, y que muerto o vivo él, ella no le daría ni su cuerpo, ni su corazón a otro hombre.

— Júramelo, — le dijo el indio. Entonces ella arrodillándose, le prometió con el alma cumplirle lo ofrecido.

Bueno, pasaron días y días y el otro viendo que por la buena no podía conseguir lo que quería se fué por la mala. Una noche, junto con dos o tres tan traicioneros como él, descerrajaron la puerta del ranchito donde vivían la india y su marido. Entonces se arma la gorda, y no pudiendo los de adentro aguantar más, cayó el indio herido por la cabeza de un hachazo.

Viendo esto la india, cogió a su marido por la espalda, lo sacó y lo escondió entre unos árboles cercanos y así pudo salvarlo.

Más tarde el indio vió que su mujer le cumplía lo que ella le había jurado.

28. LA PIEZA DEL DIABLO.

En una finca de café del barrio Naranjales, que pertenece a la jurisdicción de las Marías, existe una pieza de café que llaman: La Pieza del Diablo.

Aseguran los campesinos, que todos los viernes, a las doce de la noche,

aparece en aquel sitio un enorme gato negro con uñas horrorosamente largas y ojos de candela. Cuéntase también, que todos los gatos de aquella comarca se reúnen a esa misma hora, los viernes, en ese sitio.

Algunos de los campesinos que han querido probar si es verdad esto, se han amarrado sus gatos y los han encerrado bajo llave. Al dar las doce de la noche, han vuelto a ver a sus gatos y han visto que no estaban allí y al otro día los han encontrado en el sitio en donde los dejaron. Ellos dicen que esto sucede porque los gatos tienen pacto con el diablo y como todos los viernes tienen que reunirse con este espíritu maligno, no hay poder en la tierra que los retenga en otra parte en ese día.

Créese que el enorme gato negro es el diablo, que toma esa forma para venir a la tierra en busca de almas. Por eso nadie se atreve a pasar por la Pieza del Diablo de noche.

El dueño de esa hacienda cuenta que los cogedores de café los viernes, por no encontrarse con el diablo, no van a trabajar en tal día.

29. EL HOMBRE VALIENTE.

Había una vez en Maricao un hombre que se hacía guapísimo y decía que a él nada le atemorizaba.

Una noche que él venía de un pueblo, tenía que pasar por una quebrada en la que según contaban, salían cosas del otro mundo. Ese señor tenía que pasar, aunque no quisiera, por allí. No sabiendo qué hacer el infeliz hombre, resolvió acostarse detrás de un árbol, cosa que si pasaba algún bandido no lo viera, porque podría robarle el dinero que llevaba. Pero ya muy desesperado dijo: — Qué, si yo tengo valor para pelear con quinientos muertos. Y decidió marcharse.

No bien hubo andado unos diez pasos después de decir esto, oyó que le gritaban por detrás y él comenzó a sentir escalofrío, pero siguió su marcha. Cuando había andado por un segundo, oyó como que se burlaban de él y a él le parecía en aquellos momentos como que lo subían y lo bajaban.

Le faltaba muy poco para llegar a la quebrada fatal, cuando vió a lo lejos una lucecilla y pensó para sí: — Será algún compañero. Pero no era tal compañero. Ya que había llegado a la quebrada, vió a una mujer vestida de blanco, de una estatura elevada, bien formada, que se le quedó mirando. Pero ésto a él le causó gran espanto, al ver en aquella hora por allí a una dama, y le dijo: — ¿Qué hace usted allí? La mujer le contestó que ella estaba allí cuidando un tesoro-pero será para otro porque usted nos ha desafiado, — le dijo la dama.

Al oír aquella voz él cayó muerto de terror. Desde entonces a esta quebrada se le llama: El Tesoro, y es un sitio temido por todo el mundo. Se halla no muy lejos de Maricao.

30. LOS NEGROS BRUJOS.

Hubo en el pueblo de Maricao dos negros africanos, que debido a su fealdad, se les llamaba brujos y se decía que esos negros cogían a los niños y los ahogaban en el río.

La mayor parte de los niños les tenían un miedo espantoso, pues había algunos niños muy traviesos que desobedecían a sus padres e iban todos los días a molestar a los brujos, pero ellos en vez de amenazarlos, los acariciaban con intención de cogerlos.

Entre estos niños había una niña muy bella a quien sus padres querían mucho, pero esta niña era muy atrevida. Una vez la niña se metió dentro de la casa de los negros y de allí nunca más volvió a salir.

Los negros, según se dice, se la habían comido.

31. LA FUENTE MARAVILLOSA.

Mucho tiempo atrás, cuando la isla de Puerto Rico no estaba habitada por la raza blanca, habitaba en el pueblo de Maricao un cacique indio llamado Mariquito.

Este cacique tenía un hijo muy valiente y una hija bellísima.

En aquel mismo tiempo desembarcaron unos españoles en Puerto Rico y querían tomar posesión de la isla. Cuando el hijo del cacique lo supo, se fué con unas cuantas tribus para defender su país. Al llegar a donde estaban los españoles empezaron a hacer fuego contra ellos e hirieron al hijo del cacique; los demás indios al ver que a su jefe lo habían herido corrieron hacia el bosque.

Entonces los españoles cogieron al herido y se lo llevaron para el buque. Su querida madre lo esperaba, pero al ver que no llegaba empezó a llorar, y tanto lloró que sus lágrimas formaron una fuente donde la gente de Maricao coge aguas.

32. LEYENDA.

A mitad del camino que conduce desde Las Marías a Maricao, hay un farallón de piedras en donde hay algunas cuevas. Nadie se atreve a entrar allí, porque según dicen, hace muchos siglos cuando Puerto Rico no estaba habitado por la gente blanca y no había esas calles que hay ahora, ni esas bonitas ciudades que hoy se ven y todo estaba hecho un bosque, vivían en las montañas unas gentes de color rojo llamados indios. Las tribus indias se mantenían de la caza y de la pesca.

Una familia india tenía una niña llamada Amapola. Esa indita era tan bonita que todo el que la miraba se enamoraba de ella. Amapola casi nunca salía de los alrededores de su casa y se entretenía sembrando maíz.

Un día Amapola vió una mariposa de brillantes colores, muy bonita y se fué detrás para cogerla, pero la bonita mariposa se desapareció y se convirtió en una repugnante viejecita. Esa viejecita era una bruja que le dijo: — ¿En qué andas, niña por ese bosque tan oscuro? La niña le dijo

que estaba perdida y no sabía donde era su casa y quería ir a donde estaban sus papás. La viejecita le dijo que siguiera derecho arriba, y pronto se le desapareció.

Estuvo andando todo el día y toda la noche subiendo cuesta arriba y cuesta abajo por aquel inmenso bosque, y ya que estaba muy fatigada y casi sin poder hablar encontró una gran cueva. Se entró allí y empezó a llorar de dolor y sufrimiento. Cuando entró encontró una cara grotescamente pintada en la pared, que era la misma cara de la vieja bruja y también vió caras de indios, mesas de mármol, collares y muchísimas cosas raras y extrañas. Se asustó muchísimo y empezó a gritar con todas sus fuerzas, pero gritaba en vano; nadie la oía.

A la mañana siguiente la indita se había convertido en una piedra de mármol por los hechizos de la vieja bruja.

Después los padres de Amapola mandaron tribus de indios a ver si la encontraban, y a todos les pasaba lo mismo. Quedaban convertidos en piedras al llegar a la cueva.

Por eso es que esas cuevas son muy famosas, porque hay muchas gentes encantadas allí y todos los caminantes que por allí pasan se persinan y rezan un Padre Nuestro para auyentar los espíritus que puedan hacerles daño.

33. LA REPRESA.

Una vez un hombre me contó que en tiempos lejanos, cuando Maricao era una espesa selva no existía la represa y sí había allí un charco muy pequeño en el cual mucha gente se bañaba los domingos. Un día, un padre mandó a sus siete hijos a bañarse allí — ¿Qué sera eso? — dijo el mayor — ¡A que yo me voy! — dijo el segundo. Todos siguieron dando su opinión llenos de miedo y con deseos de salir de aquel sitio que les infundía miedo.

Cuando ya todos creían que aquello había desaparecido, vieron una vieja que les dijo: — ¡Dadme agua, que me muero de sed! — Tómala de allí si la quieres, — contestaron los niños al mismo tiempo.

Entonces la vieja les echó esta maldición: — Por haber sido poco caritativos, cada uno de vosotros os convertireis en un murito y así haréis un muro grande.

Así se formó la represa de Maricao, sitio verdaderamente pintoresco.

34. LA BAMBÚA.

Una vez en tiempos muy remotos vivía una princesa india en Maricao. Era princesa y tenía un hijo al que quería mucho. El niño salía todos los días a paseo para distraerse

Un día, al llegar los españoles a Maricao, el niño se fué a pelear para defender su patria. Su mamá no quería dejarlo ir, pero como él era tan valiente se fué y no volvió más. Después de muchos días, al ver su mamá que el niño no venía se puso a llorar.

Fué tanto lo que lloró, que sus lágrimas se formaron una corriente de agua y a esta corriente se le da el nombre de Bambúa.

La princesa se quedó allí convertida en un hada. Esa hada todo el día y toda la noche se las pasa llorando.

Al pasar por ese lugar, todos los pasajeros escuchan un gemido y si uno se acerca se oye la melodiosa voz de la princesa.

Ella no volverá hasta que su hijo no vuelva. Su hijo no volverá hasta que no haya en Puerto Rico lo que llamamos una raza que tenga los ojos colorados y el cutis verde.

Si hubiese algún hombre o mujer en la isla que se atreviera a ir allí y preguntara el motivo de esos gemidos, ella le respondería y se desencantaría.

35. UN ESCLAVO.

Una vez tenían en una casa un esclavo al que no querían mucho y el amo como era el que menos lo quería, lo mandaba al trabajo sin tomar café. No le mandaban almuerzo, no le dejaban comida y cuando él llegaba del trabajo llegaba con mucha hambre, porque como no comía nada durante el día se encontraba con hambre.

Un día el esclavo, viendo que no le daban nada se sentó debajo de un palo de higuera que había donde él trabajaba, a decir: — El amo no da café, el amo no da almuerzo, el amo no da comida, el amo no da ropa y zapatos y yo desnudo; pues negro, acuéstate a dormir. Se acostó a dormir hasta la hora de irse para la casa de su amo.

El amo en cuanto él llegaba le preguntaba que hasta donde había llegado el trabajo y el negro le decía que hasta el higerito y el amo le decía que estaba bien.

Al otro día temprano cogía la azada y se iba para el trabajo y desde que llegaba se sentaba debajo del palo de higuero a decir: — El amo no da café, el amo no da almuerzo, el amo no da comida, el amo no da ropa ni zapatos; pues negro, acuéstate a dormir. Y se estaba durmiendo hasta que se iba para la casa del amo.

El amo cuando llegaba le preguntaba que hasta dónde había llegado y él le decía: — Mi amo, hasta el higerito llegué.

Un día el amo vió que el esclavo le decía como le preguntara que hasta donde había llegado en el trabajo, le decía que hasta el higerito, y el amo vió que era como una charla lo que tenía con él.

Al otro día según se fué el esclavo para el trabajo se le fué el amo detrás y se le escondió. El esclavo desde que llegó al trabajo fué diciendo lo mismo de todos los días y el amo como estaba escondido lo oyó y se fué para la casa y en cuanto el esclavo llegó a la casa le preguntó que hasta donde había llegado y el esclavo le contestó que hasta el higerito.

Entonces el amo sabía que ya el esclavo no hacía nada en el trabajo porque no se le daba nada y el amo de este esclavo fué y compró una taza de café y le encargó a la esclava que le dejara aquella taza de café bien

llena y cortó media libra de pan, de las que se usaban antes y se la puso en la mesa con la media libra de pan y lo llamó para que se tomara el café. Fué y se lo tomó y después que se fué para el trabajo dijo al negro: — Hoy mucho café y pan.

A la hora del almuerzo le mandaron almuerzo, el que no se comía; se lo comió y todavía sin hacer nada; en la tarde fué y le tenían mucha comida; le tenían zapatos, ropa nueva y un sombrero.

Al otro día se puso la ropa nueva, los zapatos, el sombrero y se fué para el trabajo; se sentó bajo el higuerito y dijo: — Ave María, el negro muy bonito y con zapatos nuevos; ahora no me pican las hormigas; que cara y negro, trabaja hasta que te lleve el diablo.

Y siguió trabajando.

Por la tarde, cuando llegó a la casa del amo éste le pregunto que hasta dónde había llegado y el esclavo le dijo: — Mi amo, pa' arriba de higuerito. no se hasta donde he llegado.

Y siguió el esclavo trabajando más que los otros y el amo lo siguió cuidando mejor que a los otros.

36. LA CONFESIÓN DEL ESCLAVO.

Esta historia se remonta a los tiempos de la esclavitud de la raza negra en Puerto Rico.

Por aquella época reinaba un profundo espíritu religioso que pasaba de lo exagerado. Durante los sagrados días de Semana Santa, no había quien dejara de confesarse para limpiar así su alma de los pecados adquiridos durante todo el año. Se confesaban ricos y pobres, hombres y mujeres; niños, adultos y ancianos; blancos, mestizos y negros.

Precisamente en un viernes santo, día en que el Cuerpo del Señor se hallaba expuesto a las miradas de todos los creyentes, fué a una iglesia lejana, por cierto del lugar en que vivía, un esclavo y montado en un chiringo perteneciente al amo, cuyo negro esclavo jamás había visitado una iglesia durante sus permanencia en esta isla.

Al llegar a la iglesia se desmontó y amarró el chiringo a la puerta. Al ver el salón (porque en realidad él no sabía dónde se encontraba) dijo: — ¡Qué salón bueno pa un baile! ¡Pa eso no jabían mandao a buscar! ¡A lo menos aquí hay baile porque este salón no pué sé pa menos!

Anduvo algunos pasos y llegando a la capilla de la Virgen del Carmen, la que se le apareció a una vecina que se llamaba Juana, le habló en esta forma: — Hola, amai Juana, ¿a uté también la mandaron a buscar? ¿y no la dejé ahora memo barriendo el batey? ¿Qué e lo que hay aquí, baile? Ya sabe lo primero e de nosotros. ¡Pero qué cachorrata! ¿Por qué no me contesta? ¡Tan argullosa porque tá ahí trepá!

Después de hablar tanto con su vecina, como él la llamaba, se dirigió a otra capilla y viendo a la Virgen de Monserrate le dice: — ¡Hola, comay Gertrude! ¿Uté también vino al baile? Po ahí tá comay Juana.

¿Vedá que nosotros, do siempre bailaremos alguito? Bueno, ya lo sabe ¡Pero qué argullosa ta uté también! Ta como comay Juana que tampoco me contesta. Cara me canso de jablale y ni siquiera me mira. ¡Quién la vei tan argullosa!

Después que se canso de hablarle como nadie le contestaba se fué a otra capilla. Esta capilla era la de Cristo y al verlo se asombró de tal manera que gritó: — ¡Ay bendito! A ese hombre lo han matao y lo han clavao ahí! ¡Qué puñalá le han dao! ¡Mía lo chorro e sangre ! ¡Pero qué gente mala! ¡El pobre depué que lo han matao lo han dejao ahí clavao! Me voy pa que no vayan a pegai conmigo.

Mientras el esclavo hacía todo lo que hizo, un cura que estaba en el confesionario le estaba observando y al verlo llegar a la capilla del Señor le habló de esta manera: — Señor, venga acá, ¿Usted no sabe que estamos en días de confesiones? ¡Puéis estamos en Semana Santa!

Lo llevó al confesionario y le dijo: — Hínquese.

Pero se creyó el esclavo que el cura le decía que se incara (del verbo incar), y muy asustado se quitó un botín y enseñándole un pié le decía: — Yo no me pueo jincar porque toy toito jincao con lo morierer y la espina e blero.

Entonces el cura le indicó que era doblar las rodillas y le explicó todo; también le habló de la muerte de Cristo.

Cuando el cura le habló de la muerte de Cristo el esclavo se creyó que él le hablaba del hombre que él había visto y muy asustado se paró, que no sabía que hacer. Entonces exclamó: — ¡Qué y he matao a ese hombre! ¡No, señó; yo no se quien lo ha matao!

Mientras el cura se descuidó el esclavo pegó una carrera y dejando el botín salió de la iglesia, montó en su chiringo y salió como un rayo.

No había llegado a su casa cuando se encontró con unos campesinos que venían para la iglesia y al verlos les preguntó para donde iban y cuando le contestaron les dijo: — Miren, viren para atrás, que allí han matao un hombre y tan averiguando quien lo mató. Yo tuve que dejá un zapato y el sombrero porque salió un hombre con una saya y un gorro y quería de tooo mo que yo le dijera quien lo había matao. En eso me le safé y aquí toy, por mi parte ya tan avisao. Ahora cuando comay Juana venga pregúntenle y ella les dirá.

37. HISTORIA DE TRES ESCLAVOS.

Había una vez tres negros africanos que tenían ganas de venir a Puerto Rico, pero no sabían el español, por lo que no se atrevían a venir.

Un día uno de ellos les dijo a los otros dos: — Vamos para Puerto Rico y cuando hablen algunas palabras las escribimos en un papel y así podemos aprender el español.

Cuando llegaron oyeron decir: “Nosotros mismos”, y lo escribieron en un papel.

Después fueron a almorzar a una fonda y oyeron decir a un hombre: "Porque quisimos", y lo escribieron en el papel y ya sabían decir: Nosotros mismos, porque quisimos.

Después estaban unos hombres jugando barajas y pasaron los tres africanos por allí y oyeron decir: "En seguida", y lo escribieron también en el papel.

Un día los tres negros fueron a pasear por una carretera y al lado de un puente vieron a un ahorcado y se pararon a verlo. En seguida vino la policía a ver lo que ocurría en el puente.

Cuando llegó la policía les preguntaron a los tres negros: — ¿Quien fué el que mató a ese hombre? Y ellos dijeron: — ¡Nosotros mismos! Y la policía les preguntó otra vez: — ¿Y por qué lo mataron? Y ellos repitieron: — Porque quisimos. Entonces la policía les dijo otra vez: — Pues vamos a la cárcel. Y ellos dijeron: — En seguida. Y se los llevaron para la cárcel.

38. HISTORIA DE UNOS ESCLAVOS.

Había una vez unos esclavos que se huyeron y se fueron a un monte.

A los pocos días ellos dijeron que habían de ir a misa pero como no se atrevían a salir de allí, dijeron que ellos la iban a hacer.

Se fueron a un gran árbol y allí debajo cogieron a dos de ellos y los amarraron de una de las ramas. A aquellos les llamaban la Virgen y el Cristo. Después se arrodillaron todos y empezaron a decir: — ¿Quien hace los sorullos hoy? — Marín y grande. — Po dile a Marín y grande que jaga los sorullos más grandes, que el pobre padre se queda con toda el hambre.

Los amos estaban buscándolos y cuando llegaron a donde estaban ellos uno de ellos dijo: — ¡Fo, a branco me jié! Y otro dijo: — ¡Qué branco, ni branco ! — y siguieron su misa.

Cuando los amos llegaron a donde ellos estaban, cogieron a la Virgen y al Cristo, como ellos los llamaban, y los otros arrancaron a correr y a los que cogieron les fueron dando azotes hasta que llegaron a su casa y cuando les iban dando ellos decían: — ¡No da, amo; no da; yo no vuelvo a dilme! Los otros iban diciendo por el camino: — Yo dicí a tí: "A branco me jié", y tu diciste que no.

39. EL NEGRO SALVAJE.

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía un niño muy bonito y en la casa donde este matrimonio vivía había un negro salvaje, muy salvaje.

Los padres del niño no lo sabían y un día estaba el padre en el trabajo y la madre en la cocina. Entonces vino el negro y cogió al niño y se lo llevó al centro de un monte, cogió al niño, lo puso en el suelo y le dijo: — Juega ahí con esos plátanos, que con ellos te voy a comer. El niño se puso a jugar con los plátanos.

En cuanto el padre del niño llegó a la casa le dijo a la madre que dónde estaba su hijo. La señora empezó a buscarlo y no lo encontró. Después buscaron al negro y tampoco lo encontraron.

Entonces fueron y buscaron a los civiles, que era lo que antes había y los civiles empezaron a buscar y no encontraron a ninguno de los dos. Siguieron buscando y no los encontraron. Se fueron al centro de un monte y allí los encontraron, pero se quedaron quietos para ver lo que iba a hacer el negro con el niño. El negro le dijo al niño: — No faltan ni cinco minutos para comerte con los plátanos.

Entonces los civiles lo cogieron y mataron al negro y los padres del niño dijeron que nunca más cogerían a un negro; y de esto va como ciento veinte y cinco años.

40. JOSÉ.

Érase el tiempo de la esclavitud en Puerto Rico.

El padre del marido de mi abuela era un hombre que poseía una opulenta fortuna y con motivo de engrandecerla dedicóse a comprar esclavos.

Don Carlos . . . vivía en un campo muy solitario.

Uno de sus esclavos era José, pero si analizamos el caso, José no era un esclavo, era uno de la familia.

José era un negro robusto, de un tamaño regular, ojos muy saltados y con un pelo que podía llamársele un colchón. Este esclavo era el señorito de la casa; su trabajo era hacer mandados y correr en coche.

Cierta día, la señora de Don Carlos le dijo: — José, vete al gallinero número tres y traeme dos gallinas hermosas. — ¡Si, niña! — contestó éste humildemente, y se dirigió hacia el gallinero.

Al cabo de media hora de camino llegó el negro al sitio de su destino y después de descansar un largo rato, trató de capturar una gallina, que por cierto era muy lista. José corría tras ella, pero el ave no se rendía. Por fin, José hizo una pausa; estaba jadeante y el sudor empezaba a bañar su rostro, y no solo su rostro sino todo su cuerpo. Nuestro protagonista quedóse taciturno y con los ojos clavados en la gallina que le miraba desde lejos. Alzó su rostro hacia el cielo y abriendo sus ojos de una manera sobrehumana prorrumpió en unas frases sacrílegas diciendo: — ¿Por qué Dios no me ayuda? Maldito sea, etc.

Al concluir sus frases miró hacia todos los cuadrantes en busca de la gallina, pero esta había desaparecido.

De pronto sintió que alguien se cogía de su espalda y lo apretaba vigorosamente. Hizo él un esfuerzo para defenderse, pero entonces las dos personas que lo habían capturado apretaron su cuerpo de una manera tan horrenda, que éste creyó morir.

Todos iban silenciosos. El pobre negro trató de echar una mirada retrospectiva, pero sintió que lo azotaban sin misericordia. Muchas veces trató de averiguar quienes eran las personas que lo castigaban, pero no pudo conseguirlo.

Esas personas misteriosas que azotaban al esclavo, corrían aceleradamente con la presa, cruzando bosques espesos y valles profundos hasta que hicieron una pausa frente a un corpulento árbol que estaba ya seco a causa de lo viejo que era.

Entonces nuestro negro, viendo que estaba casi libre, miró hacia atrás y vió un conjunto de manos que lo alzaban lentamente hasta llegar a lo más alto del árbol, y allí, como puesto en la cruz, lo ataron con bejucos hasta más no poder y le pusieron una corona de cadillos y zarzäs.

Para completar su desventura esas sombras misteriosas le azotaron un largo rato hasta que éste exclamó: — ¡Perdonadme, Señor! Entonces todos los castigos cesaron, pero el negro quedó en la cruz inmóvil y moribundo.

Eran ya como las seis de la tarde y el negro no aparecía.

Don Carlos pensó que éste se había dado a la fuga, pero no halló razón para esto. Todo el mundo estaba alarmado en la casa. La señora de Don Carlos ordenó que todos los esclavos salieran de sus celdas y se dispersaran por toda la finca en busca de José.

Los esclavos que eran más de cien, salieron de sus cuarteles y empezaron a desfilar como soldados. A los pocos momentos todos habían desaparecido. Después de haber recorrido toda la finca sin encontrar una sola huella, regresaron a la casa.

Al amanecer del día siguiente, Don Carlos salió en su caballo en busca de José. Cruzó el bosque gritando: — ¡José, José! — pero solo contestó el eco.

Al llegar junto al envejecido árbol, gritó con toda su energía y esta vez le contestó una voz débil.

Don Carlos miró hácia la cumbre del árbol y vió aquel Cristo y lleno de sorpresa exclamó: — ¡Gran Dios! ¿Qué es esto? El negro no contestó.

Don Carlos galopó hácia la casa y a las pocas horas estaba de vuelta con cuatro negros que bajaron al infeliz.

José relato la historia a sus libertadores y fué conducido a la casa donde su rostro causó gran sorpresa por lo demacrado que estaba.

Desde aquel día las tercianas no se alejaban de él, hasta que murió a los pocos meses.

41. EL ESCLAVO SIMPLICIO.

Serían las cuatro de la tarde de un día de diciembre que caminaban por un camino vecinal, porque entonces no había carreteras, dos compañeros. Uno se llamaba Simplicio y el otro Juan Santana. A éste último lo apodaban El Guapo porque era muy garatero. Simplicio se fué con el referido Santana, a un baile de Navidad que había en una hacienda cercana.

Serían las siete de la noche más o menos y los dos amigos no habían llegado al fin de su jornada; les faltaría un kilómetro cuando el negro apercibió el sonido de los timbalas y le dijo a Juan: — Compae, etá la

cosa que la parte. — Que la pate, — dijo Santana con voz sarcástica. Si yo no llego a bailá mi primer danzón con mi adorada Sinforosa, voy a entrá a palo a derecha y queda con tofto trigueñito lavao. Y depué voy a cómeme buche.

— Pero po Dio, compae, no jeché nuetro baile a pedé. ¿No ve uté que si uté jentra a palo limpio no va a quedá una puga en la casa, y no va ni a bailá mi dancita melancólica sonora?

— ¡Y eso que impota! Mire compae, no me diga na, compae, que estoy decidío; eta noche me voy a comé e corazón de quarquier rivá que me quiera quitá a mi querida Sinfo.... ¡Ay que tengo una ganilla de probá ete coco macaco que compré lo otro día en una botica de la ciuda!

Cuando los dos compañeros llegaron a la citada casa, los timbales cesaron de tocar y don Anacleto, amo de la casa, salió a recibirlos diciéndoles: — ¿Qué tal, y uté cómo tá ñor Simplicio? — Yo, bien, como tres en una bota. Ya uté ve, aunque tengo los treinticinco siempre me vuelvo loco po lo baile. También le dió la mano a Santana, pero con mala gana; pués él ya sabía que le habían puesto El Guapo porque era célebre acabando los bailes a palos.

Simplicio no encontraba donde ponerse de tanto gozo al ver tantas morenitas. Cada vez que el timbal sonaba él se reía y lucía sus dientes blancos.

Por fin, serían las ocho de la noche dió comienzo la fiesta, pués como era tiempo de Navidad, antes de empezar obsequiaron a los concurrentes con pasteles, arroz con dulce y otras golosinas.

Como Santana era tan lambio se fué para la cocina a comer como un hambriento. Con esto estaba Simplicio como un loco por toda la pequeña sala. Buscó con la vista a su amigo y no lo vió por todo aquello.

Entonces convidó a Sinforosa a bailar y empezó a danzar con ella, pero en aquellos instantes sale Juan de la cocina y se encuentra con Simplicio. Había tomado tanto y estaba tan embriagado que cogió el palo, golpeó a Simplicio y fué rodando hasta el batey. Entonces le dió un palo al quinqué y en la obscuridad entró a palo a derecha e izquierda con todo el que cogió a su paso. Anacleto llevó un palo en la nariz, que todavía debe estar padeciendo del golpe. Del palo que le dieron a Simplicio no supo ni como llegó a casa de su amo al otro día.

A los dos días se volvieron a ver los dos amigos y Simplicio creyendo que Santana le iba a dar, por poco se muere. Entonces él le dijo: — Mie compae, no me vuelva a convidá pa ir a ningún baile que el amo me tiene sentenciao pa darme cincuenta azote; pue el mayordomo de la jotra jacienda se lo dijo. — Pue compae, le acompaño los sentimientos y que le peguen de lo bueno.

Simplicio compró un fute y se lo regaló al mayordomo.

Mientras le pegaban a Santana, Simplicio conversaba con Sinfo muy alegremente.

42. LA CABEZA.

Había una vez dos amigos, los cuales se querían mucho. Tuvieron que partir para la guerra. Cuando volvieron, una vez riñeron por una pequeña tontería. Tanto se mortificó uno de ellos que mató al otro y después huyó. Los alguaciles buscaron mucho, pero no se pudo descubrir por fin quien fué.

Al cabo de diez años, el hombre volvió a la ciudad, creyendo no ser descubierto. A él le gustaba mucho la cabeza de ternera.

Un día pasó por una carnicería y vió una cabeza de ternera; entró y la compró.

Cuando iba pensando como decirle a la sirvienta que quería la cabeza, reparó en que se paraban a mirarle todas las gentes. De pronto un alguacil lo cogió por un brazo e invitándolo a que inmediatamente descubriera lo que llevaba allí envuelto, que así llamaba tanto la atención.

Descubrió el hombre lo que llevaba y quedó horrorizado al ver que en vez de la cabeza de ternera, era la cabeza de su antiguo amigo, que dejaba tras sí un gran reguero de sangre, como si en aquel momento la hubiera separado con su espada del cuerpo de su amigo.

En el momento se descubrió que él había sido el autor del crimen. Los alguaciles lo cogieron y lo llevaron al patíbulo.

La calle en que se verificó tan terrible escena se llama: La Calle de La Cabeza.

43. EL HOMBRE Y LA PUERCA.

Pues señor, este era un hombre que tenía una puerca, pero estaba muy flaca del hambre que pasaba, pero su amo se propuso engordarla.

A los dos o tres meses se vió con tanta necesidad, que tuvo que matar la puerca. Le cortó la cabeza y la puso encima de una mesa. En ese momento llegó un compadre suyo y le dijo:

— ¡Mire compadre, si la deja un mes más, le hubiera sacado tres cuartillos de manteca!

Y la cabeza de la puerca abrió los ojos y le dijo:

— *Pue, pue, ¿porqué me matate?*

BOOK REVIEWS.

CULTURE, THE DIFFUSION CONTROVERSY. G. Elliott Smith, Bronislaw Malinowski, Herbert J. Spinden, Alexander Goldenweiser. New York. W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1927. 106 pp., \$ 1.00.

The title of this booklet is eminently apt from the standpoint of Elliott Smith, since for him there is no problem of culture save that of the diffusion of culture, the Great Culture of ancient Egypt. As might be judged from the congeries of authors, Elliott Smith is the proponent, the others each a disputant. The brevity of Dr. Smith's essay hardly does justice to the voluminous evidence he is able to assemble in support of his well-known views; here he is content with an abbreviated presentation, and, we may add, a rather careless one.

Apart from the particular historical scheme which Dr. Smith has sketched, interest in his views centers first, in his complete absorption in diffusion, a rather mechanical dissemination at that, and second in his postulate that independent developments of culture rarely occur and exact parallels never; as he would have it, a denial of the "psychic unity of mankind."

It seems a wearisome task to repeat again to Dr. Smith that diffusion is no mere mechanical handing on of cultural goods, and that no one would be interested if it were. Dr. Malinowski labors with him once more. A sharp juxtaposition of diffusion and invention is wholly misleading. "Every cultural achievement is due to a process or growth in which diffusion and invention have equal shares . . . The process is always one of adaptation in which the receiving culture has to re-evolve the idea, custom, or institution which it adopts; and it can be said without exaggeration that diffusion is a partial evolution, though the contrary is not true . . . What is really important to the anthropologist is the nature of the cultural process which is mixed borrowing and invention, and the study of its mechanism and its general laws."

Dr. Spinden has bent himself to a scrutiny of the historical scheme itself. The test case for Dr. Smith is the historic identity of New World cultures with the Old or their independence of origin. Dr. Spinden rightly insists that the points of similarity emphasized by Dr. Smith are cultural curiosities, not basic elements of culture. If the latter be considered, there is every reason for holding that the basic traits such as agriculture, metal working, etc., admirably summarized by Dr. Spinden, are different in character and occur at different levels of time in the two hemispheres.

What Dr. Smith wholly ignores is that the epic of the wanderings of culture does not dispose of all possible inquiries. Some of us are interested in the conditions in which cultural traits arise and are transformed. And if for this purpose we hold to the view that basic mentality of all peoples is much the same until it be proven otherwise, we must not be accused of following implicitly the doctrine of the classical evolutionary (or better parallelistic) school that the "psychic unity of mankind" leads everywhere to

the creation of identical institutions. Dr. Smith himself holds to at least this minimum of human uniformity, as Mr. R. R. Marett recently pointed out, for without it diffusion itself is impossible.

LESLIE SPIER.

University of Oklahoma.

ARCHIVOS DEL FOLKLORE CUBANO, Publicados por la Sociedad de Folklore Cubano. Director Fernando Ortiz. Habana, Cuba, 1914 to date.

This important folklore journal, published quarterly, is the organ of the Sociedad de Folklore Cubano, established in 1924 under the leadership of Professor Fernando Ortiz of the University of Havana, internationally known scholar and author in the fields of political science, sociology and folklore, José María Chacón y Calvo, Cuban folklorist and diplomatist, Carolina Poncet, Manuel Pérez Beato, Joaquín Llaverías, Francisco González del Valle, and other eminent Cuban scholars. The organization of the Sociedad de Folklore Cubano or Cuban Folklore Society in 1924 was due especially to the efforts of Professor Fernando Ortiz and José María Chacón y Calvo. The latter, as far back as 1914 when he published his *Romances tradicionales en Cuba* had suggested the organization of the society. The various numbers of the *Archivos del folklore cubano* already published show that the society is firmly established, that Cuban folklore is to be studied comprehensively and under the leadership of well-known folklorists and ethnologists and that the journal has already received the support necessary for its permanency as one of the leading folklore journals of the world. Indeed the enthusiasm for folklore studies that it has awakened not only in Cuba but in other regions of Spanish-America reveals the soundness of the scholarship of the contributors and the general importance of the materials with which it deals. Above all it is especially praiseworthy that the range of articles and materials published is of a wide scope. The attempt is made, evidently due to the efforts of its chief editor, Dr. Ortiz, to publish and discuss in the *Archivos* not only materials directed to the study of folklore in its general aspects of tradition, custom and popular literature, but also such materials as are ordinarily treated in sociological and ethnographical journals. The sociology and general folkhabits of the Negro, for example, especially in their influence upon the European background of Cuban life and traditions come in for special treatment and important and most fascinating studies. In this respect the *Archivos* can well serve the scholarly interests of all the Antilles and Central and South America.

As for the study of American-Spanish folklore in its more general European aspects and also with relation to the changes it has undergone in America, the *Archivos* will soon be an institution as important as the works of the Chilean scholars Lenz, Laval, Vicuña Cifuentes and the other leaders of Chilean folkloristic studies. It is to be hoped that the Cuban society will not suffer the fate of so many other societies of like nature that have thrived for a while and finally failed through lack of financial support. Outside of the *Journal of American Folklore*, the organ of the American Folklore Society, the *Archivos del Folklore Cubano* is the only scientific journal exclusively devoted to American folklore. We welcome this new American

folklore publication, with all the enthusiasm that we possess, to the great family of folklore journals, some of which such as the world-famous *Archivio per lo studio delle tradizioni popolari* (1882—1903) and *Revue des traditions populaires* (1886—1919) are no longer published.

It is of course not possible to review here all the materials that have appeared in the years 1924—1928. We shall call attention only to the most important materials. In 1924 there appeared two numbers, numbers 1 and 2 of volume I. In 1925 there appeared two numbers also, numbers 3 and 4 of volume I. In 1926 there appeared three numbers, numbers 1, 2 and 3 of volume II. In 1927 there appeared only one number, number 4 of volume II, and for 1928 there have appeared already two numbers, numbers 1 and 2 of volume III.

The following articles are especially worthy of note:

Volume I. Number 1: *Cuestionario de literatura popular cubana*, by José María Chacón y Calvo, a most important and valuable guide for Cuban folklorists directed especially for collectors of *romances tradicionales*. In view of the great interest manifested in recent years for the American-Spanish contributions to the great Spanish Romancero with important collections already published from Chile, New Mexico, Porto Rico and California it becomes imperative to collect and publish more abundant collections of *romances tradicionales* from Cuba although Carolina Poncet, Chacón y Calvo himself and Carlos Castellanos have already published many Cuban versions.¹

Unas décimas políticas, by Joaquín Llaverías, a few popular compositions that surely demonstrate the fact that in Cuba the popular *décima* may be as popular as in Porto Rico.²

Personajes del folklore afrocubano, by Fernando Ortiz. This study is continued in Number 2 of Volume I and is a most interesting contribution to Cuban linguistics and folklore.

Number 2: *Notas bibliográficas acerca del folklore cubano*, by Carlos M. Trelles, an article of great value and importance for those who wish to study Cuban folklore historically and comprehensively.

La religión de los indo-antillanos, by Fray Román Pane, "una reimpresión de un trabajo compuesto por Fray Pane por orden de Cristóbal Colón y que puede considerarse como el primer estudio folklórico antillano.

La fiesta afro-cubana del Día de los Reyes, by Fernando Ortiz and continued in Numbers 3 and 4 of Volume I, a most welcome article on the character of the Negro celebration of this popular Christian festival.

Number 3: *Juegos infantiles cubanos*, by various authors and continued through various numbers of the three volumes; important contributions that reveal once more as, in the case of my New Mexican Spanish materials, the vigor of peninsular Spanish tradition in the folklore of Spanish America.

El folklore del niño cubano, by Sofía Córdova de Fernández and continued through various numbers of the three volumes. This is also one of the most

¹ For a complete bibliography of the American-Spanish publications of *romances tradicionales* see *Homenaje a Menéndez Pidal*, vol. I, Madrid, 1924, page 300.

² See this journal, vol. XXXI, pp. 289—450.

important contributions thus far made to general folklore studies by the *Archivos*. The studies take up in a systematic and comprehensive way the psychology of the child, his school, games, songs, ideas, etc.

Number 4: *Adivinanzas corrientes en cuba*, by Salvador Massip. There are two hundred given, and one hundred and fifty more are given in Volume II by Leopoldo Giménez Cabrera and others. In this field evidently only a beginning has been made. The interesting and all-important *cuentos de adivinanzas* have not been studied yet but it is to be hoped that they soon will be.

Volume II. Number 1: *Figuras del romancero*, by Chacón y Calvo. This is an interesting article on the historicity of the ballad of Conde Olinos.

Del lenguaje vernáculo de Cuba, by Fernando Ortiz, continued in Number 2; valuable additions to the well-known work by the same author, *Glosario de Afronegrismos*, published in 1924.

Number 2: *Los altares de Cruz*, by Carolina Poncet.

Paremario antillano, by Cayetano Coll y Toste; an abundant collection of Porto Rican proverbs, continued in Numbers 3 and 4 of Volume II.

Number 3: *Instrumentos musicales de los afro-cubanos*, by Israel Castellanos, continued in Number 4; a valuable contribution to ethnography with numerous illustrations of the various types of African drums used by the Cuban Negroes.

Los negros curros, by Fernando Ortiz, continued in two later numbers. This is a fascinating and valuable series of articles on Cuban traditions and customs among the Negroes and a valuable addition to the author's well-known book *Los negros brujos*, a second edition of which appeared in 1918.

Number 4: *El rey de los brujos*, by Herminio Portell Vilá, another contribution to *Los negros brujos* of Fernando Ortiz.

Un guacalito de cubanismos, por J. Marinello Vidaurreta, a continuation of an article on the same subject published in the preceding number on general folklore.

Volume III. *La canción de Mambrú*, by Manuel Toussaint. This is a brief article on the well-known Spanish ballad *Mambrú se fué a la guerra* and deserves a more detailed study than is here given. A publication of all the Cuban versions that may be found would be very welcome.

Los negros curros, by Fernando Ortiz, a continuation of the article already mentioned. In the part here published Dr. Ortiz has gone into questions of linguistic development and the article is therefore of great importance to American-Spanish dialectology. It is continued in Number 2 of Volume III. A large number of the linguistic changes found among the Negroes of Cuba who speak Spanish are common to many Spanish regions, even in Spain itself. The interchange of *l* and *r* is certainly not due to the linguistic habits of the Negroes. The fall, of *s* before a consonant and in other positions is also not of Negro origin since it is a frequent phenomenon in Andalusian Spanish. The late vocalization of *l* in such words as *sueito*, *aiboroto* and of *r* in *heimana*, *poi* and *fueite*, however, may be well due to the linguistic habits and capacities of the Cuban Negroes. A study of all these dialectic phenomena in their relation to ordinary peninsular Spanish dialectic changes and the purely Cuban phenomena would be indeed a valuable contribution to linguistic science. It would be for Spanish dialectic phonology what the

Glosario de Afronegrismos of the same author has been for Spanish dialectic vocabulary.

We note that as yet no folktales have been published. It is to be hoped that the director and editor of the *Archivos del Folklore Cubano* will soon undertake a comprehensive collection of folktales from Cuba with the aid of various investigators and collectors so that we may see in print an abundant and reliable collection of really popular Cuban materials in the field of folktales. Certainly there must be hundreds of them awaiting collection in Cuba if we consider the very valuable and abundant collection already published from Porto Rico.¹

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¹ *Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Folk-Tales*, by J. Alden Mason, this journal vol. XXXIV, pp. 143—208; vol. XXXV, pp. 1—61; vol. XXXVII, pp. 247 bis 344; vol. XXXVIII, pp. 507—618; vol. XXXIX, pp. 227—369; vol. XL, pp. 313—414.

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